The Saturday Evening
POST
June 14, 1958 – 15¢

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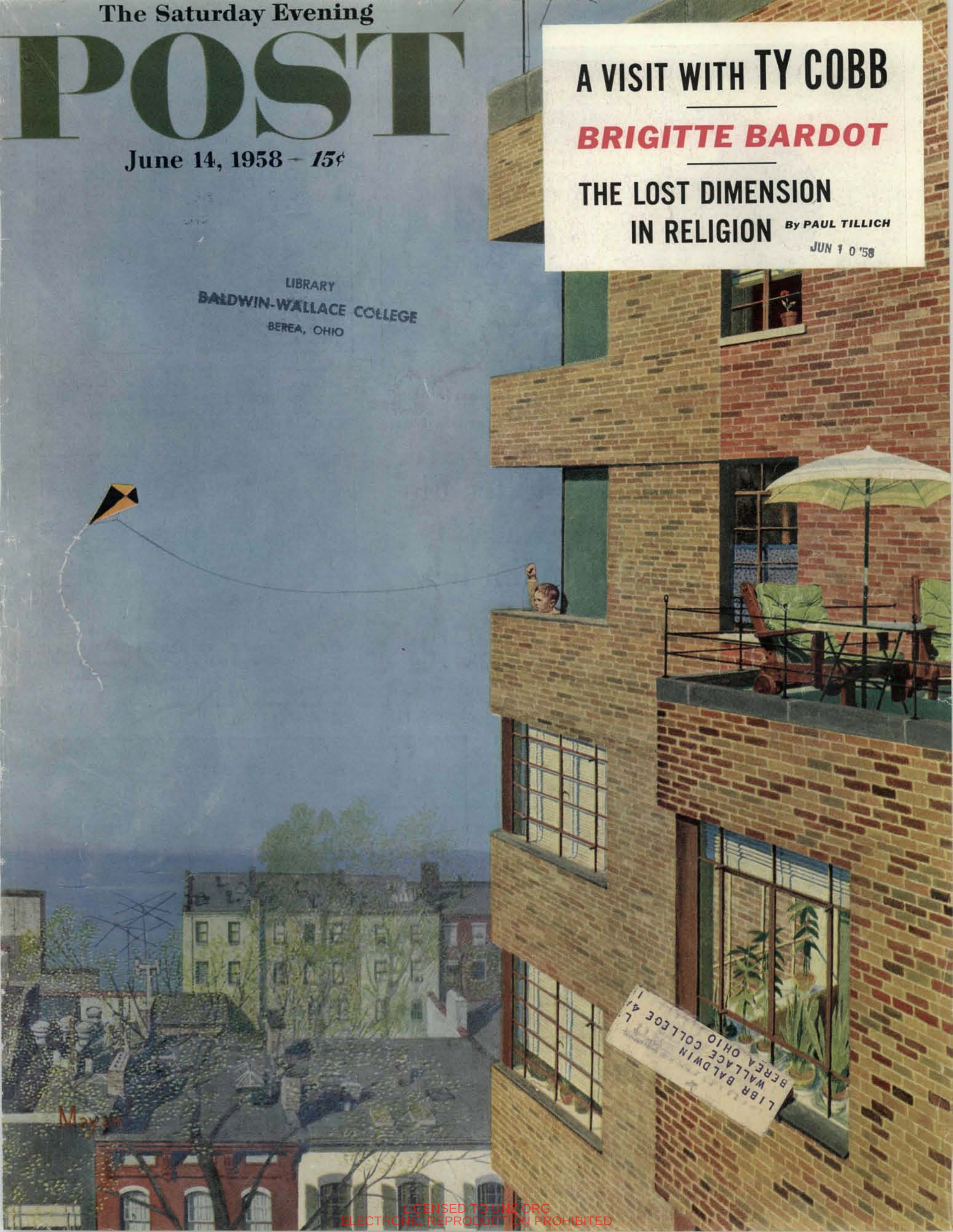
A VISIT WITH TY COBB

BRIGITTE BARDOT

THE LOST DIMENSION IN RELIGION

By PAUL TILLICH

JUN 1 0 '58



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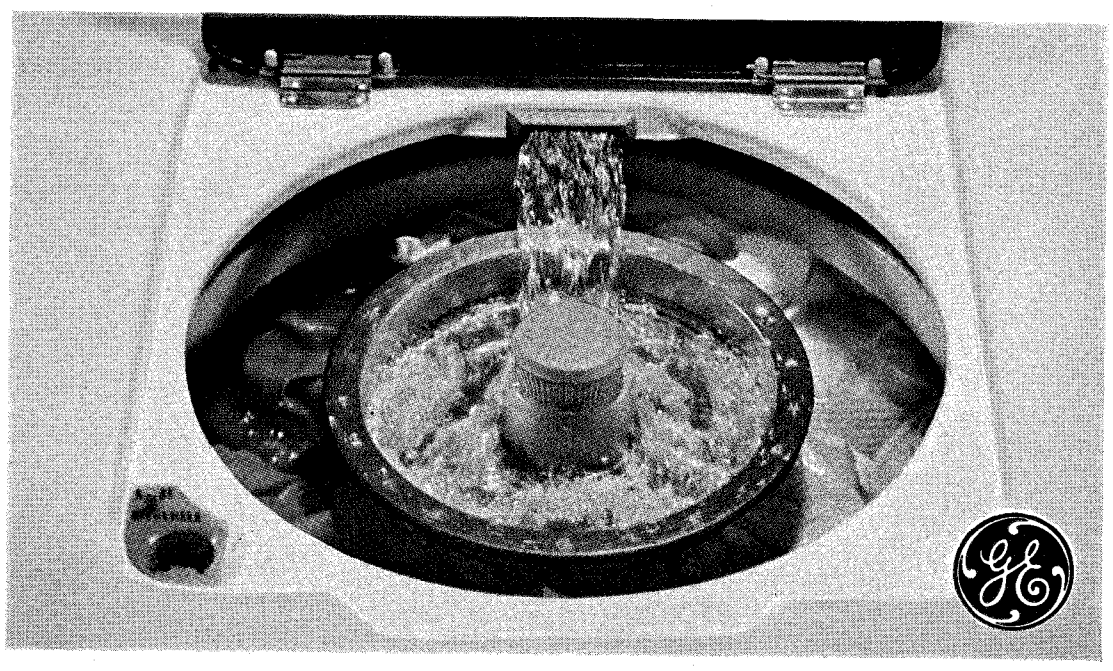
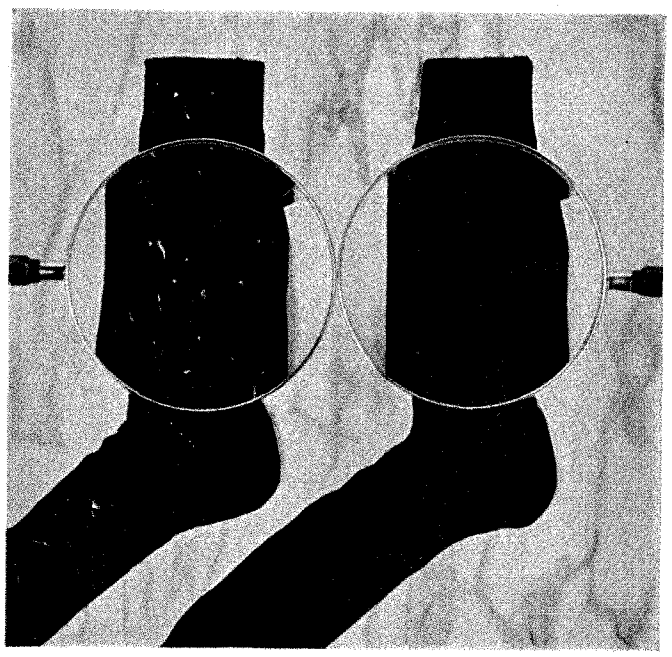


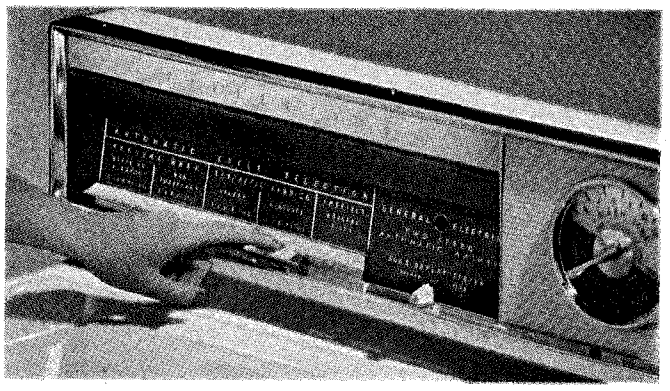
Lint can't get through this filter to dull your clothes. As the Filter-Flo Washer circulates and filters the water, lint, sand, and soap scum are removed automatically. Clothes wash brightly clean! This filter won't clog . . . lets cleansed, sudsy water flow through continuously. Handily in view, it's *easy to remove . . . easy to clean.* And the General Electric filter is also an ideal detergent dispenser. It dissolves detergent *evenly* throughout your wash—no lumps touch clothes.



Proof—no lint! No dulling dark colors! After 7 washings in an ordinary washer, the sock at left was flecked with unsightly lint. After 7 washings in a General Electric Filter-Flo Washer, the sock at right washed in an identical washload showed *practically no lint.*

How General Electric Filter-Flo® Washer gives you exactly right clothes care—no lint fuzz

Here's the washing system that cleans and recleans the water as it washes . . . now combined with simple Wash-to-Order Fabric Keys—and Rinse Conditioning, too, for soft, fluffy, sure-white washes



No more guessing—with simple new Wash-to-Order Fabric Keys! Just touch the key to fit your type of wash—regular, synthetic or special—it automatically selects the exactly right wash and rinse temperatures, wash and spin speeds for best care of your fabrics. Five key settings.

Such perfect results for *all* your family's clothes. Nylon shirts, synthetic fabrics come out *without set-in wrinkles*—save ironing. Finest lingerie needn't be hand-washed. And the new Rinse Conditioner gives clothes static-free softness. Just pour a fabric or water softener into the automatic dispenser beforehand.
General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Straight-line styling—Filter-Flo Washer Model WA-950R, about $3.40* a week. Suds Return System extra. Mix-or-Match colors or white. 5-year written warranty on transmission parts. Dryer Model DA-920R, about $2.80* a week.

*After small down payment. See your General Electric dealer for his prices and terms. Most models available in Canada.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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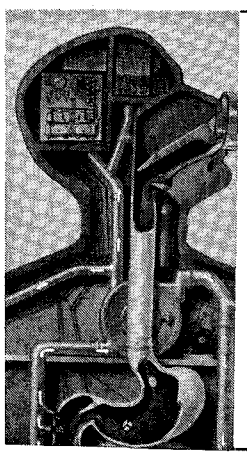
Bufferin® relieves pain twice as fast!

Di-Alminate makes the difference*



Medical science knows that a pain reliever must get into the blood stream before it can start to relieve pain.

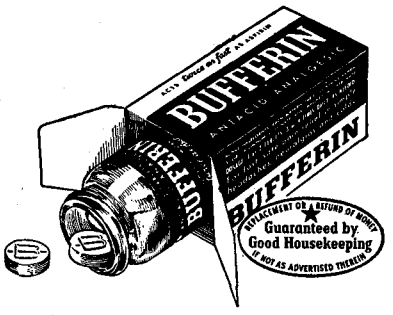
Bufferin combines aspirin with an exclusive combination of two antacid ingredients called Di-Alminate. This speeds the pain reliever into the blood stream *twice as fast.* So . . .

Bufferin relieves pain *twice as fast.* And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

1. All leading pain remedies, including other compounds, rely on aspirin! But...

2. Aspirin without antacid is relatively slow-acting. It is acid and can irritate your stomach.

3. Only Bufferin adds to aspirin an exclusive combination of antacids called Di-Alminate. So Bufferin relieves pain twice as fast as aspirin—won't upset your stomach!



Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!

*BRISTOL-MYERS' BRAND OF ALUMINUM GLYCINATE AND MAGNESIUM CARBONATE.

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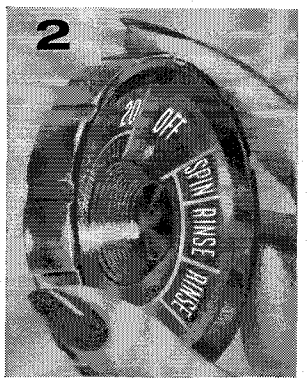
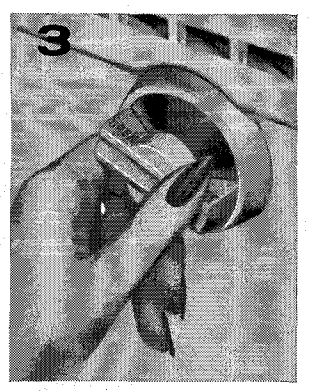
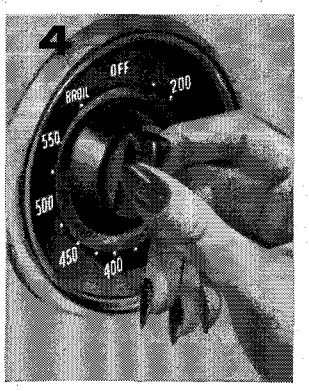
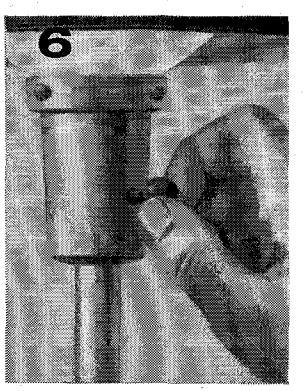
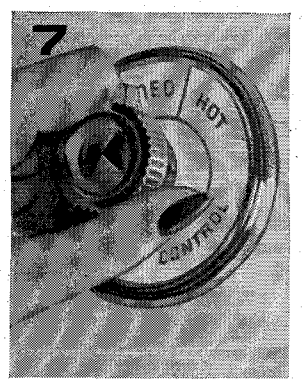
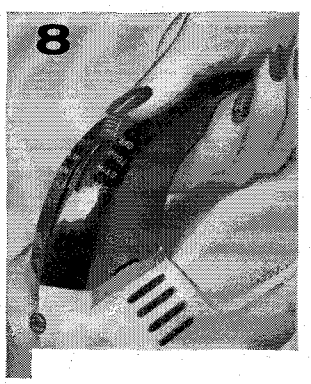


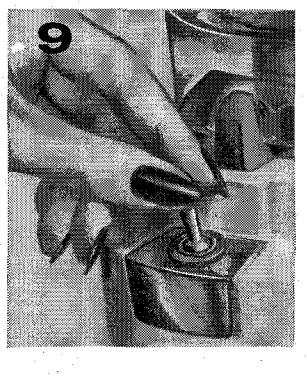


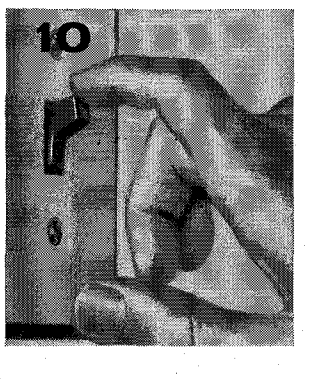


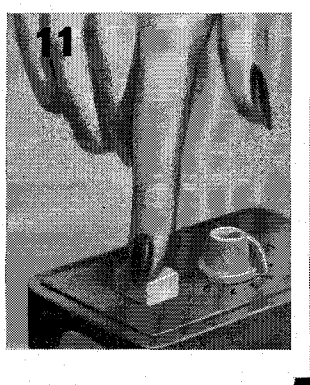


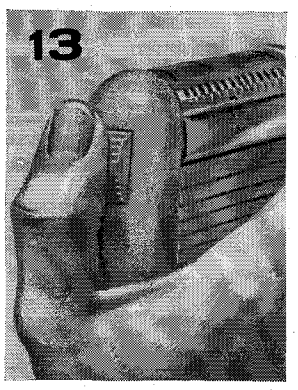








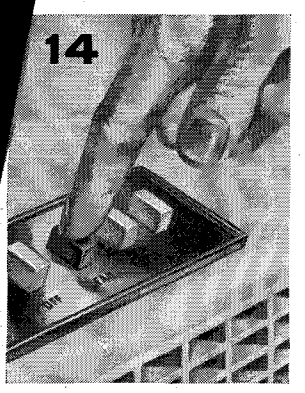


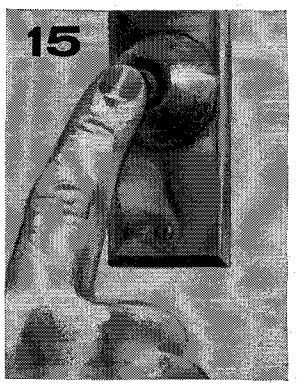


How many of these ways do you put electricity to work?

Can you tell what each of these hands is doing?

(*Answers at bottom of page*)





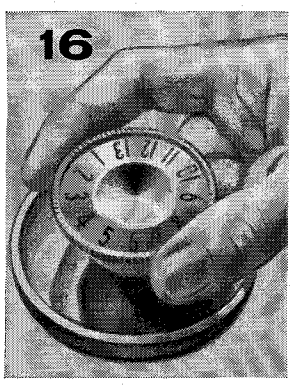
The hands in these pictures are putting electricity to work in 28 ways. Look at them carefully. How many of these jobs do *you* do electrically? And how many *others?*

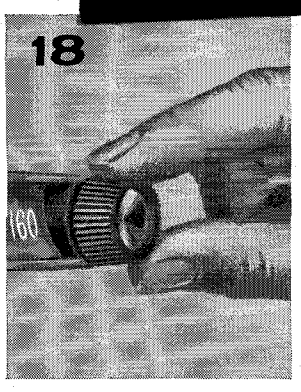
Count them and see. You'll probably find you put your dependable electricity to work every day in many more ways than you realize.

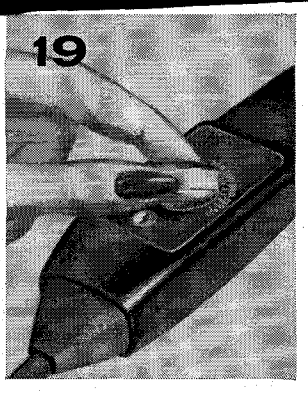
Can you think of anything else that gives you so much value for so little cost?

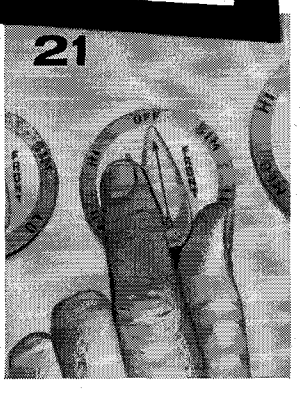
America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

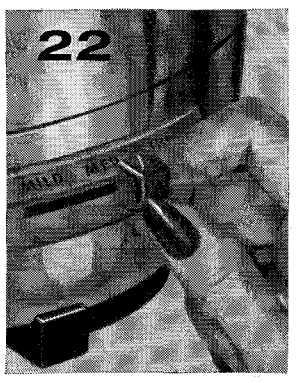
*Company names on request through this magazine

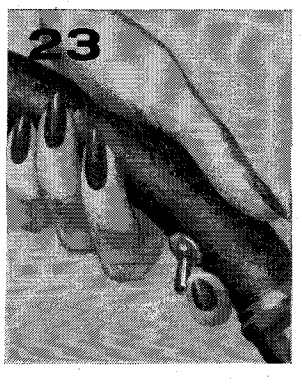


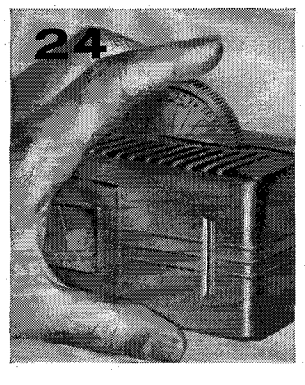


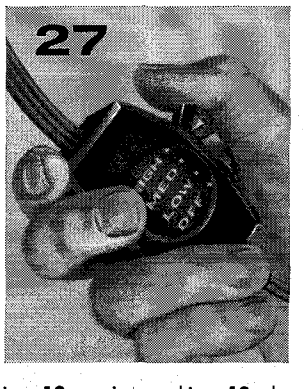


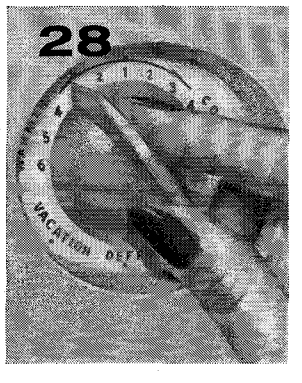












Answers: **1.** iron, **2.** washer, **3.** dishwasher, **4.** oven, **5.** hand drill, **6.** lamp, **7.** dryer, **8.** mixer, **9.** blender, **10.** wall switch, **11.** bed covering, **12.** sewing machine, **13.** shaver, **14.** air conditioner, **15.** door bell, **16.** television, **17.** toaster, **18.** radio, **19.** fry pan, **20.** hair dryer, **21.** range, **22.** coffee maker, **23.** vacuum cleaner, **24.** thermostat, **25.** train transformer, **26.** record player, **27.** heating pad, **28.** refrigerator.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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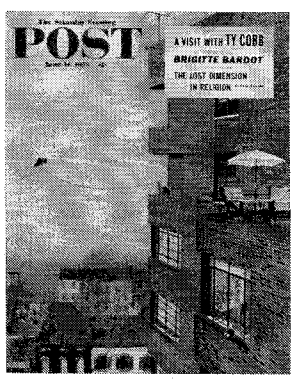

THE COVER

One's impulse is to pity a city boy for his playtime handicaps, but let's skip the compassion this week in view of Johnny's wonderful launching pad. True, there's an exciting charm in down-to-earth kite launching, racing pell-mell into the wind while looking backward to see if she goes into orbit. Yet if one stubs a toe doing this, the resulting header dulls the charm; and if the kite becomes a permanent, unbeautiful ornament in the top of a neighbor's magnificent tree, the village boy is heartbroken, and so is the neighbor. But Johnny, there, merely flings his kite out into artist Earl Mayan's skyscape. If it winds up in the TV aerial, a parent can regain it, and if it knocks those nicely whitened shoes to earth, an adult will be needed to untangle that situation too.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly . . . Column No. 236

The greatest star of the screen!

Unless something even more wonderful appears on the horizon, "Gigi" is our candidate for the Academy Award.

★ ★ ★ ★

One big reason is that this Metrocolor and CinemaScope production has the first Alan Jay Lerner-Frederick Loewe score since "My Fair Lady".

★ ★ ★ ★

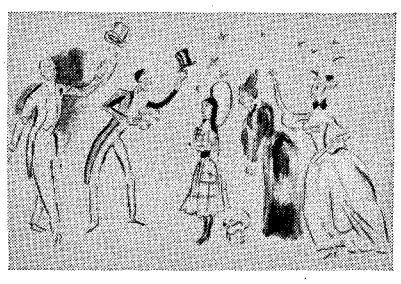
The selection of the stars Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier and Louis Jourdan is a triumph of casting.

★ ★ ★ ★

So brightly integrated are the songs that they suggest "Gigi's" story.

★ ★ ★ ★

The city is Paris, the season is Spring, and the reason is "Gigi" . . . when boulevardier M'sieur Lachaille sings . . . *Thank Heaven For Little Girls.*



But his handsome young nephew is bored with amour, suspecting that his current flame, the glamorous Liane, is faithless . . . *She Is Not Thinking Of Me.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Nephew Gaston finds more charm in the company of "Gigi", a teen-age gamine who thinks romance is just silly enough to be left to . . . *The Parisians.*

★ ★ ★ ★

However, the day comes when Gaston suddenly discovers that the real love of his life is grown-up, bewitching and . . . "*Gigi*".

★ ★ ★ ★

Exercising a woman's privilege to change her heart, "Gigi" rejects Gaston. That seasoned lover, M'sieur Lachaille commiserates . . . *I'm Glad I'm Not Young Anymore.*

★ ★ ★ ★

But then comes a night of gaiety and love for "Gigi" and Gaston . . . *The Night They Invented Champagne.*

★ ★ ★ ★

Space prevents listing other songs, but you'll love them all!

★ ★ ★

Producer Arthur Freed and director Vincente Minnelli last teamed for the Academy Award Winner "An American In Paris". Their new production is elegantly designed and costumed by Cecil Beaton.

★ ★ ★ ★

Our tributes also to: Alan Jay Lerner's script from the Colette novel and to Frederick Loewe's music. And to the supporting stars Hermione Gingold, Eva Gabor, Jacques Bergerac and Isabel Jeans. Do *see* "Gigi"!

—*Leo*

P. S. The Broadway reserved-seat presentation of "Gigi" at the Royale Theatre, scene of many stage successes, is an added distinction for this enchanting production.

Note: M-G-M Records has issued a sound track album of the song-hits.

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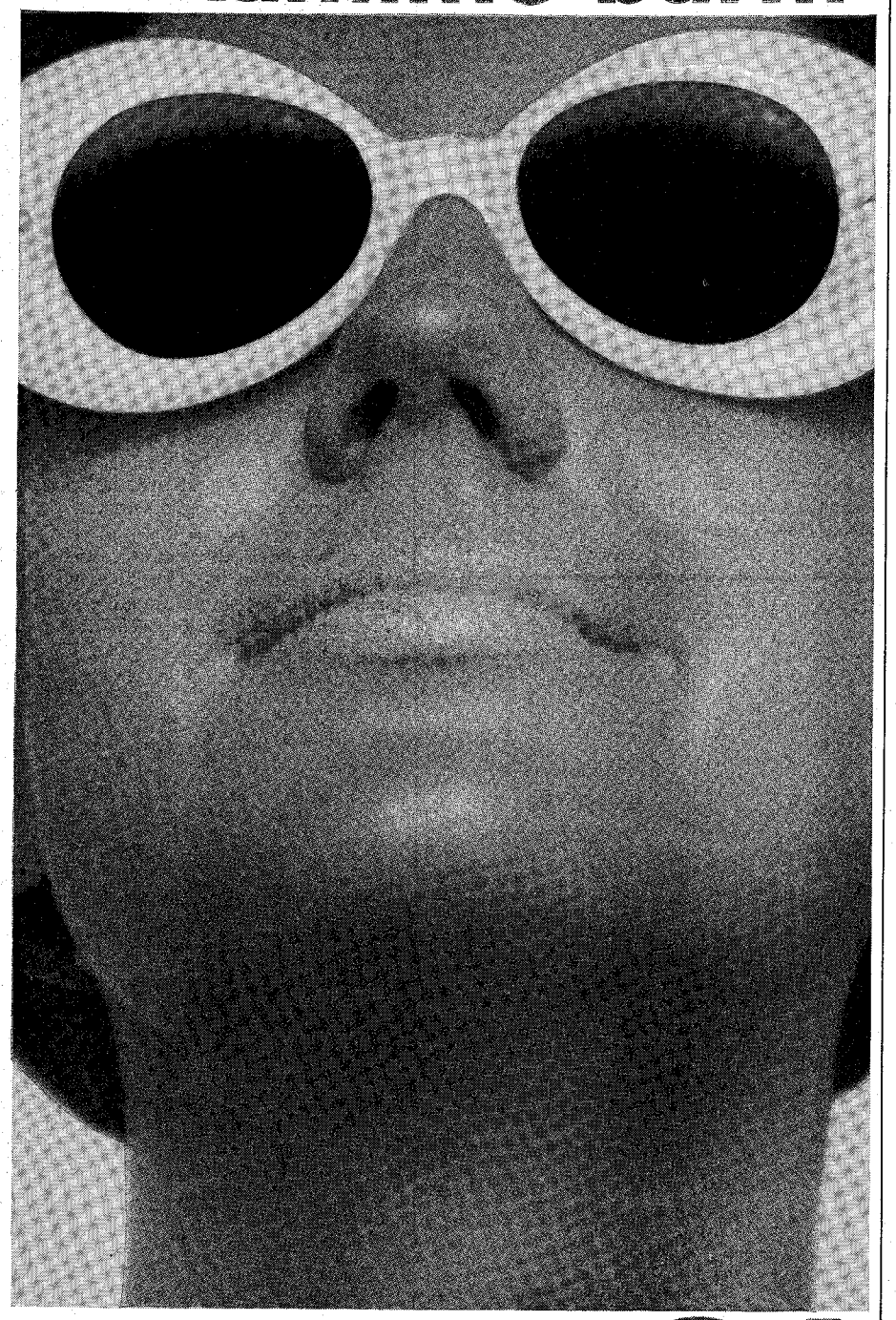
all tan...no burn!



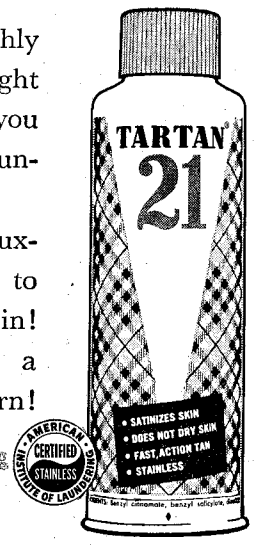
new TARTAN 21

FIRST AND ONLY: *won't stain fabrics...guaranteed!**

FIRST AND ONLY: *vanishes into skin for full protection!*

The first suntan product that is thoroughly absorbed—down through the first layer, right to the second layer of your skin. It gives you a new, deep kind of protection against sunburn and wind parching.

This deep penetration softens the skin luxuriously. Leaves no sticky, messy grease to block tanning rays. Tartan 21 invites them in! Gives you a faster, longer lasting tan; a beautiful sun-gold tan. All tan . . . no burn!



*Certified by the American Institute of Laundering

BETTER . . . by McKESSON

Letters

War on Drunk Driving

. . . in California

Dear Sirs:

Governor Goodwin J. Knight's article (as told to Bruce Lee), WE JAIL DRUNKEN DRIVERS, in the April 26 issue was outstanding. Bravo!

H. V. MASTERS, PRESIDENT
Albright College
Reading, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The sentence I liked especially was this one: "Drinking is a willful act." None of this "An alcoholic is a sick man who needs a psychiatrist."

MRS. JOHN S. DYKSTRA
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

What state leads all others in traffic deaths? Yes, California.

HENRY JAMISON
San Mateo, Calif.

● *True. But California's 1957 death rate per 100 million vehicle miles driven was 5.7—which is .2 less than the national average.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

When Governor Knight runs for president, he shall have my rabid Republican vote.

MRS. N. H. SCHMIDT
Fond du Lac, Wisc.

Dear Sirs:

I'm astonished at your publication for giving such publicity to our California perpetual public job seeker.

DR. LOUISE BRUNING CABLE
Los Angeles, Calif.

. . . New Jersey

Dear Sirs:

I must take issue with Governor Knight when he says, "The only other state with anything like comparable legislation against drunken driving is Connecticut, which decrees mandatory suspension of an operator's license upon conviction."

I have been a municipal judge since 1936 and during those years have sentenced drunken drivers to jail on their initial offense as well as imposing the mandatory $200 fine . . .

The New Jersey statute . . . makes it mandatory for the revocation of the license for two years, and that goes for first offenders.

JUDGE HENRY C. LAPIDUS
North Wildwood, N.J.

. . . Texas

Dear Sirs:

You'll probably say: "Oh! Oh! Here comes Texas"—but I believe that Texas criminal laws on drunken drivers leave less to the discretion of the court and are tougher than (California's), especially for first offenders.

Where California law provides for imprisonment *or* a fine upon a first offense, Texas law provides for fine *and* imprisonment upon conviction of driving while under the influence of intoxicating liquor. Minimum sentence is three days in jail and $50 fine. Maximum sentence is two years in jail and $500 fine.

JOHN A. BLACK, JR.
Attorney-at-law
Houston, Tex.

● *In California, a drunken driver may be jailed for five years and fined $5000 for his first offense. No other state allows such a harsh penalty. But in some states—Georgia, New Jersey, Texas and Ohio for examples—the* minimum *penalties are stiffer than in California.* —*ED.*

. . . Michigan

Dear Sirs:

In Michigan . . . every person convicted under the Drunk Motor Law automatically loses his driver's license for a period of ninety days.

In Detroit a majority of persons convicted of this offense receive straight jail

(Continued on Page 6)

THE BLONDES OF YESTERYEAR

Where are the blondes of yesterYear
who used to type mY letters
With shapely legs and roguish Eyes
and ~~silcot~~ silhouetted sweaters?

—poem entitled Ode Owed to Retirement, by Lt. Col. Leroy A. Mullen, USAF-Ret., in the May 3 issue.

Dear Sirs:
Their hair is henna-colored now.
That slender look they're losing.
The smart young lad relieving you
Preferred blondes of *his* choosing.
Your blondes no doubt are wondering
If you're still blithe and gay—
And wishing they had the security
Of your retirement pay.

BERENICE BERYL JONES (*a brunette*)
Old Albuquerque, N.M.

Dear Sirs:
In answer to your query,
Colonel, here's my thesis:
They've taken cover under
This year's chemises.

ADELAIDE COKER
Ojai, Calif.

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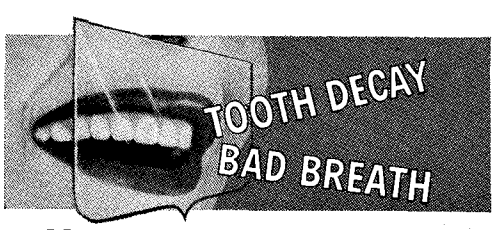
Fight Tooth Decay With Colgate's WHILE YOU Stop Bad Breath All Day!

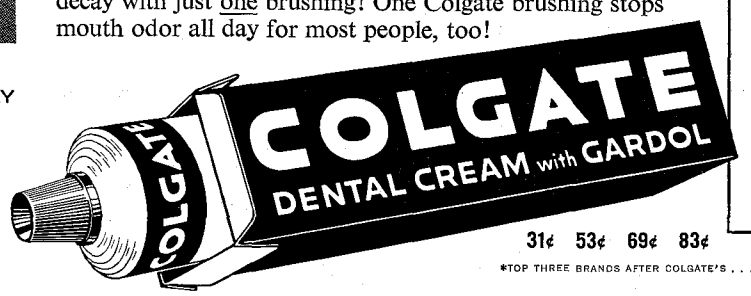
Brushing for brushing, it's the surest protection ever offered by any toothpaste! Because of all leading toothpastes, only Colgate Dental Cream contains Gardol!
FIGHTS BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY—
WITH JUST ONE BRUSHING!



COLGATE'S WITH GARDOL FIGHTS
BOTH DECAY AND BAD BREATH ALL DAY

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes,* only Colgate's contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . helps *stop* decay with just one brushing! One Colgate brushing stops mouth odor all day for most people, too!

World's Largest Selling Toothpaste



31¢ 53¢ 69¢ 83¢

NOW—
For New
FINGER-TIP EASE—
America's First Aerosol Dentifrice!
Simply remove red cover, touch the top and release the desired amount of . . .
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL!
98¢

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*TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S . . . GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol CLEANS YOUR BREATH While It CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

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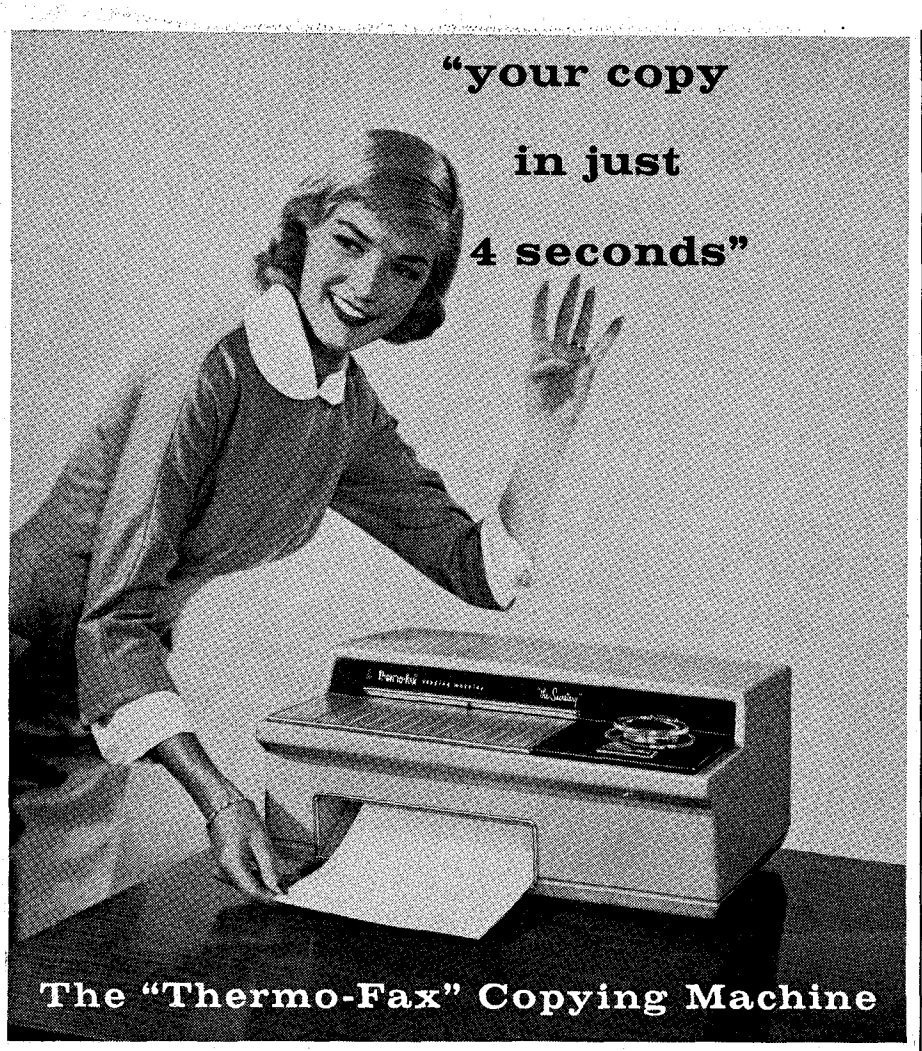

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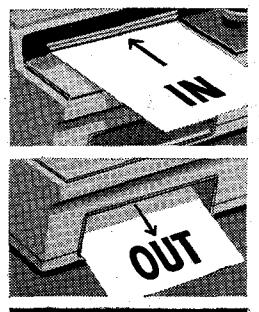

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

sentences without being given the alternative of paying a fine. This policy, incidentally, applies to first offenders. All these facts were brought out in an excellent article by Sidney Shalett which appeared in the July 8, 1950, issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

JUDGE JOHN D. WATTS
Detroit, Mich.

. . . Minnesota

DEAR SIRS:
WE HAVE BEEN REVOKING LICENSES FOR DRUNK DRIVING CONVICTIONS SINCE MARCH, 1934. IN FAIRNESS TO OUR LEGISLATORS AND THE PEOPLE OF MINNESOTA, I KNOW THAT YOU WILL WANT TO GIVE MINNESOTA CREDIT FOR BEING FIRST.

GOV. ORVILLE L. FREEMAN
ST. PAUL, MINN.

. . . Utah

Dear Sirs:

Utah imposes imprisonment at the state penitentiary of one to ten years for this offense if death or injury results. A number of drivers are now serving time following such convictions.

G. ERNEST BOURNE, *Manager*
Utah Safety Council
Salt Lake City, Utah

. . . and Illinois

Dear Sirs:

Illinois law not only provides for mandatory revocation of an operator or chauffeur license after conviction for the offense of driving while intoxicated, but . . . it also affords the administrator the discretionary authority to suspend or revoke operator licenses in the event of any one of ten other offenses. . . .

Every newspaper in the state is periodically given the name and address of every driver suspended or revoked in their area. The vast majority of them regularly print this list. We have found this social stigma to be almost as effective as any other single weapon.

CHARLES F. CARPENTIER
Secretary of State
Springfield, Ill.

War on Labor Racketeers

Dear Sirs:

Many thanks for the courageous and long-overdue articles by Senator McClellan (WHAT WE LEARNED ABOUT LABOR GANGSTERS by Senator John L. McClellan as told to Beverly Smith, Jr., May 3–10). There was only one flaw in the first article and that was when he said, "Now that the grim facts are being brought to light by our committee, all of us in the Congress bear a heavy share of the responsibility if we fail to act."

To say that they in Congress bear a heavy share of it is to pass part of the buck to some non-existent shareholder.

LEO THOROUGHMAN
Muskogee, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

When the senator voted against the Knowland amendments, he showed that he did not have the courage of his convictions.

J. E. GILL
Oklahoma City, Okla.

● *Senator McClellan says he favors many of the objectives of Senator Knowland's proposed amendments to the Welfare and Pension Fund Bill. He voted against them because "Experience has taught us that we cannot write major and well-considered legislation on the floor of either house of Congress. If we destroy the committee system we will simply invite legislative chaos and we will get bad and unworkable laws." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Is it the purpose of these "champions of the working man" . . . to liberate the union men? Or is it their purpose to use these scandalous abuses of a few to pass legislation designed to weaken and ultimately destroy the entire labor movement?

JERRY MENAPACE
Glen Burnie, Md.

Dear Sirs:

In bringing these shocking revelations to the attention of millions of American families, you have earned the heartfelt thanks of the entire country.

MORT FRIEDLANDER
Mystic, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I want to see some good things restored in America—rugged individualism, individual competitiveness, pride of craftmanship, and willingness to work. I want an end to the leveling-off process where the better man's performance is pulled down to that of the mediocre. I want to see no more goon squads beating up men who want to work. . . .

The late Senator Taft proved that it can be politically popular and triumphant to oppose union labor. I believe that it will prove so again. There is a vast cold anger growing up in America at the avarice and the arrogance of the labor movement. It is time they were curbed past all danger of revival.

ARTHUR K. AKERS
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If the rank and file of labor want relief, they must register their protest by voting against the candidate endorsed by the labor leader.

MRS. ARTHUR AUNE
Fairchild, Wisc.

Dear Sirs:

Here in Wisconsin, (we) "rank and file" Teamsters are more than satisfied with James Hoffa. Benefits incurred by his efforts have erased the criminal connections he has acquired.

GEORGE PALMER
Clintonville, Wisc.

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Reading across pages, then down:

23–Hans Knopf. • 24–Hans Knopf, Alan Walker, Hans Knopf. • 25–Hans Knopf. 26, 27–R. G. Harris. • 28–Philippe Halsman. • 30–Mitchell Hooks. • 31–Elliott Erwitt. 32–Russell Melcher (PIX). • 33–Russell Melcher (PIX), French Film Office, Black Star, French Film Office. • 34, 35–Don W. Jones. • 36–New York Mirror from International, Graphics Institute, Sid Avery. • 37–Kurt Ard. • 38–Donald H. James. • 39–Werner Stoy. • 40, 41–Harold Von Schmidt. • 42–Bill Shrout. • 43–Culver, Brown Brothers, two from Underwood & Underwood; two from Culver; FPG. • 44, 45–Stevan Dohanos. 49–Robert Meyers. • 90–Sid Avery. • 124–Graphics Institute. • 128–Larry Keighley, John R. Wells, Wide World.

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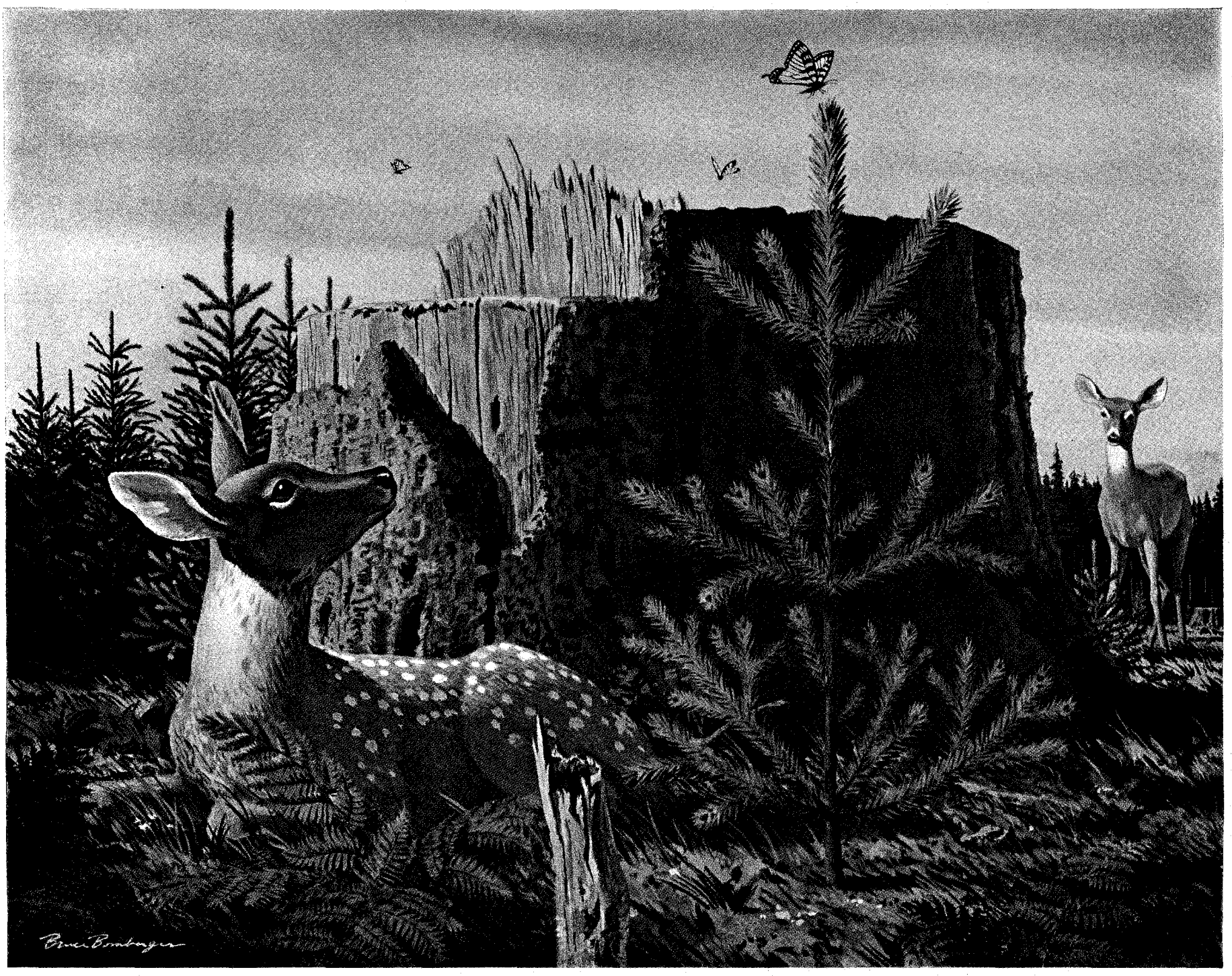
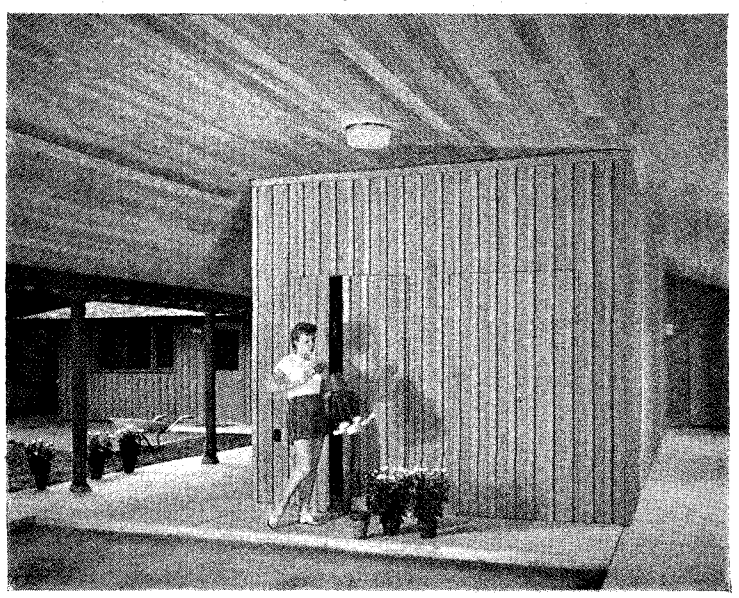


living symbol of good forest management...vigorous new trees

Modern homes built with Pacific Northwest woods are beautiful, comfortable and easy to maintain. As lumber, these wood species are sold nationwide under Weyerhaeuser's 4-Square trademark.



Today, countless millions of young trees are inching upward toward the skies on America's business-managed tree farms. Each is growing toward a planned destiny. Each is dedicated to serve the future needs of people and industry by supplying the many necessities and luxuries made possible by products of the forest.

As new trees replace the old, they begin a new cycle in fulfillment of a long-range forestry plan. It is a plan built around the concept that forests can both be used and perpetuated. By cooperating with nature, men can harvest and replace timber in repeated crops. This fact is proved on tree farms every day.

The modern tree farm is a living, dynamic wood-producing unit. From it comes an unceasing flow of wood for lumber, paper, rayon and more than 5,000 other forest products that serve the nation. As rapidly as land is harvested to meet the current demand, it is reforested for the future by natural or artificial means. Each new tree is a growing, living symbol of good industrial forest management.

All Weyerhaeuser tree farms are managed by trained industrial foresters. *Write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington for a free booklet,* ***Promise of the Trees.***

Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

making forestlands serve America better by scientific management

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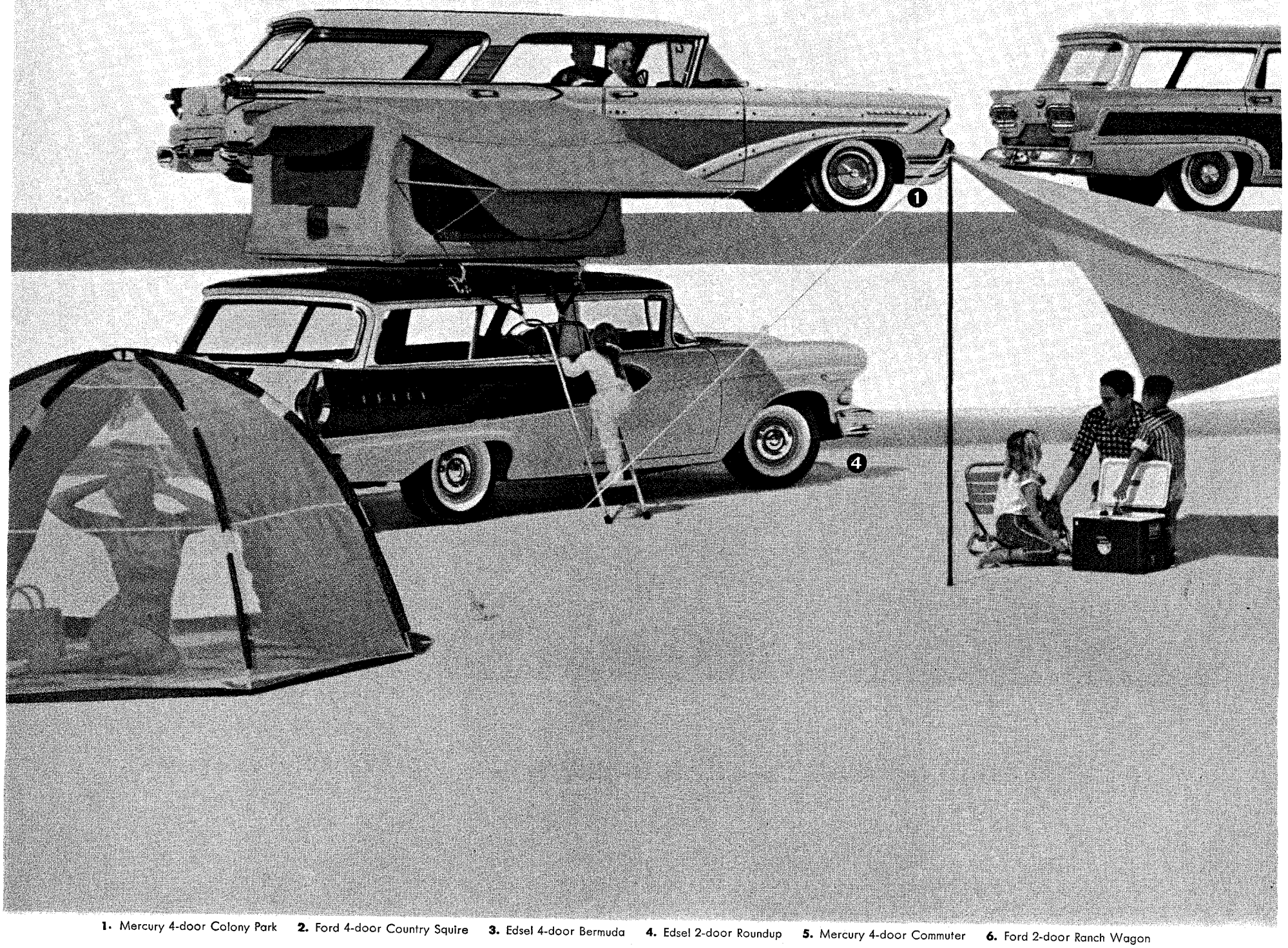

1. Mercury 4-door Colony Park **2.** Ford 4-door Country Squire **3.** Edsel 4-door Bermuda **4.** Edsel 2-door Roundup **5.** Mercury 4-door Commuter **6.** Ford 2-door Ranch Wagon

Look what's new for you in wagons

more new ideas, more YOU ideas

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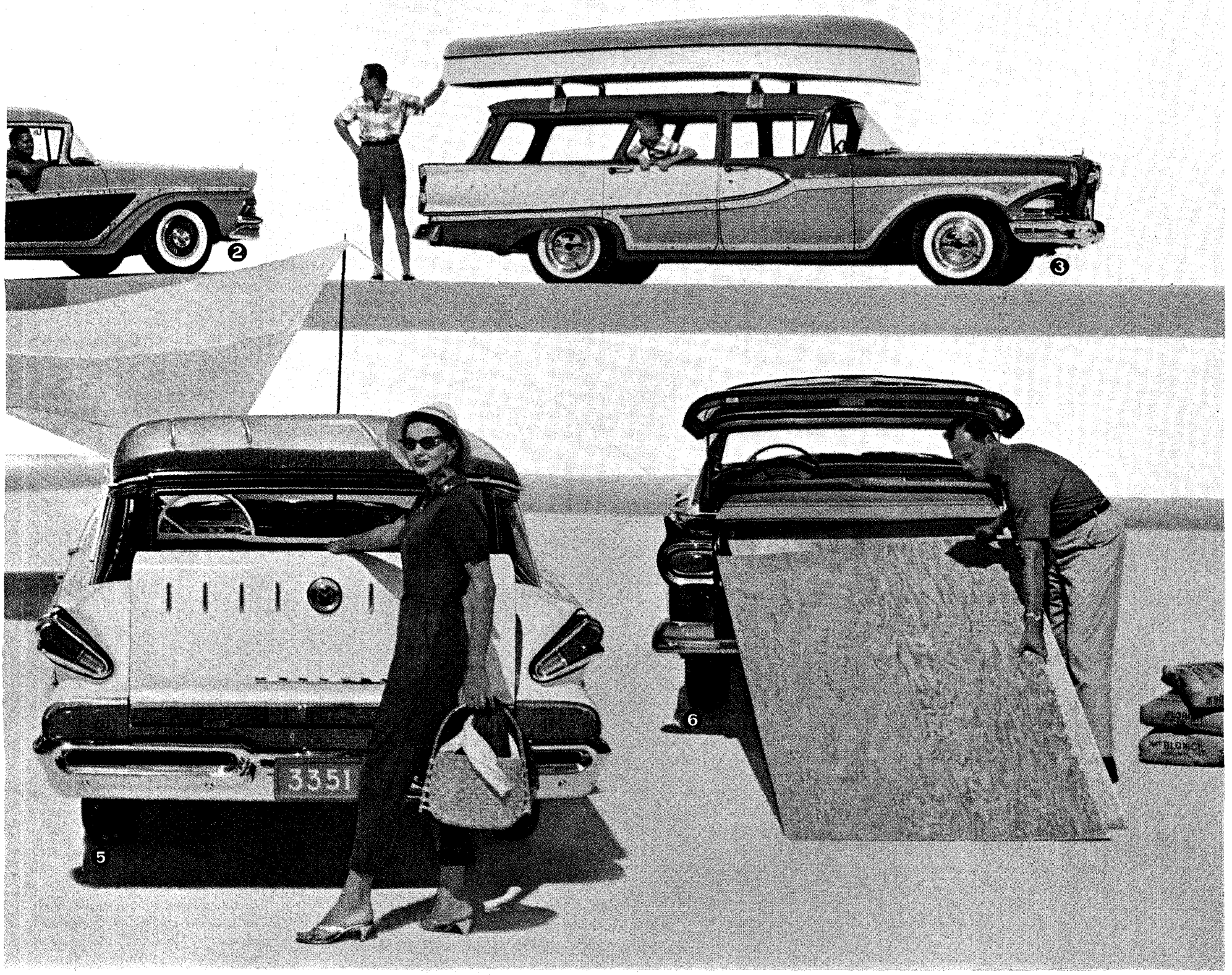
LINCOLN · CONTINENTAL MARK III



You helped us design these station wagons. First we did our best to learn what you wanted—and then we gave it to you. That's why we call our new ideas *You Ideas*. For instance:

You (and millions like you) got tired of the gawky look in wagons. So we slimmed ours down, yet actually increased the space inside. You wanted an easier way to open up the back, so we gave you a wagon without a lift gate. We found you used your wagon as a home on wheels, so we made ours practical enough to camp out in. And, because you wanted it, we made every wagon as easy-riding — as much fun to drive—as any passenger car.

Which of the wonderful wagons above is designed around *you*? Let your dealer demonstrate it today. Ford Motor Company, American Road, Dearborn, Mich.

in The Ford Family of Fine Cars

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Editorials

With Some Advanced Thinkers It's: "Blame America First!"

Sometimes it looks as if the national motto should be changed from "E Pluribus Unum" to "Excuse us for living."

The day after Communist-organized rioters in Peru threw things at Vice President Nixon, Gov. G. Mennen (Soapy) Williams, of Michigan, made a speech in Rochester, New York. The governor deplored the Nixon incident, but added that we should ask ourselves whether this country has done enough for Latin America under the Good Neighbor policy! When a more vicious mob attacked the Vice President and his wife in Caracas, Venezuela, one New York newspaper suggested that maybe the people down there were mad because we had given asylum to former Dictator Jimenez! In his column, Walter Lippmann urged a congressional investigation to determine who arranged for Mr. Nixon to make the trip at all! Certain senators, apparently anxious to remove some of the shine from the Vice President, eagerly went along.

That fits the liberal theory that, whatever type of hell breaks out anywhere, from Pakistan to Poland or from Caracas to Karachi, the U.S.A. is to blame. Even a good-will trip is a provocative act if the Reds don't like it! The Vice President himself points to flaws in our dealings with Latin America which he thinks give the Reds a propaganda advantage. But our sins of omission, and they have doubtless been many, do not call for apology.

The urge to apologize for being hit infects some people who are not noticeably "liberal." Thus when President Eisenhower ordered marines and paratroopers into the Caribbean area for the possible assistance of the Venezuelan Government in protecting the Nixon party, two or three senators declared that this was the wrong thing to do because it might provoke the Communists! Actually the dispatch of troops was exactly the right thing to do. The rioting against Mr. Nixon was plainly a Soviet-sponsored probing action geared to similar disturbances in other parts of the world and designed to humiliate this country and to test out our point of resistance. To accept such a challenge without prompt response would be to telegraph to the Communist conspirators that Uncle Sam was a paper tiger with an unlimited number of cheeks to turn to whatever blows the Communists are prepared to strike. Failure to act might easily have convinced the Kremlin that military attack on the West would pay off.

Regardless of the normal Latin-American frustrations upon which the Communists play, it is about time for this country to reaffirm the Monroe Doctrine, at least to the extent of making it clear that we will tolerate no Communist satellites on this hemisphere. There are various ways of implementing this policy, but the first need is to make clear what the policy is. This would put needed support under anti-Communist elements in Latin-American countries, while removing doubts in the Kremlin as to our reaction to any Communist effort to take us from the rear.

Finally, the less we put on a hang-dog expression and apologize for America's crude culture, for the inadequacy of the billions we have been giving away, for our terrible treatment of "minorities" and for the shame of being Americans at all, the more likely we are to exert some ameliorating influence on the crisis of these times.

Now is Not the Time to Sabotage Our Defensive Weapons

The testimony on the danger to human life from "fallout" from nuclear tests is conflicting, but there is general agreement that danger exists. All, including the United States Government, agree that an end to the use of these weapons is to be hoped for.

Unfortunately, too much of the propaganda against continuance of the tests accepts the views of some rather doubtful experts on this matter and ignores the important question of where Soviet intentions fit into the equation. After all, fallout from an all-out atomic war would be worse than fallout from experimentation. And it is the prevention of atomic war which our retention of balance in this field is designed to achieve.

It would be incredibly foolish to assume, as some people seem to, that it is now safe to stop testing atomic weapons because the Soviet Union announced that it had suspended tests after completing a long series of experiments of its own. The Institute for the Study of the U.S.S.R. recently distributed an analysis of Soviet intentions in the field of nuclear warfare by Nikolai Galay, a veteran Russian officer who served in World War II in the Vlasov Army against the Soviet forces.

Galay believes, as do other informed observers, that the Soviet bosses are now theoretically flirting with the idea of a "preventive war." This view is supported by a recent statement by Marshal Rotmistrov paraphrased by Herbert S. Dinerstein in Foreign Affairs. The marshal believes that "the Soviet Union must be ready to strike a pre-emptive or forestalling blow, in case the United States was about to attack."

As of now the Red Army does not have the capability to knock out enough Western bases, at the same time paralyzing American industrial areas, to make a surprise attack a good gamble. Therefore the Soviet planners must content themselves with efforts to persuade us to disarm ourselves in the one branch in which we have superiority.

The U.S.S.R. would doubtless welcome the abolition of nuclear weapons altogether, as that "would automatically give the military advantage once more to the Soviet Union" with its vast array of ground forces and naval units. So, unless we are indifferent to defeat, it looks as if we will have to rely on nuclear weapons until a more orderly international climate appears.

As Secretary McElroy pointed out recently, the West is at a military disadvantage because of our assurance to the Soviet bloc that we will never strike the first blow. So assured, the Kremlin is free to push its aggressive tactics and foment small wars with no fear of reprisal, provided it does not actually attack us or our allies. If, in addition to this necessary self-imposed handicap, we are forced by popular panic to abandon the development of the one deterrent to an attack on this country, our peril could hardly be exaggerated.

What Changes a Sandwich Into a Blue-Plate Special?

The great sandwich controversy began when the various trans-atlantic airlines—most of which belong to the International Air Transport Association—introduced economy-class flights. To keep costs down, the members of the I.A.T.A. agreed that economy-class travelers would be served simple, inexpensive cold sandwiches instead of the hot meals that are common on the more costly tourist and first-class flights.

On the question of what constituted a simple, cold sandwich, however, the airlines bickered. Pan American World Airways and Trans World Airlines upheld the American notion that a sandwich is a utilitarian thing—a slab of meat or cheese tucked between slices of white, rye or whole wheat. The European lines argued that a sandwich can be pure art, a poem, a culinary challenge—open face to start with and heaped generously with gustatory goodies.

To resolve the impasse, the I.A.T.A. studied the problem for two days, decided the Europeans were too exotic, and handed down some ground rules for sandwiches: They could be open or closed; a substantial and visible portion of each unit had to consist of bread; they had to be uncomplicated and only lightly garnished; they could not employ such gourmet foods as smoked salmon, oysters, caviar, lobster, game or *pâté de foie gras*.

We suspect we haven't heard the last of this sandwich situation. Nothing was said about American-style hoagies, or submarines; not a word about double-decker, club or "Dagwood" sandwiches. And, on the other hand, the great European chefs have always had a genius for making a gourmet's delight out of nothing.

Mustard, anyone?

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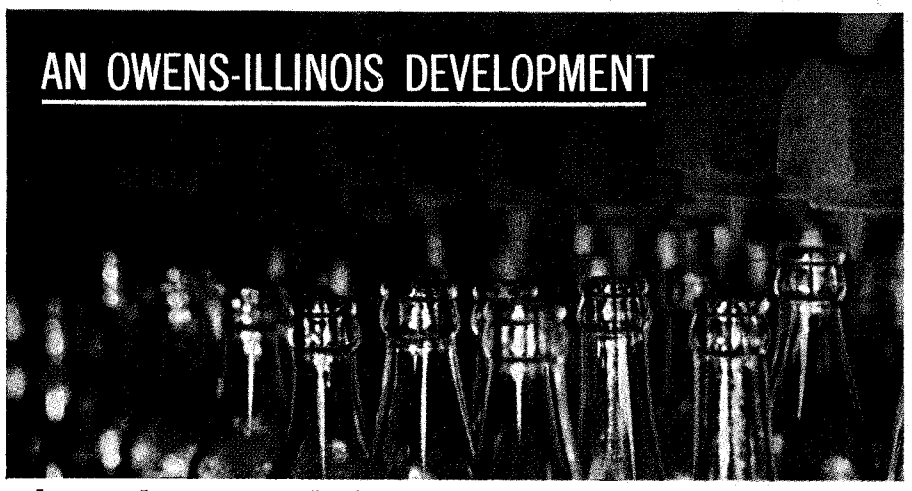
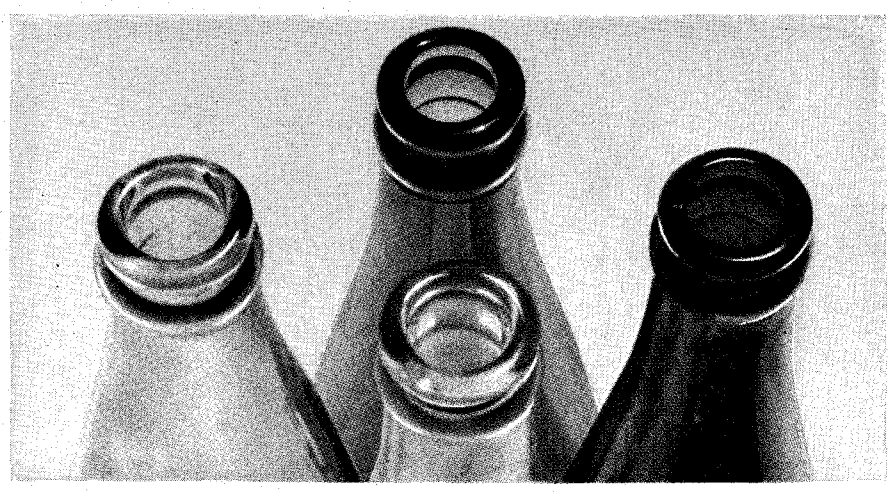


This is the syncro-flash process



It makes bottle lips hard, smooth, safe . . .

On the threshold of refreshment your lips meet another Owens-Illinois first

Owens-Illinois long ago developed a process called "syncro-flashing" for its Duraglas beverage bottles. The syncro-flash treatment is like case hardening of steel. The lips of Owens-Illinois beverage bottles are fire-polished to a hard, smooth, safe surface—making it possible for you to drink *directly* from the bottle. Syncro-flashing is another important Owens-Illinois "plus."

Glass seals in that wonderful carbonated flavor . . . keeps it sparkling and naturally alive. Glass has no taste, no flavor, no possible reaction to your favorite beverage. In short, glass is inert. No other material can match it for that quality.

The syncro-flash fire-polishing of beverage bottles is a typical O-I development and reflects the same sort of imagination and research that goes into the entire Owens-Illinois family of quality products.

Duraglas containers • Metal and plastic closures
Kimble laboratory glassware • Libbey Safedge glassware
Plastic containers and fitments • Glass block
Kaylo insulation • Kimble vials and ampuls
Hemingray insulators • Pharmaceutical glassware
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DURAGLAS CONTAINERS
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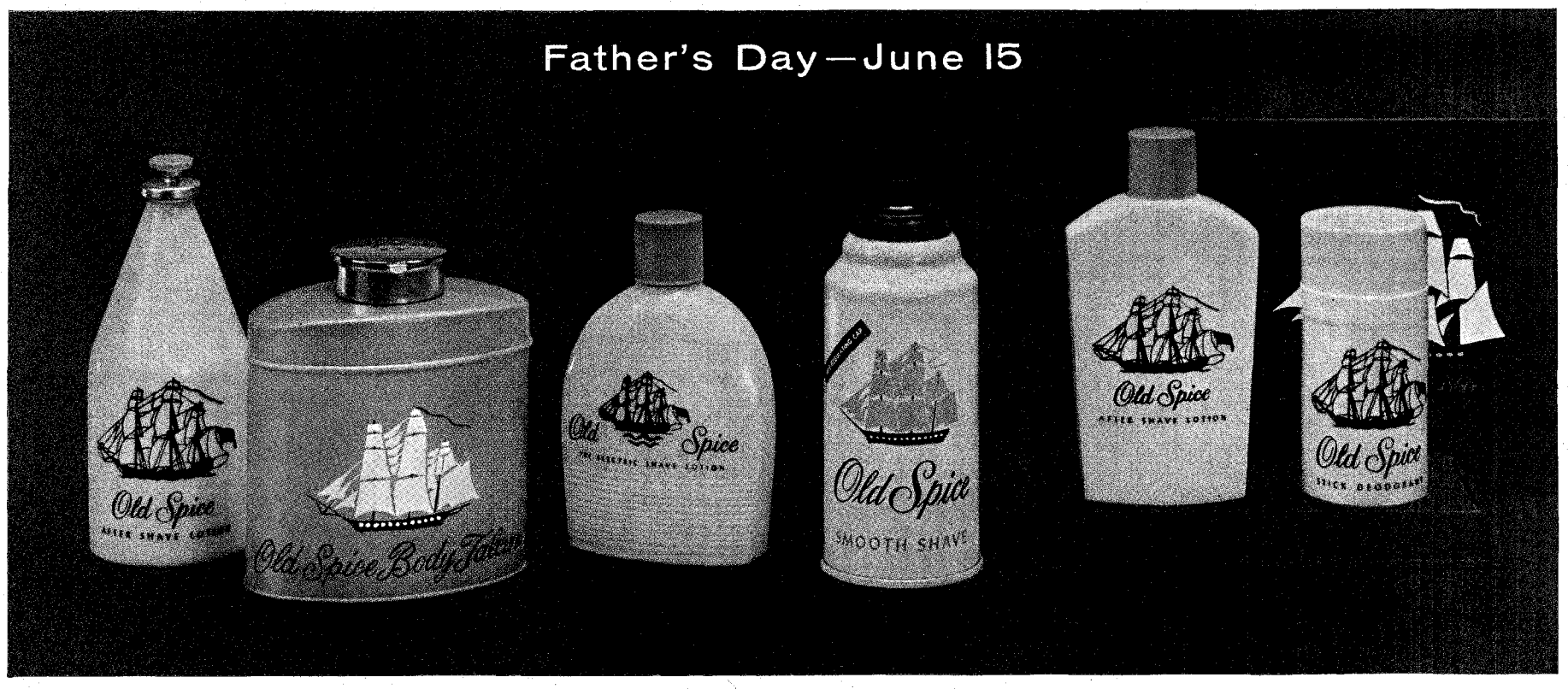
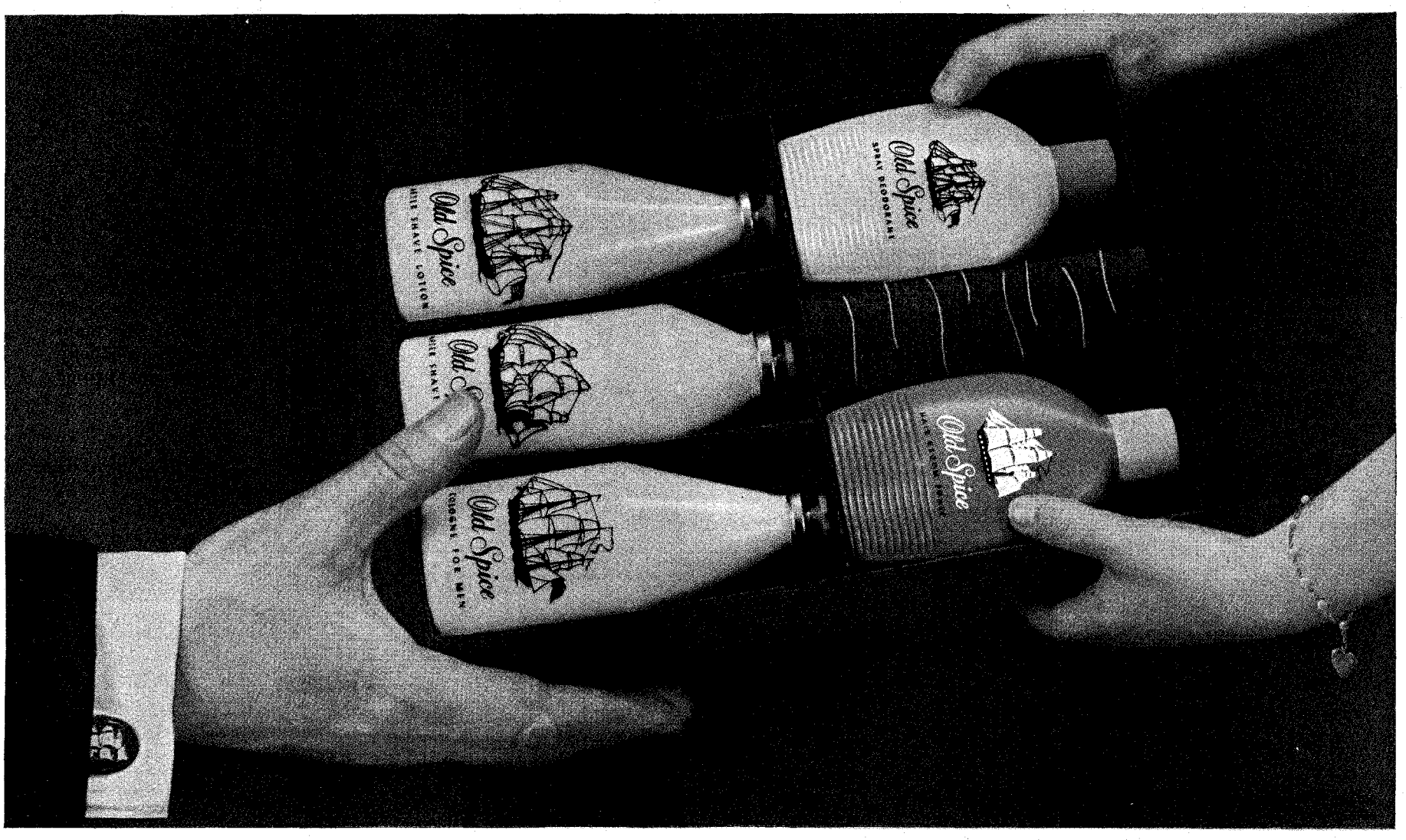


Give Dad *Old Spice*

THE FINEST GROOMING AIDS A MAN CAN OWN

SHULTON



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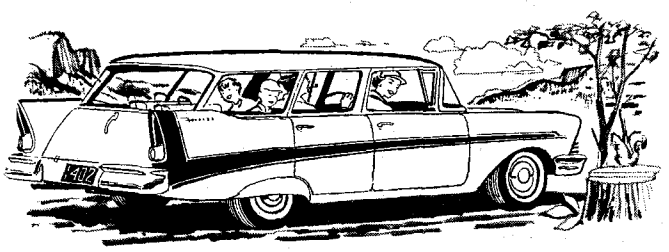
Want the tire best for your car ...best for worry-free driving?



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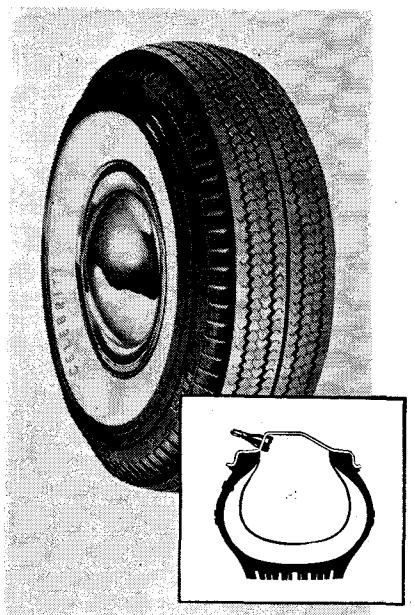
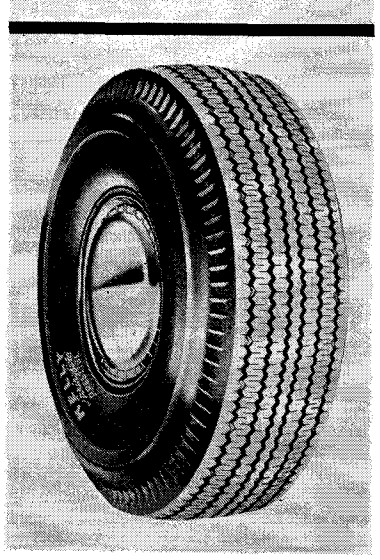


Best Safety? Kelly Has It!
CELEBRITY AIR-CORE SAFETY TIRE

. . . the famous Kelly Celebrity with an amazing emergency tire built inside!

An amazing new tire that actually puts two tires on every wheel! If the outer tire is damaged—even blown out!—you can keep riding safely for hundreds of miles if you have to! It's because the inner emergency tire automatically takes over support of your car. You drive relaxed and worry-free until you're ready to stop!

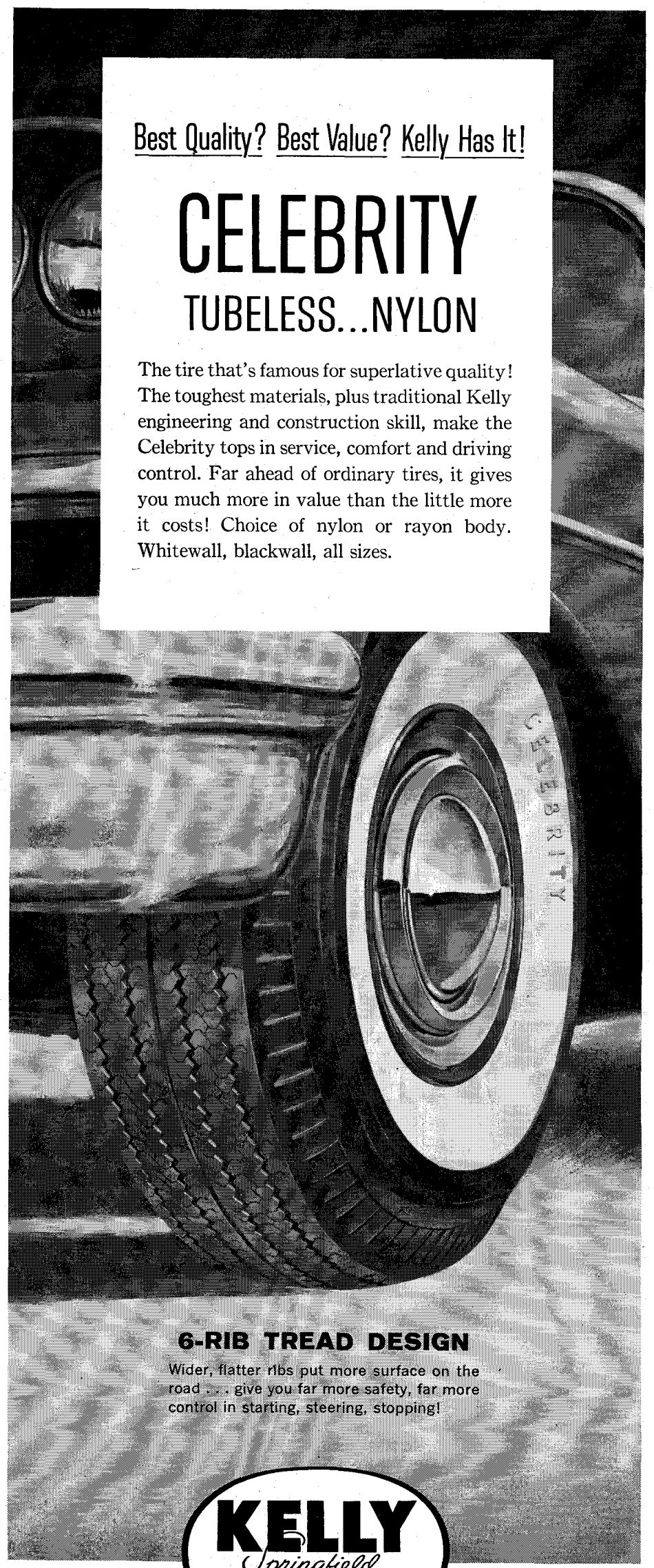
TWO TIRES IN ONE . . . each with its own air chamber! NYLON Cord construction in both!



Best Economy? Kelly Has It!
PRESTIGE

Today's outstanding tire for long, safe mileage at lowest possible cost! Features many engineering and construction features usually found only in higher-priced tires . . . including safety-designed, non-skid tread for controlled steering and fast stopping, improved rayon cord body for strength and durability. Available in whitewall and blackwall.

Your Kelly Dealer will gladly pay you full value for your present tires on a trade for new, safe Kellys. See him soon!



Best Quality? Best Value? Kelly Has It!

CELEBRITY
TUBELESS...NYLON

The tire that's famous for superlative quality! The toughest materials, plus traditional Kelly engineering and construction skill, make the Celebrity tops in service, comfort and driving control. Far ahead of ordinary tires, it gives you much more in value than the little more it costs! Choice of nylon or rayon body. Whitewall, blackwall, all sizes.

6-RIB TREAD DESIGN

Wider, flatter ribs put more surface on the road . . . give you far more safety, far more control in starting, steering, stopping!

KELLY *Springfield* **TIRES**

LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF WORRY-FREE DRIVING . . .

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

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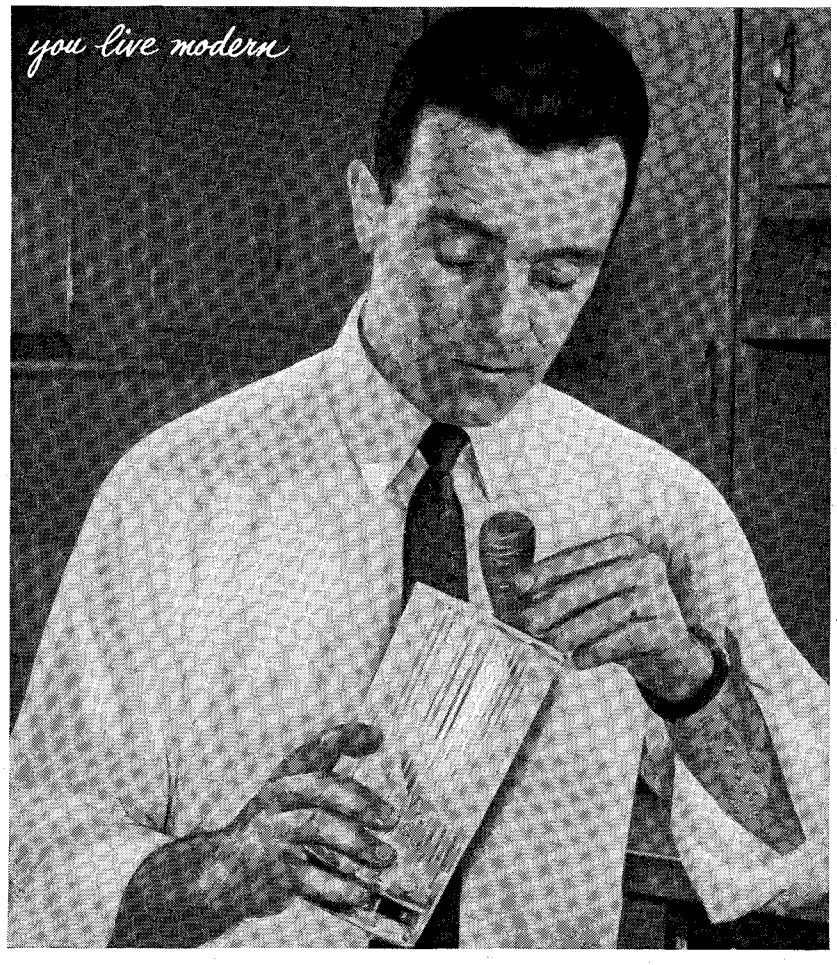

are you this kind of family man?

...then you should be insured by the Home!

You've put the best into your home—and that calls for the best insurance protection. For over a century, people like you have insisted on HOME—the finest insurance money can buy!

Ask your agent of The Home Insurance Company about a modern, money-saving "package" policy. Whether you own your home or rent it, there's a Home "package" policy designed for your needs.

HEAR Jack Benny on CBS Radio every Sunday evening

The HOME Insurance Company

Property Protection since 1853

The Home Indemnity Company, an affiliate, writes Casualty Insurance, Fidelity and Surety Bonds

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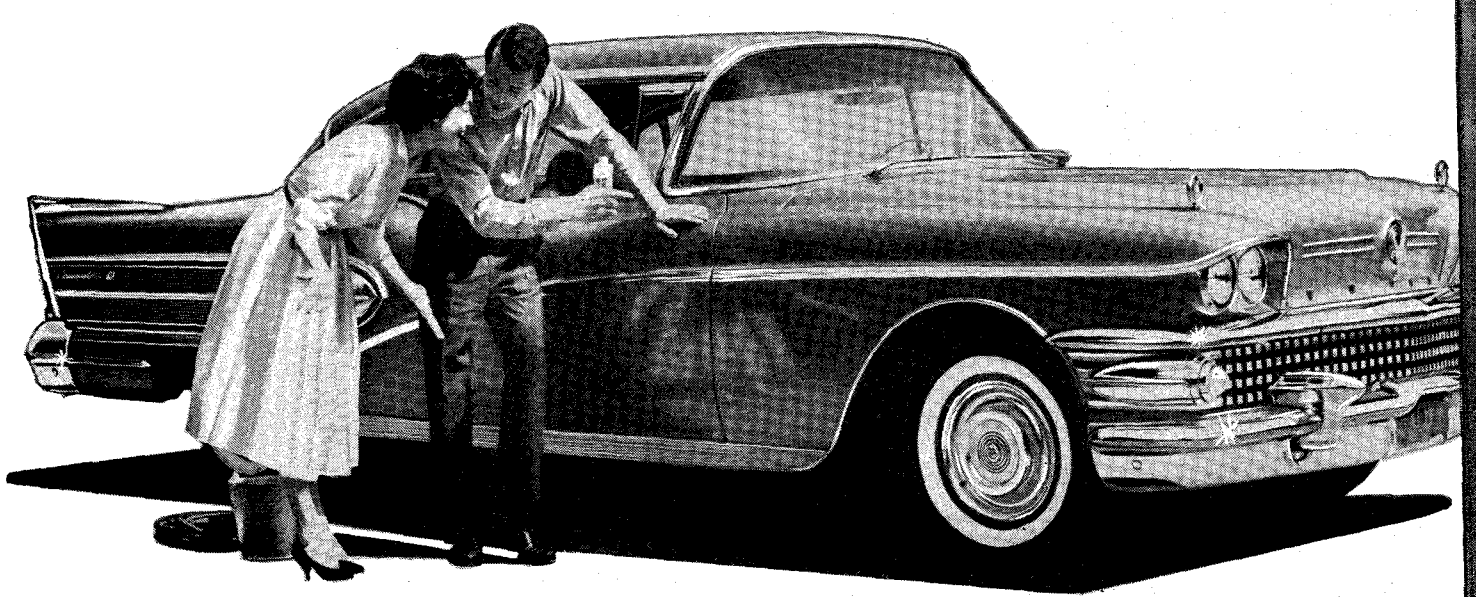
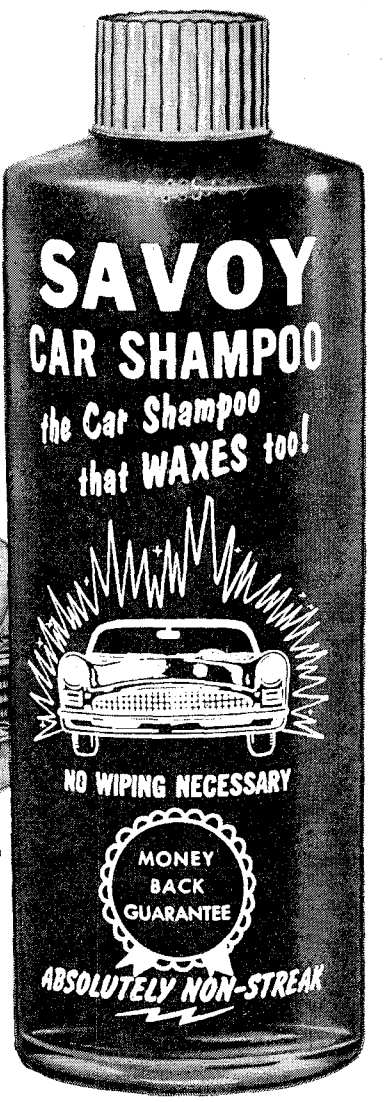
WASH YOUR CAR WITH NEW SAVOY THE CAR SHAMPOO THAT WAXES TOO!

NO EXTRA WORK—SAVOY WAXES AUTOMATICALLY WHILE IT CLEANS!

8 SPARKLING WASHES—

ONLY 69¢





At last—an easy way to CLEAN and WAX your car!

SAVOY removes dirt, film, grease and stains—easily, gently! Leaves a shining coat of CARNAUBA WAX that protects your car from sun fading, corrosion and chrome rust. SAVOY cleans and waxes at the same time because it contains GLEEMEX.

GLEEMEX is the miracle ingredient that permits a fine coat of wax to be spread over your car while you wash it! Only SAVOY contains GLEEMEX, only SAVOY gives your car that even GLEEMEX sheen.

Savoy is a product of Seeman Brothers, Inc.

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

(1) Wet car thoroughly...
(2) Apply SAVOY Car Shampoo—use 1 oz. of SAVOY in half a pail of water.
(3) Rinse. NO WIPING NECESSARY! SAVOY doesn't streak.

SAVOY preserves and brightens the finish of your car with every washing.

Get SAVOY at your supermarket or grocery store

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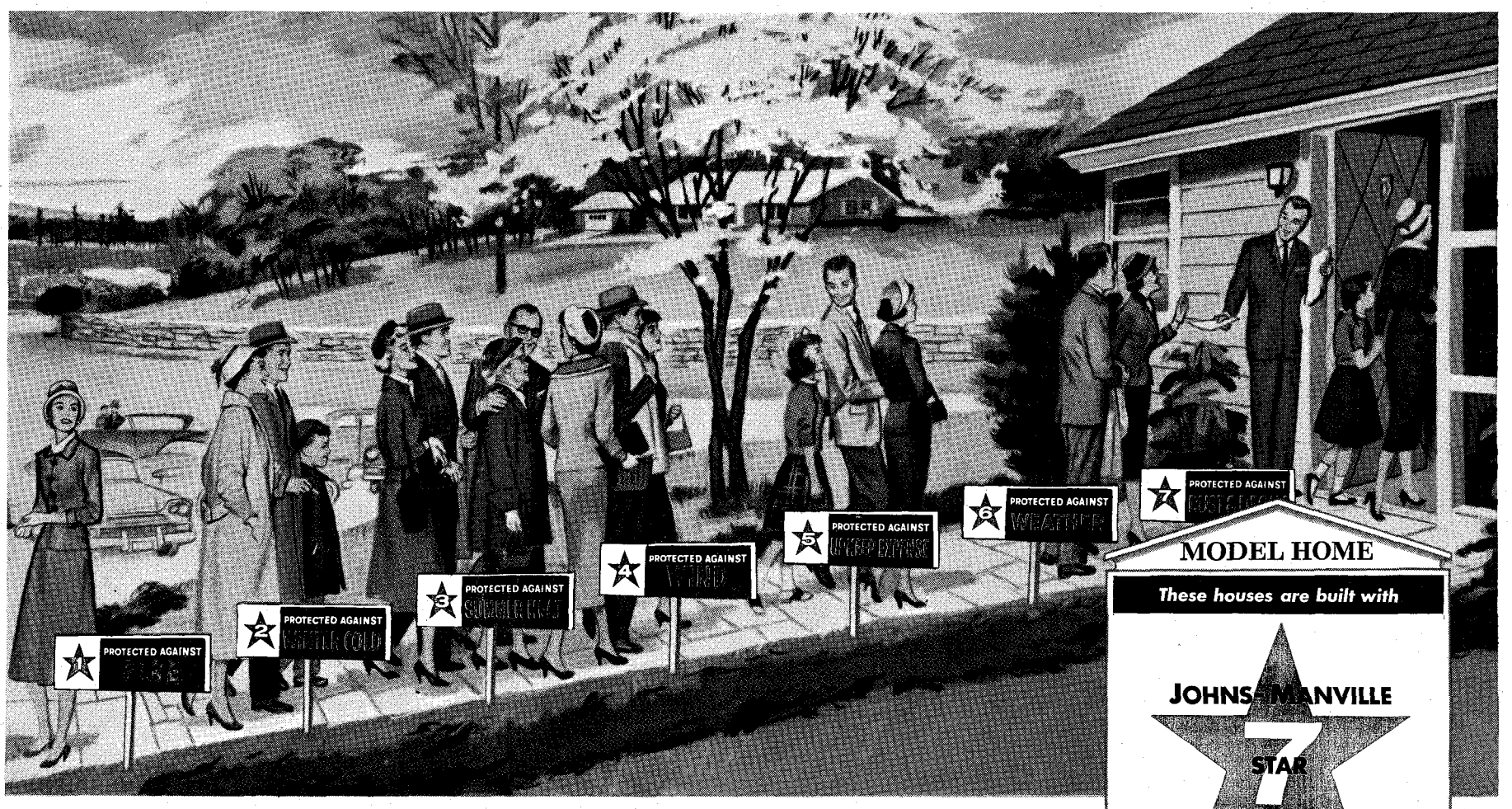

Leading builders present

America's biggest new home value...

Johns-Manville 7-STAR PROTECTION

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN on model homes in your area

BEFORE YOU BUY a new home, make sure it has Johns-Manville 7-Star Protection. Then you can be certain of maximum protection against fire, wind, weather . . . rust and decay . . . upkeep expense . . . summer heat and winter cold. To date more than 350 builders are incorporating 7-Star Protection in tens of thousands of new homes. Check these quality builders listed on the opposite page and be sure to visit the 7-Star homes near you.

Builders are choosing from these basic Johns-Manville structural materials to give you homes with 7-Star Protection

Time-tested roof . . . J-M Asphalt Shingles assure long life, are fire- and weather-resistant. You get positive protection against wind and rain.

Sidewalls as permanent as stone . . . J-M Colorbestos® Sidewalls are distinctively beautiful, come in attractive, lasting colors, never need painting to preserve them. J-M Asbestos Flexboard® in panel construction offers the same permanence and freedom from upkeep.

Efficient, fireproof insulation . . . J-M Spintex® mineral fiber insulation assures maximum year-round comfort, saves fuel whether house is heated with gas, electricity, oil or coal. Cuts air-conditioning costs, too.

Strong, windproof sheathing . . . J-M Strongbord® or Weathertite® Sheathing strengthens the frame of the house, protects against infiltration of dust, wind and weather, adds insulating value.

Corrosion-resistant pipe . . . J-M Transite® delivers pure water for homes and an adequate supply for fire-fighting. Carries sewage safely . . . vents plumbing fixtures and gas-fired equipment . . . distributes air in heating and cooling systems.

Noise-quieting ceilings . . . J-M Fibretex Acoustical Ceiling Panels absorb up to 75% of the noise that strikes them. They effectively quiet noisy areas in the home.

Long-wearing floors . . . J-M Terraflex® Vinyl Tile and J-M Asphalt Asbestos Tile provide beautiful, long-wearing floors which require little care, are easily kept spick-and-span.

If you would like further information about any of these products, just write Johns-Manville, Box 60, New York 16, N.Y.

JOHNS-MANVILLE JM PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE

100 YEARS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS—1858-1958

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See these builders who offer

JOHNS-MANVILLE 7-STAR PROTECTION

America's biggest new home value

Figures indicate number of new 7-Star Protection houses planned by each builder in 1958

These houses are built with JOHNS-MANVILLE 7 STAR PROTECTION for COMFORT, SAFETY and LOW UPKEEP COST

ALABAMA

Birmingham Brizendine Const..Holiday Homes-118
Lawn Homes, Inc.....Roebuck Lawn Estates-140
Edward Lewis Realty
Bridlewood Forest Estates-80
Edward Lewis Realty.....Regent Forest-60
Mobile Fred E. Waldrop, Jr.....Crestview-30

ARKANSAS

Little Rock Wakefield Bldrs.....Lancaster Hills-30
Wakefield Bldrs.....Wakefield Village-120
Marked Tree St. Francis Valley Const. Co.....30

CALIFORNIA

Apple Valley Chase Const..Anniversary Series-50
Bakersfield Robert's Homes...421 El Prado Dr.-63
Hesperia Wagon Wheel Homes.....250
San Bernardino Monarch Homes.....30
Santa Maria T. C. Hubble....Parkview Homes-40
Tustin Westport Dev.....Brentwood Downs-60
Yountville P. & F. Devita.....Toyon Terrace-30

CONNECTICUT

New Milford Frank Primus.....Fairview Acres-41
Frank Primus.....Carman Hill Terrace-40
Stratford Julius Tucciarone.....Bay Berry Park-65
Waterbury Face Homes.....Highland View-31
Wolcott Ayotte & Albert.....Knollwood Acres-30

DELAWARE

Newcastle County F. J. F. Corp....Limestone-175
Newark Robert Schmertz.....Tanglewood-300
Wilmington Inter County Const. McDaniel Hts.-33

FLORIDA

Panama City Padgett Const.....Woodlawn-30
Pensacola Bayou Homes, Inc.....Cordova Park-30
St. Petersburg R. H. Duffy.Cross Bayou Estates-30
Century Homes, Inc.....Golden Crest Subd.-60
F. E. Stumm.....Holiday Park Homes-150
Tampa Clair-Mel Bldrs...Gandy Manor Estates-375

GEORGIA

Atlanta Earl McLendon
The Royal Oaks Manor Subd.-41
Spratlin-Millard.....Spring Mill-Scot Valley-70
Columbus Lindsay Creek Park, Clairmont Road-30
Decatur McIntyre Realty.....Leigh Park-37
D. L. Stokes & Co.....Tilson Heights-70
P. N. & S. Construction Co.....Dial Heights-150
Doraville J. Cox Realty.....Winter Hill Subd.-100
Forest Park Greenwood Acres.....49
Marietta H. Simpson Realty.....Red Oak Park-50
Smyrna L. F. Daniel & H. W. Clay
Cherokee Hills-30
L. F. Daniel & H. W. Clay.....Green Ridge-30
L. F. Daniel & H. W. Clay....La Belle Heights-30
Thos. J. Northcutt, Inc.....The Highlands-75
W. Wyman Pilcher.....Woodlawn-31
Uplands Construction.....Belmont Estates-75

ILLINOIS

Addison G. Wallach Asso...Edgewood Estates-125
Aurora Don L. Dise's.....Boulder Hill-200
Champaign Shapland Homes.Lincolnshire Subd.-30
Crystal Lake H. Hill Const. Co.
Crystal Lake Manor-90
Deerfield Tripoli Homes..Deerfield Woodlands-32
Dolton Dorchester Homes, Inc.....90
Henning E. Johnson's...Meadow Lane Homes-60
Dundee Gillilan Land Co..Sleepy Hollow Manor-60
Joliet Sugar Creek Woods Realty.....60
Leyden Township Able Construction Co.....77
Markham Henry Berg.....Viking Homes-50
McHenry Ladd Enterprises...Highland Shores-150
Midlothian Jolly Homes..Bremenshire Estates-500
Oaklawn C. A. Person, Inc..C. A. Person Subd.-194
Rockford M. B. Myers.....Highcrestview East-120

INDIANA

Clarksville C. L. Lopp, Bldrs.
Beechwood Manor Subd.-40
Fort Wayne Spacemaker Homes.....150
Greenwood Victory Housing
Greenwood Orchard Add.-36
Hammond Lake Shore Realty
Grand Hessville Hts.-60
South Bend Portage Realty....Eastgate Estates-65

IOWA

Bloomfield Bloomfield Lbr..Elson Meadow Acres-30
Clinton Eclipse Lumber...Meadowview Heights-50
Davenport Walrod Const. Co...Holiday Homes-30
Dubuque Homer Butt...Clover Hills Associates-50
Evansdale Fox Const.....Saunders Park-30
Newton Jasper Lumber.....Fair Meadows-30
Norwalk Billy O. Phillips
Norwalk Trend Homes-60

KANSAS

Overland Park Wm. V. Thompson, Bldr.
Glenwood Ridge-40

KENTUCKY

Owensboro W. A. McAlister..McAlister Homes-30

LOUISIANA

Alexandria J. A. Bennett.....Circle B Subd.-24
Stephens Agency, Inc.....Walnut Grove-24
Baton Rouge Cagle & Grevemberg.Forest Hts.-250
Gully & Poor Realtors.....Wildwood Subd.-156
Homemaker Corp.....Shelly's Homesites-75
Lafayette Marks Const. Co...Best-Marks Subd.-75

MARYLAND

Rockville Buchanan Gingery Const.
Hungerford Towne-60
Independence Construction Co....''Wes Lynn''-48
Wheaton Donley Construction Co....Kingswell-76
Wesmond Building.....''Top of the Park''-71

MASSACHUSETTS

Bourne Kingston Realty Trust.Gateway Homes-180
Chelmsford Roberts Homes.....Buckman Drive-45
Plymouth Kingston Realty Trust
Clear Pond Acres-30
Revere Dragon Realty Co.....Colonial Acres-65

MICHIGAN

Adrian John Abraham.....Alexander Park-30
Grand Rapids Albert Builders, Inc.
Breton Downs-30
R. D. Brooks.....Northville-30
Kalamazoo Albert-Satin, Inc.....Arcadia-35
W. Bloomfield Hills Tilchin-Aaron Bldrs.
W. Bloomfield Hills-130

MINNESOTA

Bloomington De Rudder Builders...Southbrook-60
Fridley Western Homes Inc.....40
Maplewood Hills & Dales Const...Hills & Dales-60
Minneapolis Rodney Billman Inc..Wilshire Park-60
Peavey Building Service.....60
Quality Homes, Inc.....Fridley-60
Rochester Kruse Co.....Rolling Greens-30
St. Paul M. B. Bream & Son...Highland Heights-30
Modern Homes Const.....Edgerton Manor-35
W. St. Paul Gretsfeld Const....Seminole Acres-30
Willmar Tomlinson-Perkins Lumber
Ramblewood-35

MISSISSIPPI

Aberdeen Bradley Lumber Co..Woodcrest Subd.-32
Greenville Greenville Lumber...Highland Hts.-30
Greenville Lumber.....Magnolia Park-33
Greenville Lumber.....Roman Add.-45
Jackson Crisler Boys, Inc., Builder.Nelson Place-54
Cunningham Homes.....Grand View Hts.-60
Bob Gray, Builder.....East Oak Forest-40
King, The Builder.....King Heights-32
McLaurin Builders.....McLaurin Heights-40
Paul M. Penner.....Grand View Heights-31
E. J. Williams.....Elmwood Park-50
Meridian Baughman & Winstead....Northcrest-30

MISSOURI

Ballwin St. Louis Const.
Westridge Acres Estates-150
Creve Coeur Spartan Const....Willow Brook-150
Florissant J. Ben Miller Realty.Rolling Meadows-90
Hazelwood D. Douglass Carney.Richwood Lane-45
Kansas City Roy S. Gamble.Morningside Acres-35
Al Grolbert.....Oakwood Manor-30
Spanish Lake Riegel Realty.....Broadlawns-30
Wentzville Gross Bros. Const....Penday Subd.-30

MONTANA

Great Falls R. P. Gaither.Lewis & Clark Homes-40
Robert Keller.....Sunrise Homes-30

NEBRASKA

Bellevue Ludwig & Sons Contractors
Bellaire Dev.-30

NEVADA

Carson City *J. J. Matthews Corp...Kings Manor-45*
Fallon Stewart Dinwiddie.....Mori Meadows-35
Reno Spiering Homes.....Hillboro Meadows-50

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic Highlands Harbor View Realty
Harbor Bluff-30
Bayville Bel Aire Park, Inc.....(Route #9)-200
Cranbury Carl Gordon
Cranbury Estates (Route #130)-45
Elm Winslow Const. Co.....Racine Gardens-50
Pennsville Cinderella Homes
Pennsville Valley Pk.-100
Raritan Borough (adjoining Somerville)
Brockfield Homes.....Old York Road-60

NEW YORK

Alden John Bontrager Jr.....Aldencrest-30
Allegany Miller's Home Dev., Willard Street....15
Bay Shore Wm. Wingerath..Wingerath Homes-90
Camillus Orchard Village, Inc.....65
Center Moriches C. Crowley
Moriches Bay Estates-30
Coram Donald T. McLaughlin...Pine Lake Park-30
East Hampton Wm. Hetzel Builder
Clear Water Beach-30
E. Patchogue Carlson & Young..Custom Homes-30
Eden Spencer Bros.....Pleasant View-15
Elma Graham Brush.....Brush Homes-17
Hampton Bays W. Tomasek...Hampton Homes-30
Islip Northwood Village.....200
Montauk Charles Crowley.....Oceanside-30
N. Babylon D. Domino & Sons.Celeste Gardens-32
Port Jefferson A. J. Calace..Grayside Builders-30
Ronkonkoma A. R. Parra.....Lido Const.-90
Shirley E. Dressel.Ocean Home Enterprises, Inc.-90
G. C. Parra.....Shirley Bldg. & Const.-90
South Haven W. F. Walker & Son
Walker Homes-30

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville F. & D. Pearlman..Wytchwood Acres-36
Charlotte R. H. Curry & Son, Inc.....Foxcroft-35
John Thomasson Const. Co.....Fairmeadows-35
Concord Carolina Homes, Inc.....Seidgefield-36
Kannapolis Carolina Homes, Inc..E. Jackson Pk.-40

OHIO

Aurora F. J. Ruzicka.....Beechwood Allotment-46
Bay Village Price-Kuker Co.
Huntington Valley Est.-70
Brecksville Chippewa Hills Dev.,
Brookview Drive off Fitzwater Rd.-34
Broadview Hts. Tollis Bldg...Falls Lane Estates-40
Brunswick Bobbie-Lee Homes
Rt. 138 & 103 off W. 130 St.-92
Chesterland F. Bagaria...Charter Oak Estates-60
Cincinnati Modern Builders..Brentwood Village-40
Dayton American Constr. Co...Russet Ave. Park-70
H. C. Huber Const. Co.....Huber Heights-500
Ray Coombs Builder.....Green Knolls Dev.-30
N. Meixner & Sons.Liberty Meadows Westside-30
Elyria Bruscino Eastgate Gardens Inc.....30
Fairborn Hupp & Roehner.....Linmar Subdiv.-30
Fairfield Frechtling Homes Co.....Hicks Manor-30
Forest Park Frechtling Homes Co.....30
Fostoria Madson Const.....Madson Addition-30
Howard Schreiner.....Stearns Crest-30
Mansfield Chas. & Duane Getz....Getz Manor-31
Olmsted Township K & L Builders..Oxford Pk.-30
Perrysburg Frank Spohler Builders.....30
Poland K. H. Mitchell Const.....Frontier Town-50
Reading Gallenstein Bros.....Cherryfield Acres-60
Streetsboro Boro-Haven Inc..Boro-Haven Subd.-95
Kaylor-Peffer Real Estate Corp....Hale Subd.-40
Toledo H. Fleitz Const.....Delta Addition-30
Franam Dev. & Const.....Green Bush Knolls-30
Franam Dev. & Const.....Ottawa Hillsides-92
Secor Homes Inc.....Grosse Point Manor-30
Secor Homes Inc.....Sunnyside Sub-Division-30
Troy C. W. Sharp, Inc.....Meadowlawn Homes-40
Warren Cosmopolitan Housing..Riverlea Subd.-90
United Construction Co.....Crestwood-30
Westlake Costanzo and Olivo Bldrs.
Canterbury Village, Melibee Rd.-36
Youngstown Colantone Bros.....Willowood-60
Cosmopolitan Housing.....Herron Hts.-115
Elrock Construction.....Timberlanes-30
H. & M. Construction.....Highland Park-50
Harry Lev.....North Schenley-35
Al Lucente Co.....Highland Park-60
United Construction.....Highland Park-75

OKLAHOMA

Lawton Ben Hinkle.....Greer Addition-30
Jones & Glenn.....Country Club Estates-30
Jack Kytle.....Selected Center-30
Robert McFarland.....Heinz First Addition-30

OREGON

Portland Mahaffy Const. Co....Sun Bow Valley-30

PENNSYLVANIA

Aston Richard Kelly.....Village Green Farms-55
Aston Twp. Woodbrook Dev.....Pennell Road-70
Boothwyn Griffith & Shedler Bldrs.
Boothwyn Acres-30
Bradford A. Miller & Son Lumber
Miller's Home Center-15
Centre Sq. George Fad...Meadowland Manor-106
Cheltenham P. F. Newman..Oak Drive Estates-30
Chester Norris Park, Inc.....44
Shooster Const.....The Knoll at Wallingford-32
Coraopolis DiCicco Bros...Pleasant View Court-30
Cumberland Co. Allendale Dev.....Allendale-70
Dallas Whitesell Bros.....Oak Hill-30
Downington Facciolo & Barrett Bldrs...Foxcroft-30
East Whiteland Township J. Blumenfeld
Sunset Grove-60
Erie Atlas Const. Co.....Scenery Hill Subd.-30
Gwynedd Valley Delaney-Ward
Gwynedd Gardens-189
Havertown Crown Const...Merion Golf Manor-90
Jeffersonville T. MacFarlane.Westover Woods-123
King of Prussia L. J. Brandolini
Spring House Farms-55
Hidden Valley Corp.....Candlebrook-50
Home Trends, Inc.....Salem Candlebrook-71
Lawrence Park Glenn Ripley Const.
Lake Cliff Subd.-30
Lenape Field & Dickey.....Brandywine Hills-50
Lenni Paul Cotler.....High Point Acres-80
Middletown Township
Mailman Const....Wyncroft Parade of Homes-30
N. Pizio & Sons....Wyncroft Parade of Homes & Crum Creek Valley-36
Pomeroy Realty.....Crum Creek Valley-36
Pomeroy Realty...Wyncroft Parade of Homes-80
Wm. F. Poole.....Wyncroft Parade of Homes-30
Neshaminy Edith Friedman....Forever House-200
No. Wales Cleveland-Yerger.....Merrybrook-90
Wilson Forbes Const.....Gwyn Acres-100
Philadelphia Andorra Homes..1605 Lattimer St.-34
Pittsburgh E. F. Cassidy, Inc.....Lebanon Crest-35
Pottstown Wedde Building Supply
Longview Heights-84
Prospect Park J. J. Nuttall
Prospect Park Lane Estates-30
Radnor Township A. E. Stern
Radnor Valley Estates-34
Ridley Township G. Gallagher Const. Co.
Swarthmore Estates & Sutton Farms-31
Rose Valley Rose Valley Realty
Rose Valley Homes-40
Roslyn Village Green Dev. Corp.
Abington Woods-40
Springfield Learny Ave. Estates.....30
Valley Forge Fanelli Brothers..Glen Hardie N.-65
Wallingford Alessi Homes..Wallingford Farms-75
Cotler Const. Co.....Wallingford Glens-140
West Chester Rem Const.....Mayfield Gardens-53
W. C. Homes, Inc.....Glen Acres-104

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston Ralph W. Sadler.....Sandhurst-30
Cheraw Reid Bldg. Supply Co.....Reid Park-15
Columbia Southern Builders....Farrow Terrace-30
Greenville Hughes Real Estate...Chestnut Hills-30
Iva West Lumber Co.....Hampton Heights-30
Johnston Colonial Acres Realty..Colonial Acres-20

SOUTH DAKOTA

Sioux Falls Miller Brothers.....Miller Homes-30

TENNESSEE

Frayser J. T. Mahoney Const....Georgian Hills-60
Knox County Fonde-Brown....Rambling Acres-30
Memphis Beasley & Olds
Raleigh Bartlett Meadows-156
Cooper & Vaughn Const.
Northgrove Village Subd.-30
Ben P. Dlugach.....Parkview Acres-35
H. Dlugach.....Avon Gardens (2nd Add.)-42
L. & W. Epstein, ''Bildors''
Mason-White Sta. Rd.-50
Willowdale Subdivision-53
P. L. Gallina.....Walnut Grove Valley-60
Jayron Builders, Inc.....Jayron Builders-40
W. D. Jemison & Son
Knob Hill Rolling-Acres Subd.-30
S. Kutner.....Normandy Meadows Subd.-30
L. L. Mariano.....Indian Meadows-35
Middleton Const.....Kensington Gardens-30
R. L. Mott.....Walnut Grove Valley-60
Okeon Const.....Willow Park Subd.-90
Charles W. Russell.....Glen Park-30
Thompson & Russell.....(Sub-Division)-30
J. Saliba & M. Simon.....Scenic Hills Subd.-60
S. H. & Walker Hall.....Woodland Estates-260
S. Weiner Const. Co.....Mary Lou Subd.-35
Bob Winstead.....Glencrest Subd.-130
Jim Wood Company.....Laurie Lane Subd.-32
Nashville Haury & Smith.....Seven Hills #2-40
Raleigh Beasley & Olds.....Scenic Hills Subd.-30
Hugh L. Gregory, Builder.....Scenic Hills-30
Charles R. Smith.....Scenic Hills-32
White Haven Raines Realty & Const.
Raines Terrace Subd.-30

TEXAS

Abilene Lynn A. Lee.....Lynn Lee Homes-100
Austin Colorado Building.....Williamson Park-30
Nelson Puett & Assoc.....St. Anthony Village-30
Baytown Bayou Lbr. & Gray Lumber & Bldg.
Graywood-60
Beaumont Thames & Hawthorn.Hawthorn Place-30
Brownwood Bennett & Forbess.Oakdale Acres-100
Burleson Haskew & Gamble.Montclair Addition-30
Corpus Christi H. J. Annen.....Botsford Place-30
Fort Worth Newton Dev.....Southwest Hills-100
Houston Harold P. Hill.....Longpoint Oaks-40
R. A. Smith & Son.....Hidden Valley-100
Hurst Norman Kilgore.....Shady Oaks-60
Jersey Village Johnny Johnson..Jersey Village-30
Lufkin J. A. Bryan.....Tatum Addition-20
Midland H. T. Fenderbosch.....Wilshire Park-35
New Braunfels Richards-Krueger
R & K Subd. #1-30
Orange Dal Sasso Const.....Roselawn Homes-100
Port Lavaca W. W. Van Der Hect
Burkeshire Add.-30
Refugio W. King Const. Co.....Reiley Addition-20
San Antonio Quincy Lee Const.....Bellaire-30
Skyline Park-30

VIRGINIA

Lynchburg English's Inc.....Vista Acres-30
Norfolk W. W. Reasor.....Westmont Homes-41
W. W. Reasor.....Woodstock Estates-45
Weiss Const.....Ingleside Shores-60
Virginia Beach H. W. James....The Tall Pines-39

WASHINGTON

Renton Albert Balch.....President Park-15
Seattle James Rigby.....Salt Air Hills-150
W. Millerdale Dillon Const..Saddle Rock Vista-30
Yakima Campbell Bros.....Alpine Meadows-32

WISCONSIN

Brookfield Ed Mathews Enterprises.....30
Schuldes Const.....Town & Country Subd.-40
Hales Corners Wm. Kilps.Fountainwood Subd.-35
Wm. Kilps.....Hale Park West-95
Wm. Kilps.....Saroyan Court-30
La Crosse Raymond Brothers..Wedgewoodland-30
Milwaukee American Const. Co.....40
Art-Way Builders.....150
Brookdale Realty.....Country Side Homes-25
Burbach Const.....3060 So. 43rd St.-35
Chalik Homes Inc.....30
Classic Builders.....30
Dicker Realty.....Calhoun & Burleigh-84
Dicker Realty.....E. Glencoe & Marty Court-31
S. Dwyer & Associates Real Estate.....70
Forman Const. Co.....Rosedale Dev.-50
Fredricks Homes, Inc.....60
House & Home Realty.....(Evco Const.)-35
Jordan-Jefferson.....Lake Drive-65
Ervin Kitt Builders.....35
Lawson Const. Co.....Lawson Realty-120
M & L Construction, Inc.....60
Mark Starobin, Realtor.....45
Mierow & Wnuk.....D. Mierow Realty-60
Modern-Aire Bldrs. Inc.....Karal Meadows-100
Jack Purdy.....Bradley Estates-95
David Refkin.....Long Island Homes-300
Royal Builders.....60
Paul Russ Builders.....30
Wauwatosa DuPreme Bldrs.
Beverly Hills Add. #1-32
Suburban Homes, Inc.....100

CANADA

NOVA SCOTIA

Spryfield Olie Const. Co...Leiblin Park Subdiv.-60

ONTARIO

Hamilton Grisenthwaite Const...Camden Court-71
Kitchener Dutchmen Home Builders.Jackson Pk.-50
St. Catharines Braun Const.....Glendale Ext.-32
Scarboro Denvale Homes.Orchard Park Subdiv.-30
Motolko Const.....Orchard Pk. Subdiv.-31
Pugh Bros. Const.....100
Toronto David Gallo Homes.....Bolton-90

QUEBEC

Beaurepaire Charton Const. Inc.....Parkwood-30
Montreal Montrose Bldrs.....Duvernay-65

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"U-m-m coolin'...no foolin'!"..CAR AIR CONDITIONING!

GIVE WARM-WEATHER DRIVING THE AIR . . . COOL, REFRESHING AIR BY HARRISON AIR CONDITIONING— NOW AVAILABLE FOR YOUR GENERAL MOTORS CAR.

Cool-Pack fits snugly under the dash of the new Chevrolet, Pontiac and Buick.* *Custom*, "under the hood" Harrison Air Conditioning, is designed for *all* 1958 General Motors cars.

Both systems give you fast, cool relief from the heat. A flick of the switch sends cool currents of clean, dehumidified air to every corner of your car . . . sends stifling temperatures tumbling to a comfortable level. And with windows up, you lock out wind, dirt and road noise. Ask your General Motors dealer about Harrison Air Conditioning for the '58 GM car you buy or are already driving.

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Pure Oil dealers are known for their friendly Royal Welcome Service

The nearly 16,000 business associates of The Pure Oil Company

Pure Oil dealers are local businessmen who own or lease the stations they run

In this mass-production age, the service station stands out as one of the great examples of individual enterprise.

The Pure Oil Company, for example, serves nearly 16,000 dealers in 24 states. Yet, it operates less than 60 stations directly, and these are primarily training stations for new dealers and employees. All the rest of the Pure Oil stations are either owned by the dealer himself, or they are leased.

The dealer is his own boss. He establishes his hours of operation and prices, and hires his own employees. PURE in turn, provides him with expert counsel, quality "branded" products, promotion and sales aids, and advertising support.

Next time you need gas, at home or when traveling, visit one of our nearly 16,000 business associates . . . and drive *sure* with PURE.

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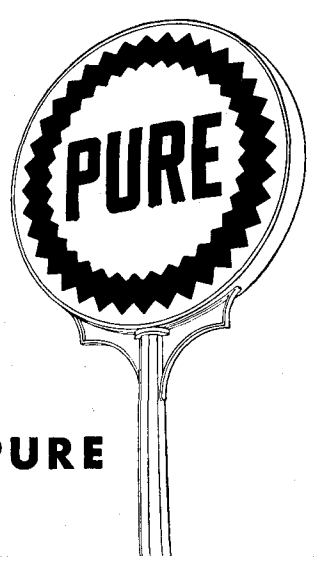

BE SURE WITH PURE

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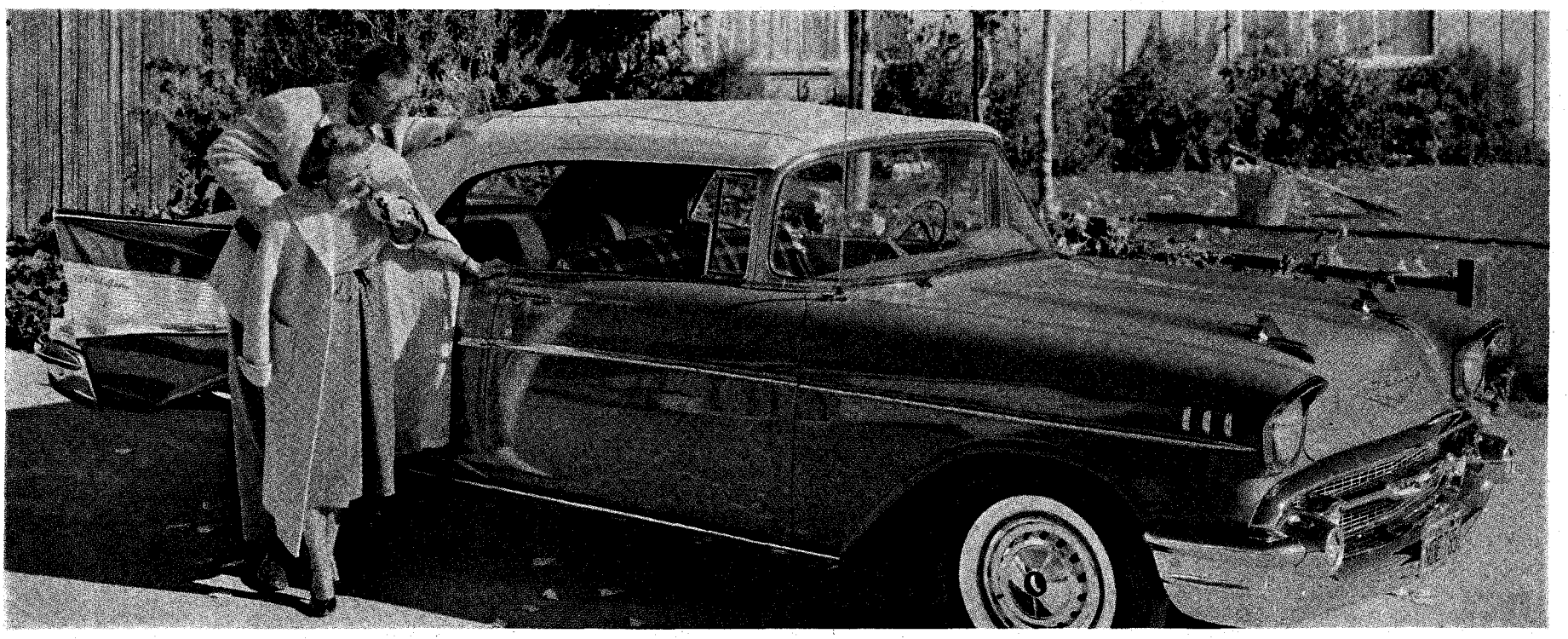
"I did a clean-and-wax job in 55 minutes

with Du Pont's NEW CAR WAX



...6 months later it's still mirror-bright"

says George T. Duffin of Los Altos, Calif., after waxing his '57 Chevrolet with Du Pont New Car Wax. George found that this new paste wax is as easy to use as a liquid polish, because it cleans, waxes and glazes—all in *one easy application*. And it protects with real Carnauba wax, *the toughest wax known*. Proof of protection is the long-lasting gleam. Six months, 11 car washings later, the finish still shows clear reflections of George and his wife! Try Du Pont New Car Wax—it makes any good finish look new. At service stations and auto supply stores. Only $2.00.

DU PONT
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

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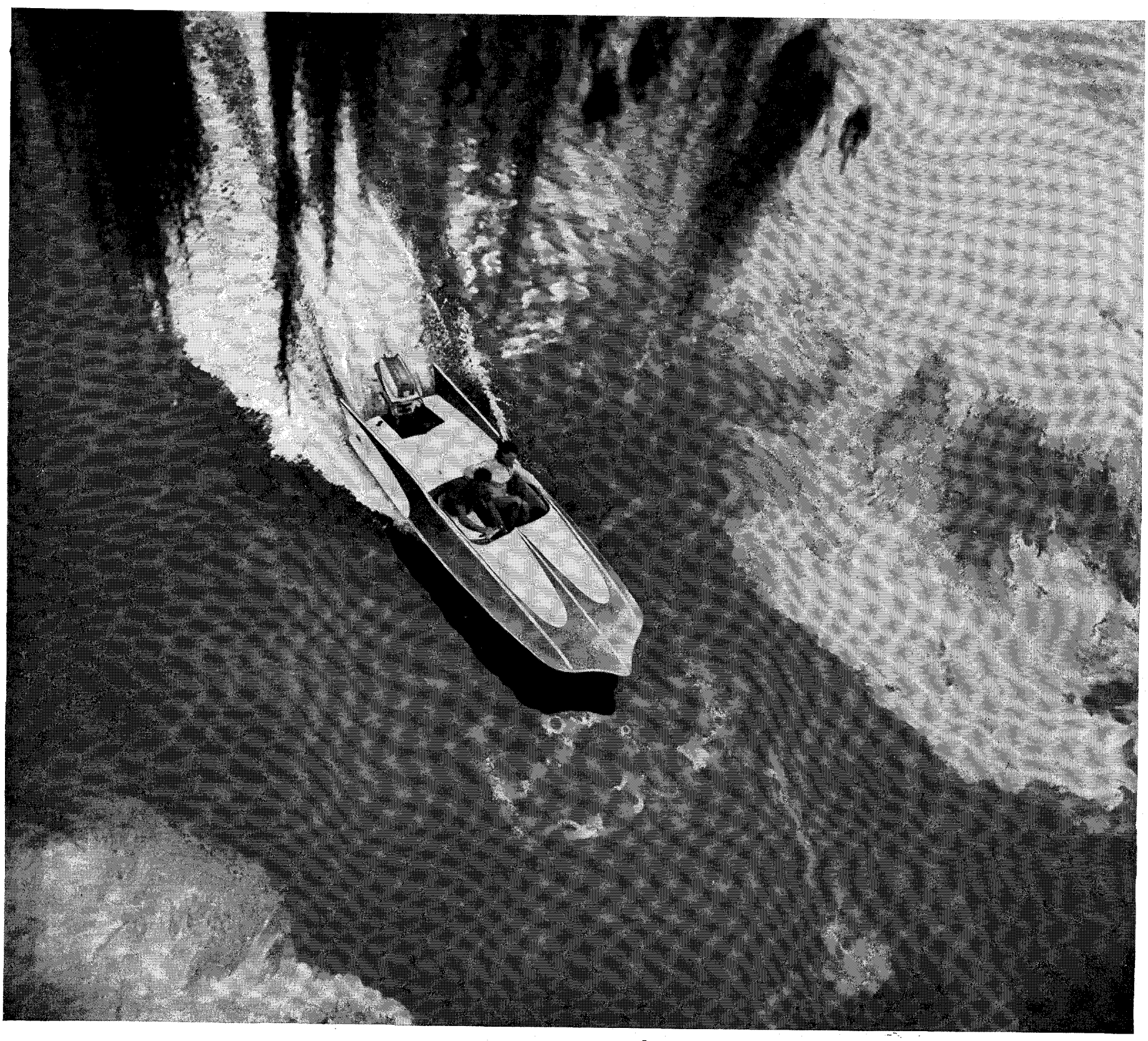
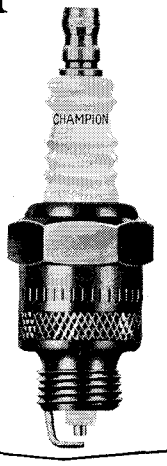


In outboard engines as in motor cars, Champion spark plugs deliver *full-firing power.*
Above: Champion-equipped Johnson "35" powers runabout at Cypress Gardens, Florida.

Q. Why does every major manufacturer of outboard motors use Champion spark plugs?

A. Champions give full-firing power. Put new Champions in your car every 10,000 miles. You'll get an *immediate* boost in horsepower...and save gasoline, too!



World's favorite spark plug—engineered for every car built by Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, American Motors, Studebaker-Packard and every major foreign maker

CHAMPION

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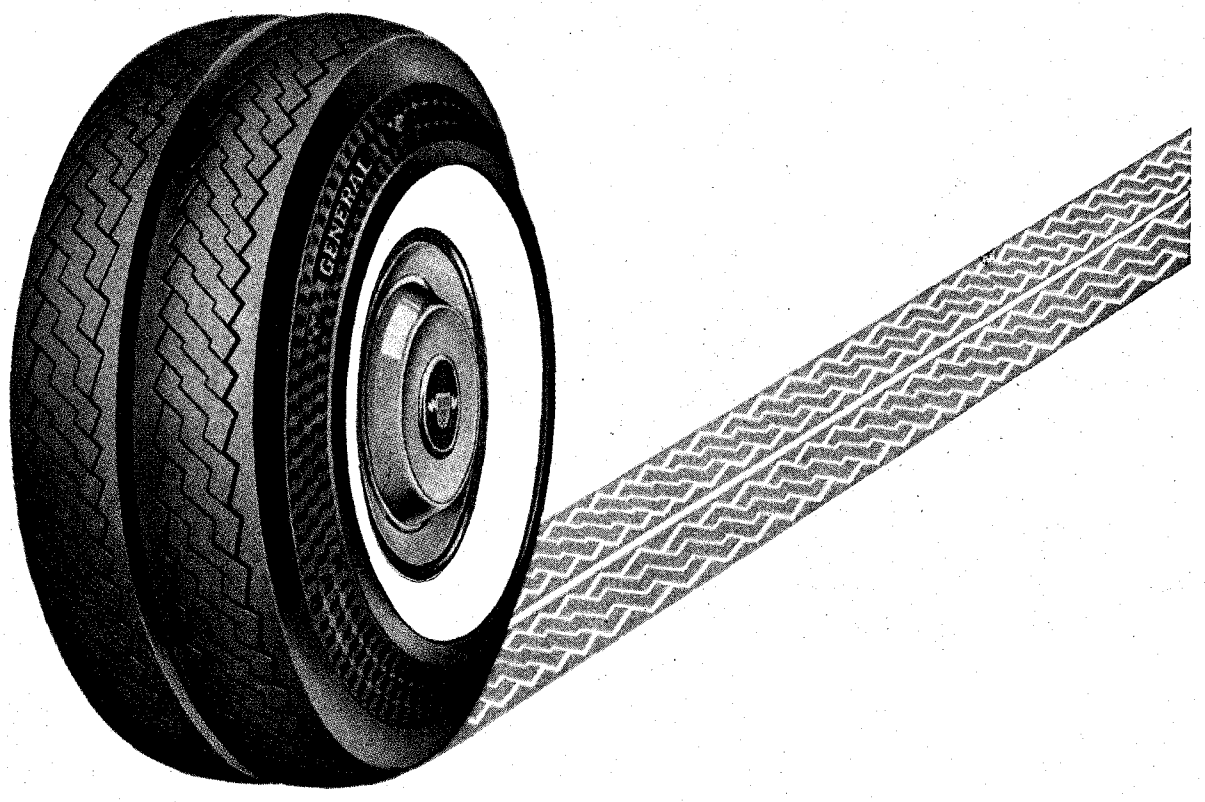
Get the peace of mind of Puncture-Free driving!

The
Nygen Tire
with
2 treads



We pay for road service if you have a puncture!

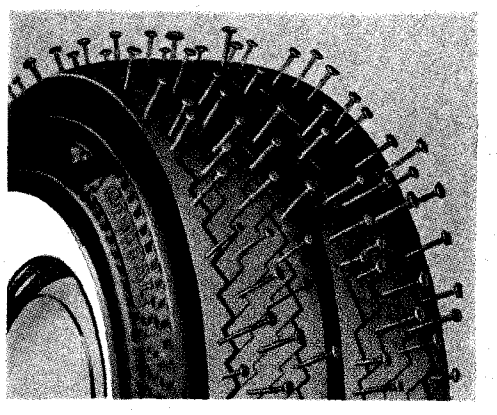
General's exclusive Strataseal construction seals punctures as you roll . . . makes possible this daring statement. See your General Tire Dealer or favorite Automobile Agency.

Enjoy the complete peace of mind of Puncture-Free driving! Get the Dual 90, the Nygen Tire with 2-treads.

The Dual 90 seals as it rolls. And you can withdraw the puncturing object without losing a single pound of air.

This is priceless protection in traffic and at night. And a wonderful convenience anytime.

Call on your local General Tire Dealer for a demonstration.



NO FLATS FROM PUNCTURES! 301 nails were driven into this General Dual 90 without the loss of a single pound of air!

GENERAL DUAL 90

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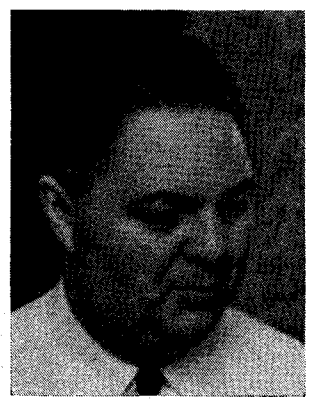

By
WILLIAM
J.
McKEE

A father tells how he and his wife overcame their bitterness—and how their boy conquered his handicap.

My Son Was Blinded at Birth

My son was about five months old when I got that first awful inkling that he might be blind. It wasn't a suspicion that came suddenly, but a nagging little doubt that grew, as he did, very slowly.

When Lorne was born, at the East General Hospital in Toronto, Ontario, on Christmas Day of 1947, he weighed less than two pounds. Apart from looking as flimsy as a newly hatched chick, he seemed healthy enough. Once his eyes had been examined and found to be perfectly normal, a nurse popped him into an incubator and turned up the life-preserving oxygen.

After five months Lorne still weighed only six pounds—less than most babies do at birth—but for a tad who'd arrived three months ahead of schedule this wasn't unusual. Like most babies, he gurgled, cried, ate hungrily and smiled an infant's secret smiles. My wife, Alfreda, and I made quite a fuss over him. We'd bend over his crib, cooing, shaking one of his rattles or waving a fuzzy blue bunny toy above him, tempting him to reach for it. This kind of play had caught the wide-eyed attention of our four older children when they were his age, but Lorne's reaction was different—disturbingly so.

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Lorne (foreground) "sees" his family every other weekend on trips home from the Ontario School for the Blind. He is the youngest of five children. Above he is shown with his parents and brother Richie, 13.

He'd lie on one side, awake, but not stirring. His eyes didn't follow the bright objects we dangled before him and he wouldn't reach for them.

"He's not ready yet," Alfreda would say. "We'll just have to wait a little longer."

But though I kept my thoughts from her, I began to sense the real reason.

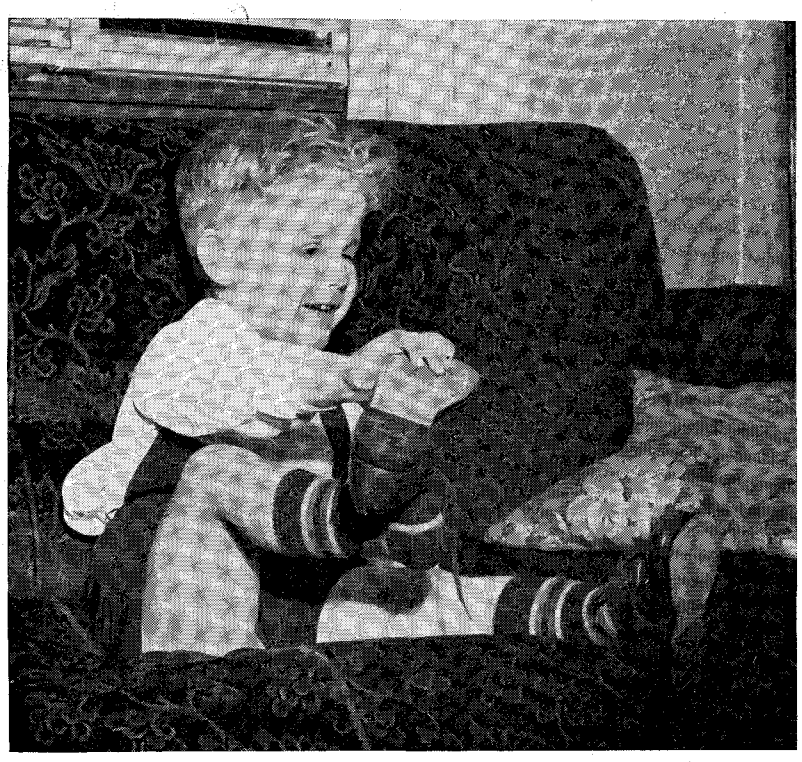
About a month later our family doctor, Ralph Gerred, dropped in to see one of the older boys, who had a sore throat. He was about to leave when Alfreda suggested he also take a look at the baby. "He doesn't seem to notice anything yet," she said.

In the nursery Doctor Gerred lifted Lorne from his crib and smiled at him. We watched him take out a cigarette lighter, snap it on and wave the flame slowly back and forth. No spark of interest answered in Lorne's eyes. A pencil flashlight drew the same blank stare. The doctor's smile vanished. "First thing tomorrow," he said, "take him to the Sick Kids'. I'll make the arrangements."

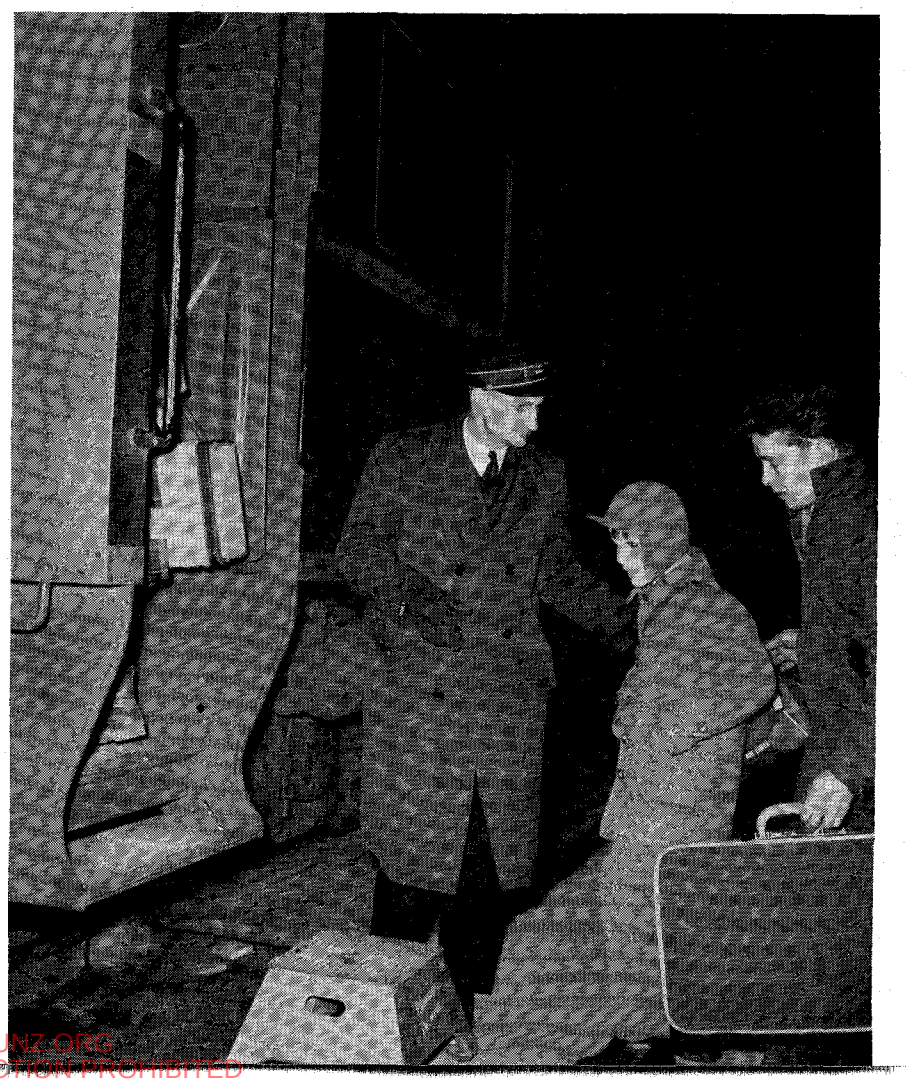
Next day, at the huge Hospital for Sick Children, another doctor examined Lorne's eyes, then told Alfreda to bring him back two weeks later.

That was the first of many hospital visits stretching over months of mounting anxiety. Sometimes as many as eight doctors and interns peered into Lorne's eyes, but told us nothing. I felt they were studying our baby coldly and clinically, like a textbook, and it made me burn. Fear and tension crept into our home. Many a night, after another futile trip to the hospital, Alfreda sobbed herself to sleep.

Finally we could stand it no longer. One morning when Lorne was about nine months old we took him to an eye specialist. After a series of tests, he gave us his verdict. "This will be hard to take," he said, "but you should know that your child is blind. He'll probably never be able to see."



When he was three, Lorne could identify objects by touch. But the frustration of being unable to put his hand on a misplaced toy caused him to have tantrums.



A visit home from school means a 60-mile train ride for Lorne. He travels alone, and knows most of the conductors by their voices.

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At school: Lorne and Sandra Brooks, 8, who is one of his blind classmates. Lorne is in the fourth grade. He reads and writes in Braille, and ice-skates all winter.

At first we couldn't—or wouldn't—believe it. After all, Lorne's eyes had been all right at birth. Maybe the specialist was mistaken. Clinging to this desperate hope, Alfreda took Lorne to the hospital again. But this time a nurse finally admitted that the doctors there had known the truth for some time; they just didn't have the heart to tell us.

We realize now that those doctors knew little more about Lorne's condition than we did. They had a name for it—retrolental fibroplasia—but they couldn't find the cause. Just a few years later, studies of other R.L.F. cases in the United States, England and Australia proved that the very thing that kept premature babies alive—a high concentration of oxygen—often damaged the retinas of their eyes and robbed the smallest "preemies" of their sight (Mystery of the Blind Babies, The Saturday Evening Post, June 11, 1955). This was the reason for Lorne's blindness and that of 230 others, representing 36 per cent of the Canadian blind children now under ten years of age. In the United States, R.L.F. accounts for 47 per cent of the blindness in children under nine—about 8000 youngsters.

Now that doctors know the cause, prevention is easy. Simply by cutting the amount of oxygen piped into incubators, they've been able to reduce retrolental fibroplasia to a minimum. But Lorne was one of its earlier victims, more than ten years ago, and nothing could restore his dead eyes. His blindness plunged us into a deep despair. How could we hope to bring up such a handicapped child? And for what? Would he ever have the chance to find a happy, useful life? He would—but not without the patient help of two strangers, and not until his mother and father overcame blind spots of their own.

It's hard for parents to face such a wrenching fact as blindness in the family. My wife and I know one couple who won't use the word "blind" in discussing their sightless three-year-old; they're still going from one doctor's office to the next, searching for a miracle cure for R.L.F. that doesn't exist. We've met two others who are so ashamed of their baby daughter's blindness—though it's no fault of theirs—that they won't even take her out of the house. These people are pathetically wrong, of course, but we know just how they must feel.

That day the eye specialist told us Lorne was blind Alfreda refused to take him home. "I can't face the neighbors," she said. "I don't want to talk about it." So, instead, we drove to a vacant house we'd recently bought. We hadn't intended to move into it for a week or so, but that night I piled our bed and Lorne's crib into a borrowed truck and we began our long ordeal almost in hiding.

It wasn't long before our new neighbors learned of Lorne's blindness too. Because we were hypersensitive to the subject, even their most casual questions about him embarrassed us. Several times I caught people staring at Lorne with pity in their eyes and I felt like shouting, "Yes, he's blind! Now let's forget it!"

(Continued on Page 56)

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For the Sake of Love

A tale of two young lovebirds who hoodwinked a general and a king so that they could marry.

By KENNETH LANDON

In Bangoon, capital of Taibodia, they were doing what came naturally, and with technological improvements. Colonel Apul, commanding officer of the First Tank Corps, was dancing to the rhythms of love, in full uniform with all his medals on his chest.

He was abetted by Miss Bangoon Rapid Transit of 1952—personal name Lumbini—who was crooning in his ear the king's latest hit tune, My Love is Like a Frangipani Flower, as she whirled in his arms across the moonlit dance floor of the Club Papaya to the thump and beat of His Majesty's Royal Troubadours. As the King's Own Canary, she had plugged the song hundreds of times, but never with such sincerity. Along the lake side of the club marched a colonnade of giant palms, spreading their fronds in blessing overhead.

Miss Lumbini finished her song, and Apul felt the gaiety drain out of her. The emotional change of pace was so sudden that he drew back to look at her. "What's the matter, dark eyes?"

Miss Lumbini shivered and lifted her pretty chin. Apul turned fiercely and saw his paunchy boss, General Nicobar, Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces, being seated by a waiter.

"I don't get it," he said, drawing her tightly into his arms.

"You will, when I tell you I met the general this afternoon waiting for an audience with the Lord of Life."

King Milinda II of Taibodia had called Lumbini in to try out the theme song of his new Broadway musical, Mango Moon.

It had been her misfortune to meet General Nicobar in the reception hall. He had looked at her with oily admiration, sat down beside her, patted her knee and told her that he would be happy to arrange a party in her honor any time, any time at all.

"Please don't trouble yourself," she protested, alarmed by his awakening interest. She knew that General Nicobar, like the old feudal nobles, took what he wanted, women included.

"It will be a pleasure," he said.

"For you maybe," she retorted.

"For both of us," he corrected, and looked her over insolently.

A few minutes later a royal page had come for the general. She was still trembling after half an hour when a page conducted her to the king's private apartment. His majesty was playing the saxophone as she entered, with his eyes shut, the way he did when he was annoyed. His third daughter was asleep in an ivory cradle, and the king's left foot was keeping the cradle rocking in time to the music. He called the baby his metronome. It was very family, Lumbini thought, with not even a servant around. Queen Sawan was making fudge in her electric kitchen, humming the tune the king was playing as she worked.

Lumbini sang Mango Moon through several times while the king revised the score.

Then Queen Sawan brought in the fudge and asked, "What did Fatso Nicobar want today?"

"Nothing much," the king said briefly; "just to be

(Continued on Page 99)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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The Lost Dimension in Religion

By PAUL TILLICH

Every observer of our Western civilization is aware of the fact that something has happened to religion. It especially strikes the observer of the American scene. Everywhere he finds symptoms of what one has called religious revival, or more modestly, the revival of interest in religion. He finds them in the churches with their rapidly increasing membership. He finds them in the mushroomlike growth of sects. He finds them on college campuses and in the theological faculties of universities. Most conspicuously, he finds them in the tremendous success of men like Billy Graham and Norman Vincent Peale, who attract masses of people Sunday after Sunday, meeting after meeting. The facts cannot be denied, but how should they be interpreted? It is my intention to show that these facts must be seen as expressions of the predicament of Western man in the second half of the twentieth century. But I would even go a step further. I believe that the predicament of man in our period gives us also an important insight into the predicament of man generally—at all times and in all parts of the earth.

There are many analyses of man and society in our time. Most of them show important traits in the picture, but few of them succeed in giving a general key to our present situation. Although it is not easy to find such a key, I shall attempt it and, in so doing, will make an assertion which may be somewhat mystifying at first hearing. The decisive element in the predicament of Western man in our period is his loss of the dimension of depth. Of course, "dimension of depth" is a metaphor. It is taken from the spatial realm and applied to man's spiritual life. What does it mean?

It means that man has lost an answer to the question: What is the meaning of life? Where do we come from, where do we go to? What shall we do, what should we become in the short stretch between birth and death? Such questions are not answered or even asked if the *(CONTINUED ON PAGE 76)*

About the Author

Paul Tillich, university professor at Harvard and a member of the Divinity School faculty, centers his theology "on the method of correlation between the questions arising out of the human predicament and the answers given in the classical symbols of religion." Holding teaching posts in philosophy and theology in many of the leading German universities, he was forced to leave his native land upon the rise of Hitler because of his outspoken criticism of Nazism, and in 1933 came to this country at the invitation of Union Theological Seminary, where he taught until 1955. Principal writings include Systematic Theology; The Courage to Be; Love, Power and Justice; Dynamics of Faith. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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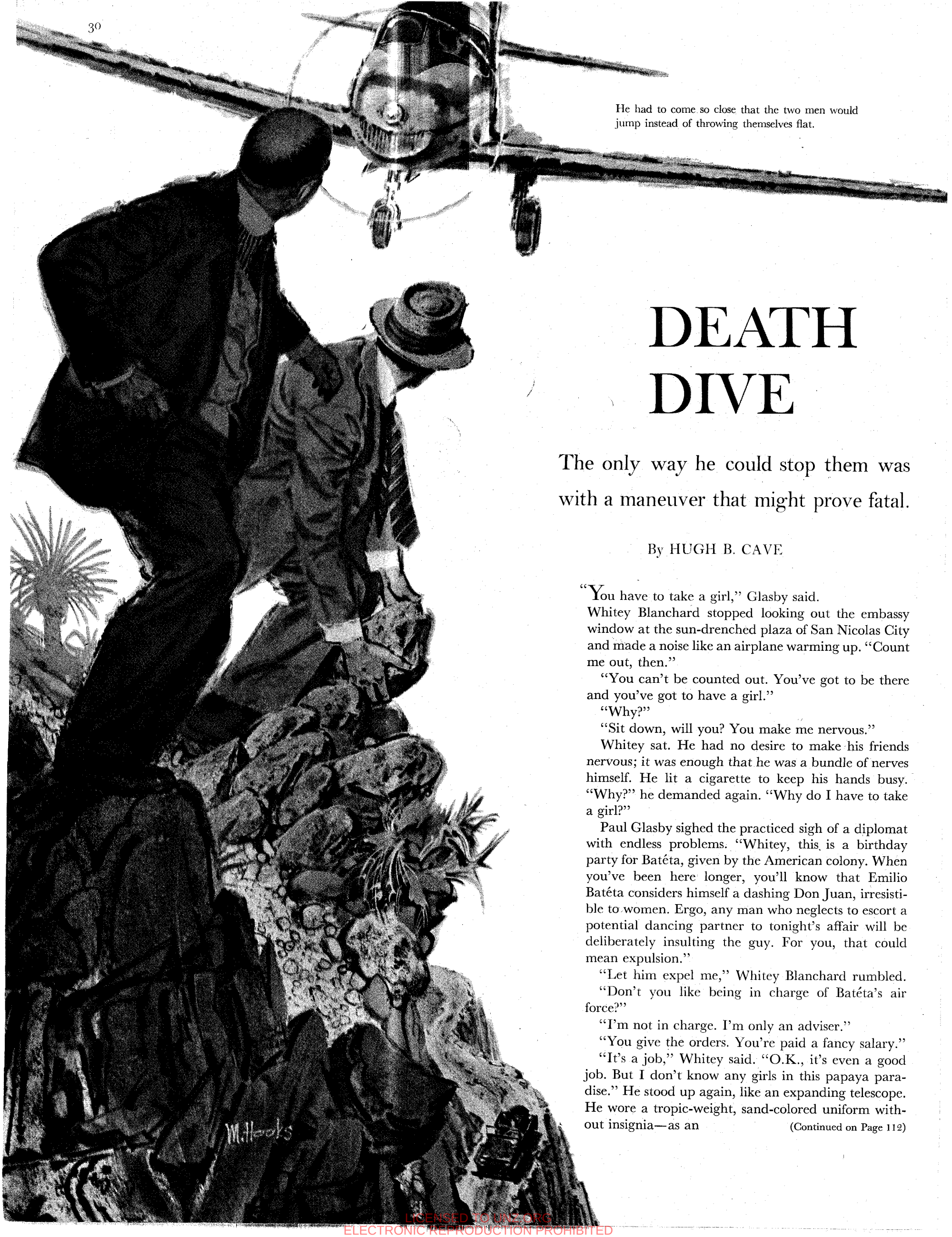

He had to come so close that the two men would jump instead of throwing themselves flat.

DEATH DIVE

The only way he could stop them was with a maneuver that might prove fatal.

By HUGH B. CAVE

"You have to take a girl," Glasby said.

Whitey Blanchard stopped looking out the embassy window at the sun-drenched plaza of San Nicolas City and made a noise like an airplane warming up. "Count me out, then."

"You can't be counted out. You've got to be there and you've got to have a girl."

"Why?"

"Sit down, will you? You make me nervous."

Whitey sat. He had no desire to make his friends nervous; it was enough that he was a bundle of nerves himself. He lit a cigarette to keep his hands busy. "Why?" he demanded again. "Why do I have to take a girl?"

Paul Glasby sighed the practiced sigh of a diplomat with endless problems. "Whitey, this is a birthday party for Batéta, given by the American colony. When you've been here longer, you'll know that Emilio Batéta considers himself a dashing Don Juan, irresistible to women. Ergo, any man who neglects to escort a potential dancing partner to tonight's affair will be deliberately insulting the guy. For you, that could mean expulsion."

"Let him expel me," Whitey Blanchard rumbled.

"Don't you like being in charge of Batéta's air force?"

"I'm not in charge. I'm only an adviser."

"You give the orders. You're paid a fancy salary."

"It's a job," Whitey said. "O.K., it's even a good job. But I don't know any girls in this papaya paradise." He stood up again, like an expanding telescope. He wore a tropic-weight, sand-colored uniform without insignia—as an

(Continued on Page 112)

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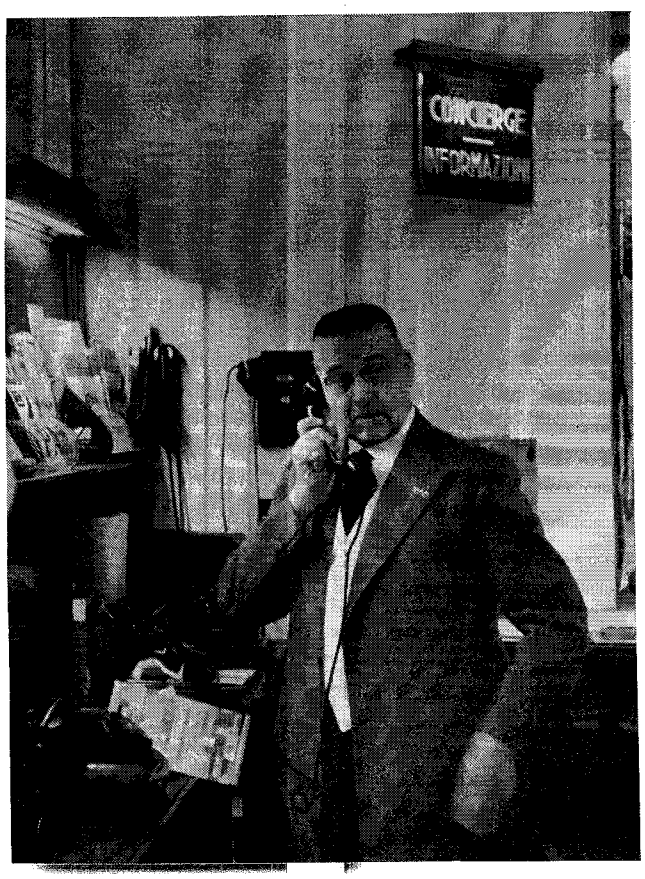
Alberto Pinto (center) and members of his staff at Rome's Excelsior Hotel. "One never says 'no' to a client," he explains. "If it's 'impossible,' I usually find it can be done."

The Indispensable Mr. Pinto

That distinctive European functionary, the hall porter, gets American tourists out of tight spots and into pleasant ones. Here, a Post editor reports on a concierge who has been called "the most influential man in Rome, next to the Pope."

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

Pinto's private network of strategically placed acquaintances covers all Italy and much of Europe. He speaks fluent English, French, German.



ROME.

"The curious thing about Americans," observes the admirable Mr. Pinto, "they have no hall porters in their own country, still they catch on, the minute they arrive. They understand at once what we can do for them."

It's hard to think, offhand, of something Pinto cannot do for you. From chartering an airplane or a yacht to sending roses to your wife; from finding you a pair of aisle seats at the solidly booked opera to fixing you up with a car and English-speaking driver—all of it mere routine. "As soon as a new client faces him across the desk," says Pinto, "the hall porter becomes his private secretary."

He also becomes travel agent, aide-de-camp, gift counselor, confessor, father image. His services, unless you care to tip him, cost you nothing. Why not let Pinto do it? He is the great provider, the gentleman's gentleman, that stock character out of classic comedy whose rare resourcefulness will solve the most perplexing problem.

You'll find this genie-in-the-lobby, ready to do your bidding, in every respectable hotel in Europe. And none, of the long string of willing spirits, is better known and better loved than Alberto Pinto, hall porter at the Rome Excelsior. With his

(Continued on Page 96)

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Bad Little Bad Girl

On the screen,
France's Brigitte Bardot is
a tantalizing mixture of
woman's most tempting wiles.
But off screen, she is
an unhappy young woman,
who seems to have confused
her roles with real life.

By TONI HOWARD

PARIS.

On October 29, 1956, a momentous event took place, an event that may affect Franco-American relations for years to come. During a royal film performance in London, in front of the Queen of England, two national sex symbols came face to face. M.M. (Marilyn Monroe) met B.B. (Brigitte Bardot).

The historic significance of this occasion was not lost on the press. Cameras popped and notebooks quivered as the national sex symbol of America, clad in an extremely low-cut and body-hugging gold sheath, and the national sex symbol of France, clad in an equally low-cut white satin gown, bowed as low as their engineering would permit, smiled frozenly and stepped back. The glove had been thrown. That there is no record of scratched eyes or pulled hair is perhaps due to the presence on the field of a third national symbol, the lovely lady known as E.R. (Elizabeth Regina) of Great Britain.

Yet if this first encounter did little more than open hostilities, subsequent actions have shown how great a threat to our national honor this Mademoiselle Bardot is. We had thought ourselves secure, ahead of the rest of the world, protected and entrenched behind the figure of Miss Monroe. Now, to our consternation and stunned surprise, the French were challenging our supremacy. Within one year of that portentous meeting with M.M., the forces of B.B. actually invaded America, and with one inexpensively produced film—And God Created Woman—began mopping up more American dollars than some of our own Hollywood spectaculars. Not content with that, the French are going to bombard us with three more of

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"Everything about her serves the cult of perpetual immaturity." In the new film The Parisienne, Brigitte is teamed with Charles Boyer.

In And God Created Woman, Brigitte so c
created by director Vadim that she ran

Miss Bardot's films before the year is out; perhaps even a fourth.

It is true that Mademoiselle Brigitte Bardot's invasion of America's movie houses was preceded by a diabolically clever campaign of psychological warfare. "Bardolatry" was heralded as a wave of the future, a new liberal cult. Rumors ran rife about bed sheets, sun baths *au naturel*, frolics on a deserted beach, a game with a towel on a dimly lighted terrace with cameramen hidden in the bushes. Adjectives like "sultry, shameless, uninhibited" were bandied about, and we were told that although God had created woman, "the Devil invented Brigitte Bardot." Having thus softened up the eastern seaboard, the mercenaries of B.B. began movin through the forty-eight states.

Nevertheless, it may not be too l a cool, rational look at this French to estimate the potential damage tc tige. And when we do, we may fin assurance in the facts that: 1) Franc one Brigitte Bardot in operation; 2 supply of Bardot films is not limitles her rate of production is already lev bit; and 3) as a consequence, time i and M.M.'s—side.

In the first place, who and wh Brigitte Bardot?

Vadim with "B.B."—then his wife—in Paris, December 1956. For publicity purposes he claimed that her behavior was the same, off screen and on. To his chagrin, he found he was right.

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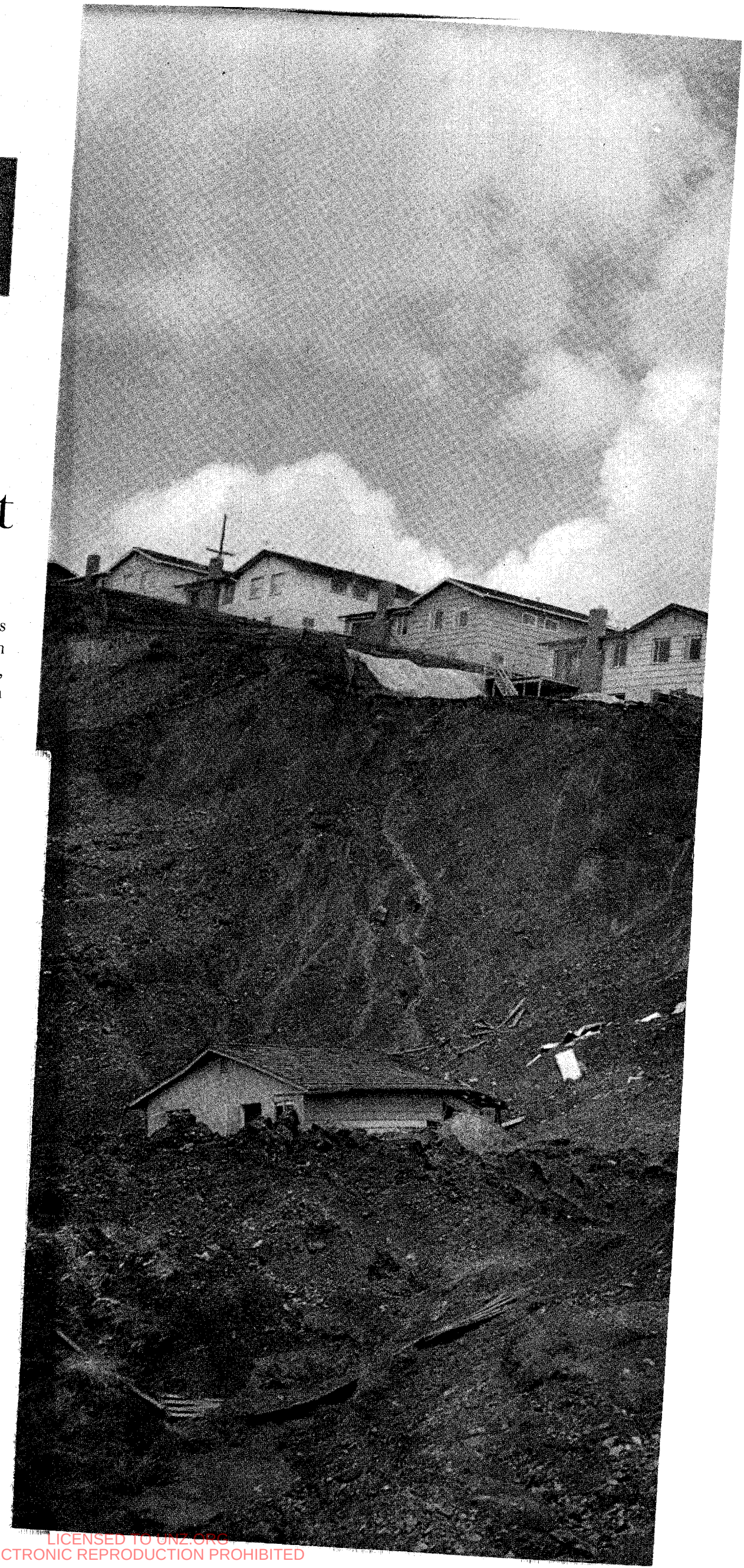

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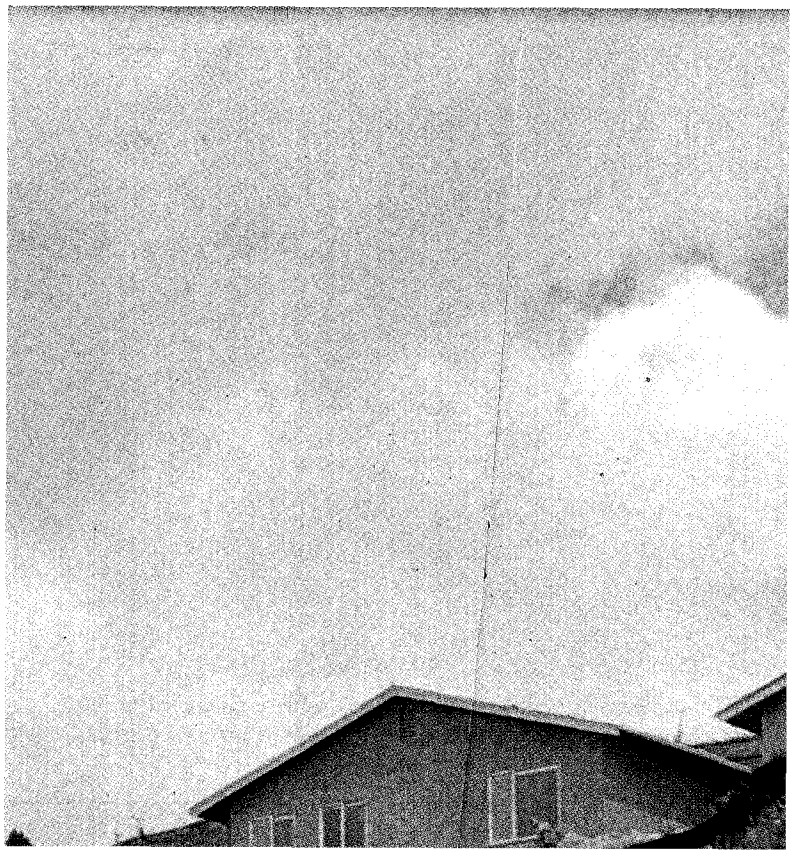

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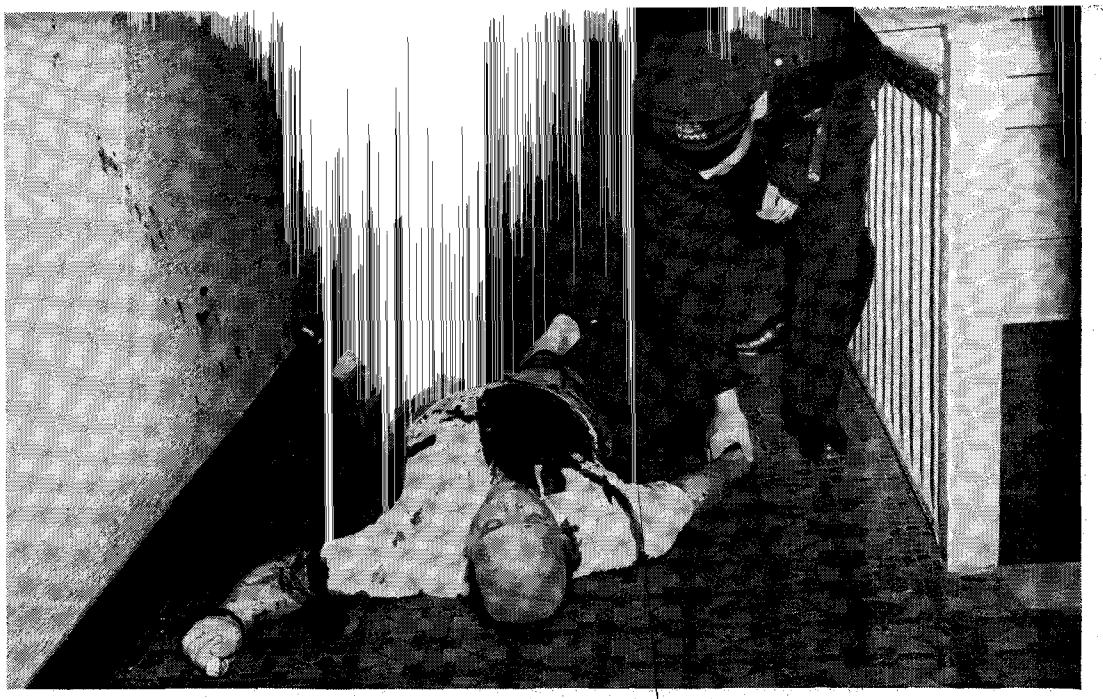
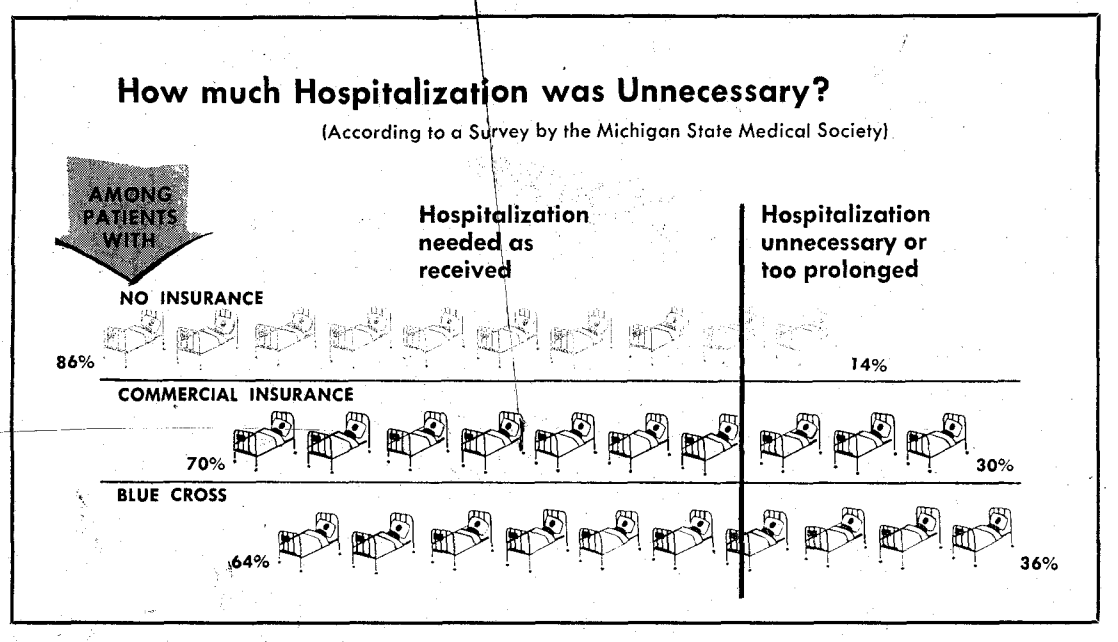


The 1953 murder of Thomas Lewis, president of a New York janitors' union, led to the discovery that he had been embezzling health-insurance funds from his union members.



The Ross-Loos Medical Group in Los Angeles provides all medical and surgical needs of members. The birth of Andrew Benjamin (below) was covered by the plan. So was the birth of his mother (right) 23 years ago.

THE POST REPORTS ON HEALTH INSURANCE

SECOND of THREE PARTS

The High Cost of Chiseling

By MILTON SILVERMAN

Crooks rob union welfare funds, "ghost surgeons" operate, and needless hospital stays cost millions a year. Here's what such abuses mean for all of us.

On an August afternoon in 1953, a Bronx labor leader named Tommy Lewis was ambushed and shot to death in the corridor of his apartment house. A few moments later, the man who shot him—a convict on parole from Sing Sing—was killed by a policeman.

"That seemed to wind up everything," a New York police official said afterward. "We had the killer. No mystery, no loose ends. But the shooting didn't make sense. We decided to investigate a little further."

Lewis, then thirty-five, had been president of a local janitors' union for the past twelve years. Union spokesmen could offer no reason for the murder. His widow claimed he had no enemies.

The police investigation never did provide a completely satisfactory explanation for the crime. What it did reveal, however, was something destined to be far more significant—a trail that led from Lewis to a questionable insurance broker, and finally to the union's million-dollar health-insurance fund.

Lewis and his cohorts had been robbing that fund of hundreds of thousands of dollars. They had paid themselves enormous salaries, commissions and "service fees," put their relatives on the payroll, borrowed huge sums for personal use, altered checks and falsified records. In addition, and perhaps more important to the 5000 members of the union, the fraud meant that their supposed health-insurance protection had been wrecked. There was not enough money left to provide adequate coverage for hospital and doctor bills.

"You can't trust anybody!" one outraged member told (Continued on Page 124)

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Cabot came to with his head pillowed on Abbie's shoulder. She was whispering wonderfully tender and anxious words in his ear.

CONQUERING LADY

She broke every rule to chase after the man she wanted.

By JAY WILSON

"Your father," Sara Jones explained, pouring midmorning coffee, "is accustomed to giving orders."

"As an Army brat I obeyed orders," Abbie countered. "But now I am twenty-seven years old. Marriage, if it ever happens to me, is not going to mean being attached for rations and administration to some lieutenant who is not only younger but will also spend half his usable life overseas."

Sara Jones smiled. Only close scrutiny would have detected signs of her age other than the streaks of natural gray in her hair. She was slim, vital and attractive.

She said, "Any lieutenant your father brings home to dinner will have what it takes to become a major general."

"And continue giving orders just like Pops."

Sara's eyes inventoried her daughter. Abbie's slim figure was whistle curved. She had satin skin and hair that was soft, molten copper. It was too bad, Sara thought, that little wars had kept so many promising young officers overseas while Abbie was maturing to want some things that junior-grade officers could not give her: immediate security, continual personal availability and an established position in a rooted community.

"Your father may bellow like a bull once in a while," Sara chided mildly, "but if you just wave the cape properly, he'll charge in the direction you want him to."

Abbie sighed. "My cape must still look like a diaper to him; he certainly ignores it."

Sara Jones was fully aware of the problem confronting Abbie, (Continued on Page 118)

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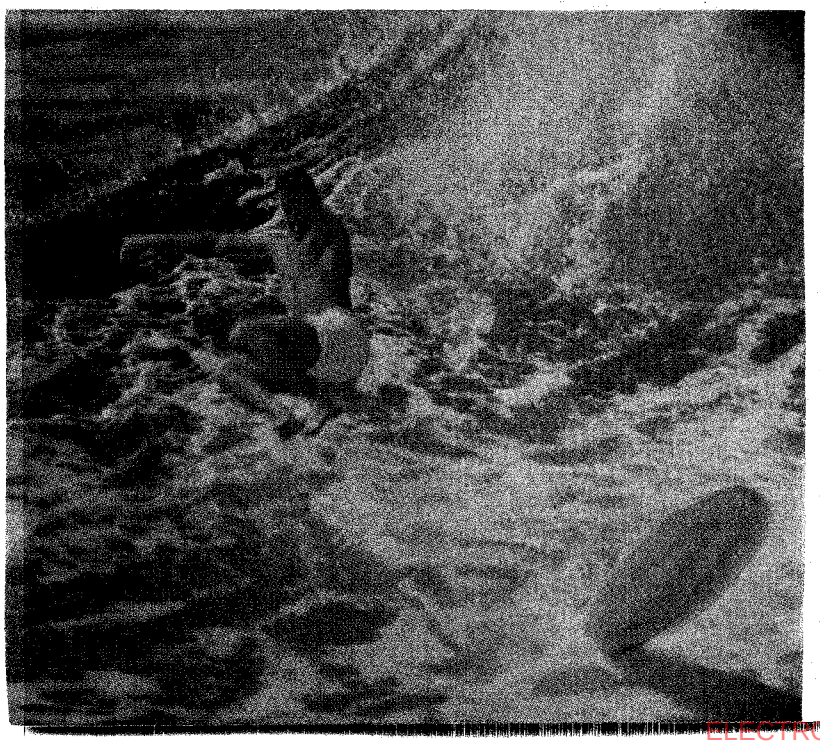
At Sunset Beach, Hawaii, island champion George Downing roars down a crest as Dewey Weber of California scrambles out of his way.

Upset by backwash from an outgoing chop, Herb Nolan hits the water at Makaha Beach, Hawaii. With other boards coming fast from behind, such spills can be risky for everyone.



By DAVID KENYON WEBSTER

They Ride the Wild Water

Surfing is dangerous, but the thrill of sizzling down a mountainous wave at breakneck speed is drawing hordes of new addicts to the boards.

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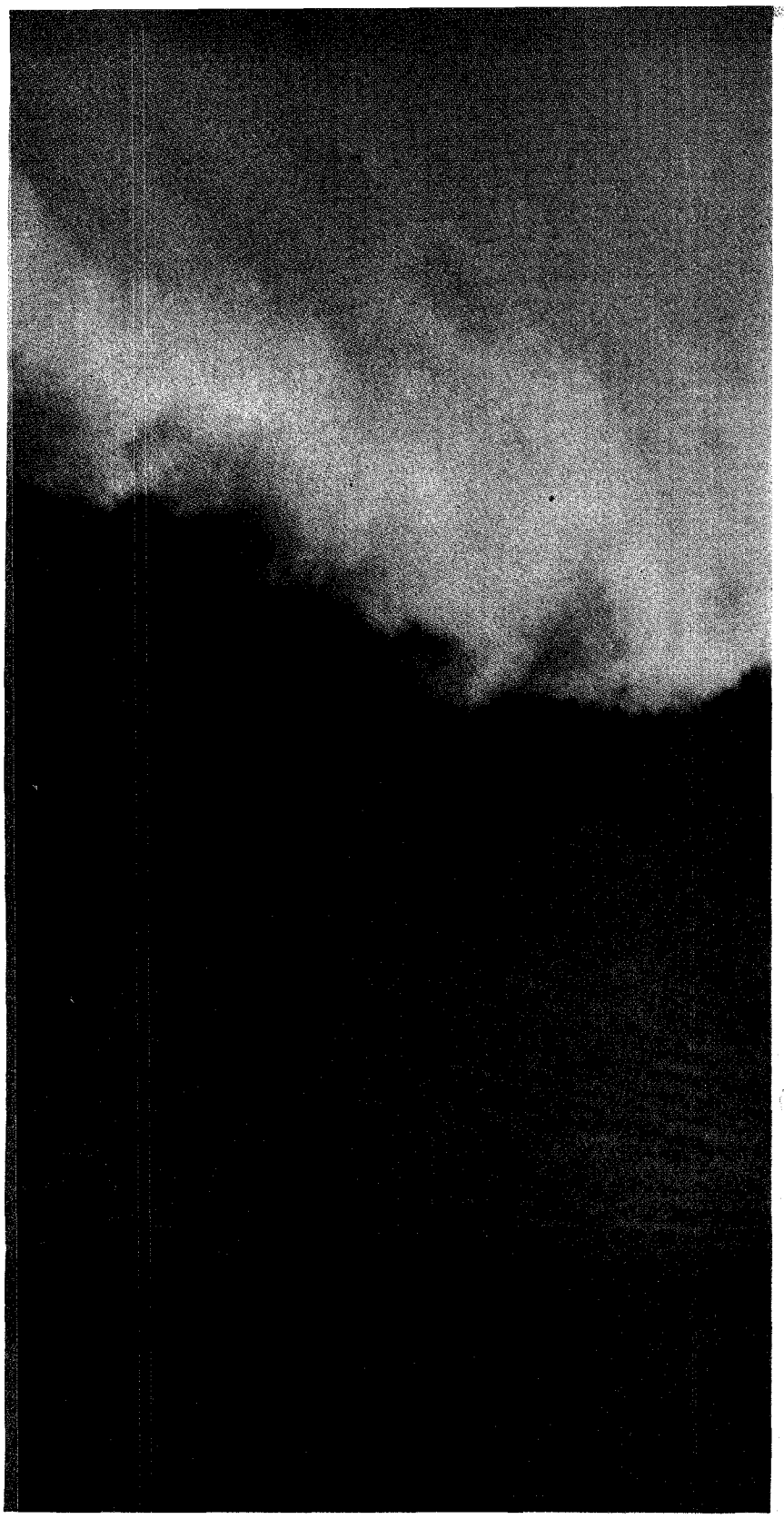
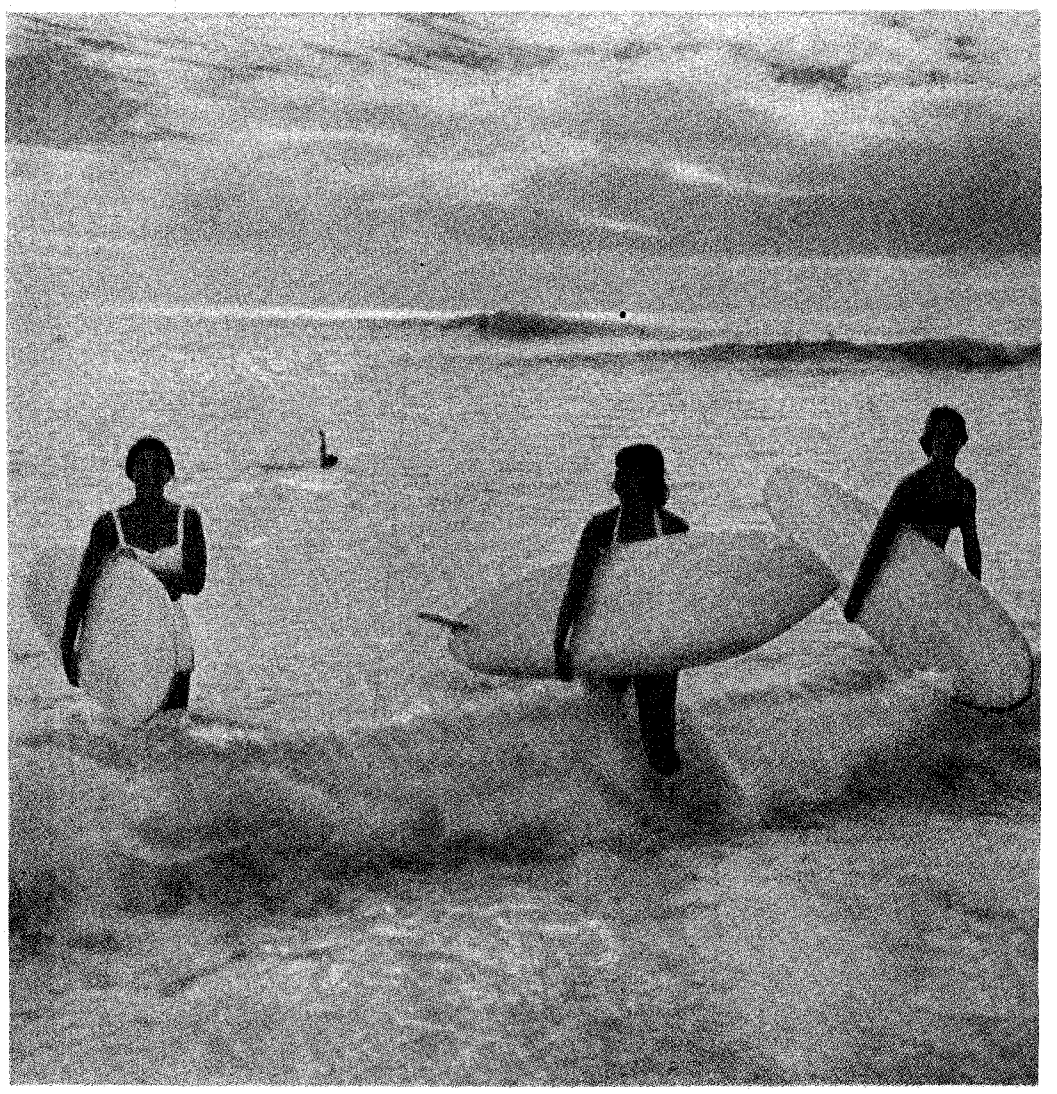
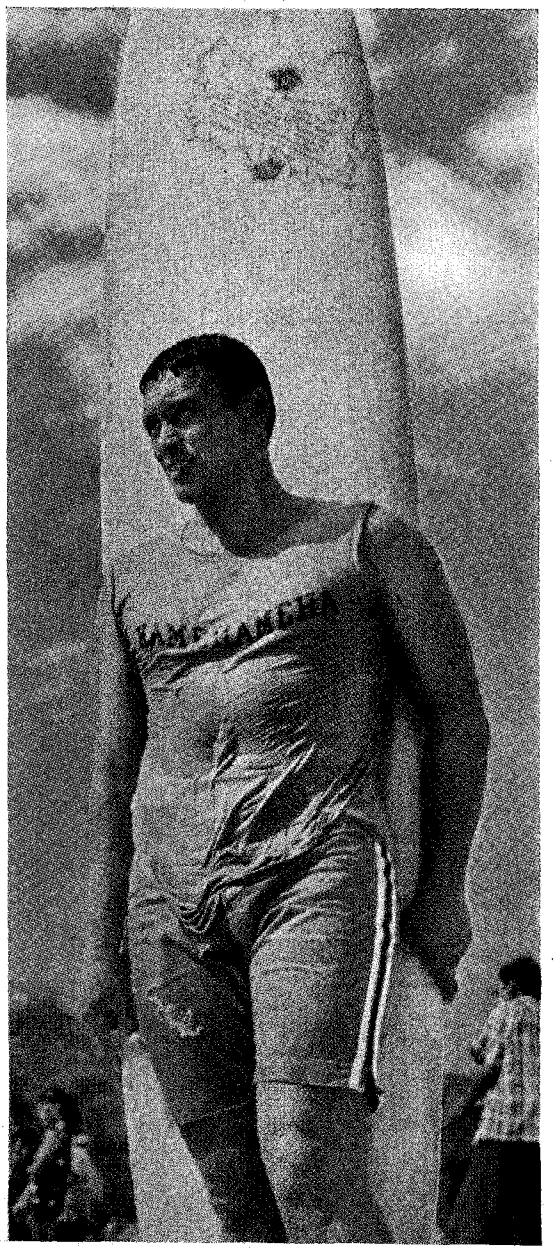




Awesome waves and lithe, tanned girls: Betty Heldreich, Kehau Kea and Vicki Heldreich carry their 25-pound balsa-wood boards at Makaha.

Rabbit Kekai,an international surfing champion. He is a graduate of the Kamehameha Schools, named after the islands' first king.



Surfing—the art of riding a wave on a pointed board—is the wildest, fastest natural water sport known to man. In recent years it has developed into a major sport around the world from Australia to South Africa. Husky Aussies brave man-eating sharks to ride the green waves Down Under; Hawaiian experts risk their lives on huge, thirty-foot swells on the windward side of Oahu; Californians of all ages go out the year round. In the winter they don waterproof survival suits to ride gray waves so cold they blue the flesh and knot the unprotected muscles.

It's no sport for timid weaklings. Slashing across the face of a powerful swell with the surf crashing at your heels and the hissing crest biting at your shoulder, threatening at any moment to smash you flat, requires a cool head, a strong body and lightning-quick reflexes. You have to be alert all the time. The board is fast, the waves are big and husky, competition for a ride is a fierce scramble, and a lot of things can happen in a split second.

Unlike skiing, which it closely resembles in terms of balance and use of the legs and body for steering, surfing has few minor casualties. If an accident occurs, you're either dead or alive. No wrenched ankles, no broken legs. It's all or nothing, and in California several men are killed every year.

Bob Simmons, an expert surfer from Pasadena who used to make boards, drowned in a heavy surf at Wind an' Sea, a beach near La Jolla where the waves hump up big and fast. A giant summer swell took the life of Nick Gabaldon, Navy veteran, college poet, and one of the best surfers in the state, when he stayed on his board an instant too long and slammed into the Malibu pier at top speed. Another man drowned at Onofre (Continued on Page 88)

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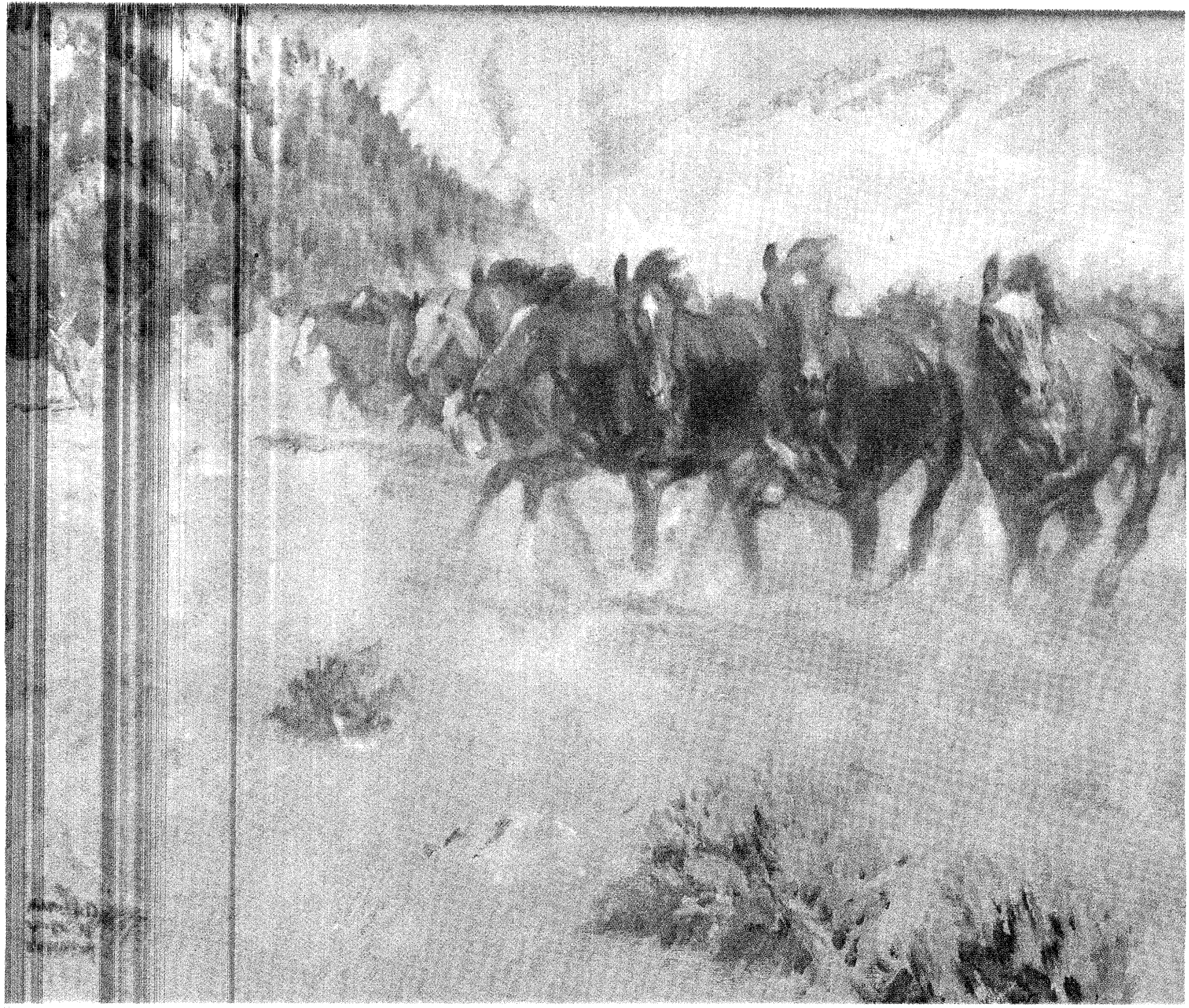

DAY OF DARING

By WILLIAMS FORREST

He was sick of their ridicule. Today he would show them he was a man—even if he died trying.

Coarse shouts sounded from the rocks and brush, and occasionally the ranch cook, glancing up, could see wild horses climbing rocky trails with the alacrity of mountain sheep. Bounding, frightened, and russet beautiful, with manes that tossed, and a fire of independence around them.

The cowboys were trying to corral wild horses—a thousand to fifteen hundred that were spread here among the stones, brush and pines. In a week, roundup of cattle would begin, but this roundup of the wild horses was the first order of the day on the long, deep ranch.

The moment came for which Charles, the cook, was waiting—the flood of horses on the plain as they were driven toward the blind trap that stood concealed in twisted juniper to the west, with the sun hovering over its mile-long wings. He sensed rather than saw the men concealed at the entrance of the

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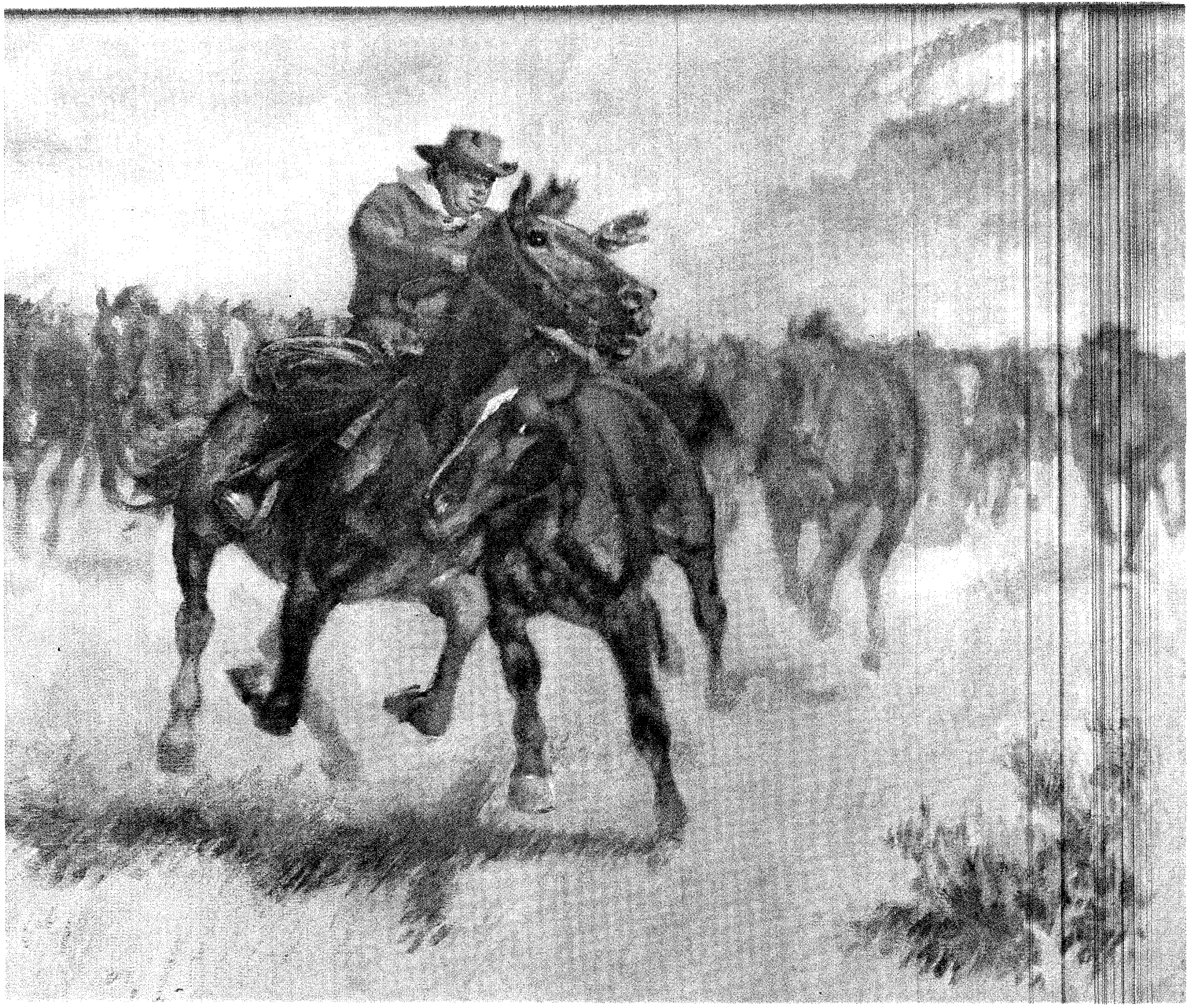

Charles met the leader of the stampeding mustangs and forced her aside.

blind-trap corral, waiting to close the tail gate on the last of the mustangs raging downward toward it. He saw flickers of the eight-foot wall of wire and wood under the overcoat of juniper. He felt the waiting emptiness of that trap, and the sand-beating drum it would become if the hundreds of horses entered it.

Then his eyes went to the draws from which the broncs were erupting; and in the lead was a black mare, a hint of the devil in the dashing of her untamed hoofs.

The plain broke into dust and sound. Then—then it happened as it had before. The leader of the swaying rush of horses shied, and the band began to disperse in all directions on the plain. Charles could not hear it, but he felt the cursing of the cowboys. He felt the drain of their frustration as their work melted away in the broken heat of the dying sun.

But he experienced more than that as he turned to his chuck wagon, skillets and Dutch oven. He had the crazy conviction that he, Charles Madison, fat, gimpy, overlooked and terribly lonely, could lead over a thousand mustangs into the long green trap that was waiting for them.

The sunset was upon this borderland, where the lower section of the great plains hit the hills of the mountains that finally broke into the Rockies. Dark was hinged on the edge of the world, and in a few moments the cowboys would be into the camp, eager for their grub. The sun shot red light down the rugged legs of the hills, and the now slow horses of the tired cowboys were returning, in hoofbeats that were like an echo in a minor bowl formed where the hills cupped the last of the thousand-mile reach of the grassy plains.

Charles felt shy because of the masterful dream that had come to him. He knew he had no right to imagine doing something that was superior to anything these men had attempted. But the men noticed nothing unusual in his manner; he was more or less invisible to them. He was a name, Cooky, or old Cooky, even though he was only thirty; and he was a pair of hands that provided the lusty bait that was so important to them.

Of course, they heeded him in his realm of authority—because, after all, he was the cook, the most important man on the range with the possible exception of the one who paid you—but they did not accept him into their realm. He sat on the outskirts of it, in the dusky evening after they had eaten his steak, frijoles and biscuits. He sat and listened to their stories, or to the songs that one man, a bronco-buster, sang while he ran fingers over a battered golden guitar.

When their bellies were full and they were mellow or sleepy or irritated, Charles became an outsider, regardless of the fact that all during the day, when food was so important, he could cuss out a man for raising dust near his fire or pans, (Continued on Page 108)

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

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A Visit With Ty Cobb

By FURMAN BISHER

"I am in the evening of life. I want no loose ends to tie together."

At seventy-one, baseball's greatest star has started a new chapter in a stormy life. And he's still trying to straighten out the record on yesterday's controversies.

"There is a quality about the people where a fellow is born that makes him feel like he belongs," says Cobb (third from left), back home in Cornelia, Georgia. His friends are Col. Ralph Scott (left) and Cliff Kimsey.

The Georgia Peach has come home. After twenty-six years in California, Ty Cobb, still generally looked upon as the greatest baseball player in history, has moved back to live out his remaining years in the part of Georgia where he grew up.

Cobb is building a home on a plateau of 3000-foot Chenocetah Mountain, adjacent to Cornelia, Georgia, a town of 3500 on the Atlanta-Washington line of the Southern Railway. From his plateau old Ty can see a big slice of the pine-thatched red-clay hills in the state's northeast corner. The view takes in the site of his birth.

Ty Cobb today accepts the fact that he is no longer young. "I'm tired," he said not long ago, sinking into an easy chair in the antique-filled parlor of a house he rented pending completion of his new home on the mountain, about a mile and a half away. "I'm old and I'm tired. I don't like to say I'm old, but I am. It has been a tough life—twenty-four years of fighting off Nap Lajoie, Joe Jackson, Eddie Collins, Tris Speaker and Babe Ruth, trying to stay ahead of them. I had to do that year after year.

"I've used myself up since I was seventeen. I don't believe any player had a tougher time of it in baseball than I did. Now I'm seventy-one and I'm tired. I want to get out of circulation. I'm going to be hard to find up on my mountain."

Cobb began his amazing American League career at the age of eighteen in 1905 and continued through 1928. He played his last two seasons in Philadelphia, after twenty-two years with the Detroit Tigers. Cobb got more hits (4191), batted for a higher lifetime average (.367) and stole more bases (892) than any other big-leaguer before or since. His fiery aggressiveness, especially on the base paths, gave him a reputation as a merciless, slashing competitor—a reputation he strongly resents, as will be seen. (Continued on Page 52)

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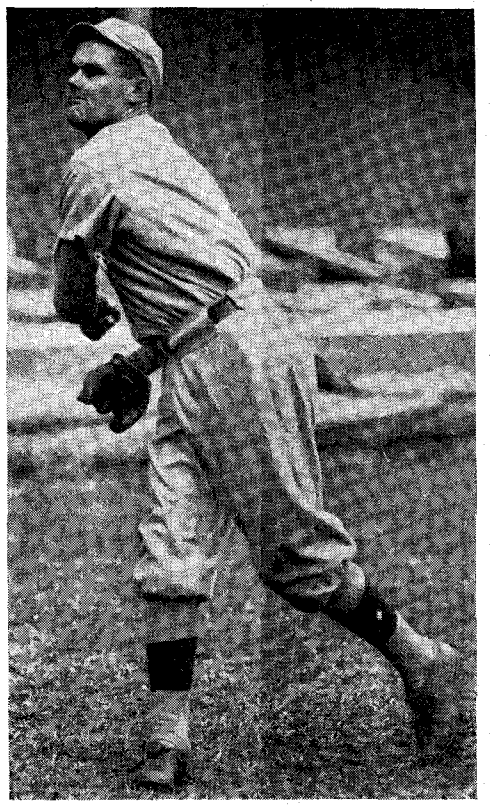
1909: A classic photograph of the base-running style that made Cobb of Detroit a legend. He has just slid safely to third past Jimmy Austin, New York infielder.

The Competition Was Rugged, But Cobb Outdid Them All. (Lifetime Average: .367)

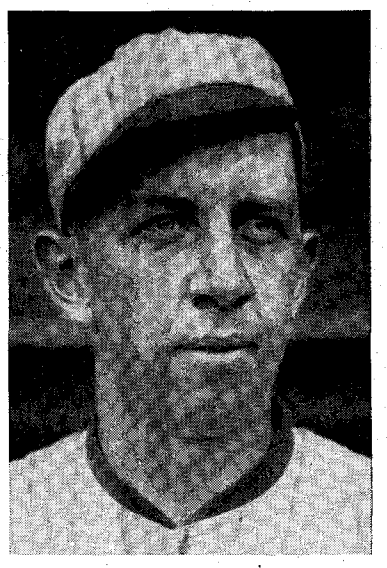
NAP LAJOIE: 3251 hits, 1896–1916. Lifetime average: .339.

JOE JACKSON: 1772 hits, 1908–1920. Lifetime average: .356.

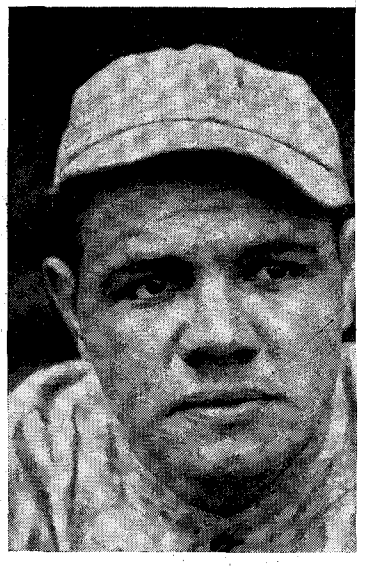
TRIS SPEAKER: 3515 hits, 1907–1928. Lifetime average: .344.



"DUTCH" LEONARD. Cobb confesses, "I tried to spike just two men in my life." Leonard was one of them.



EDDIE COLLINS: 3313 hits, 1906–1930. Lifetime average: .333.



BABE RUTH: 714 home runs, 1914–1935. Lifetime average: .342.

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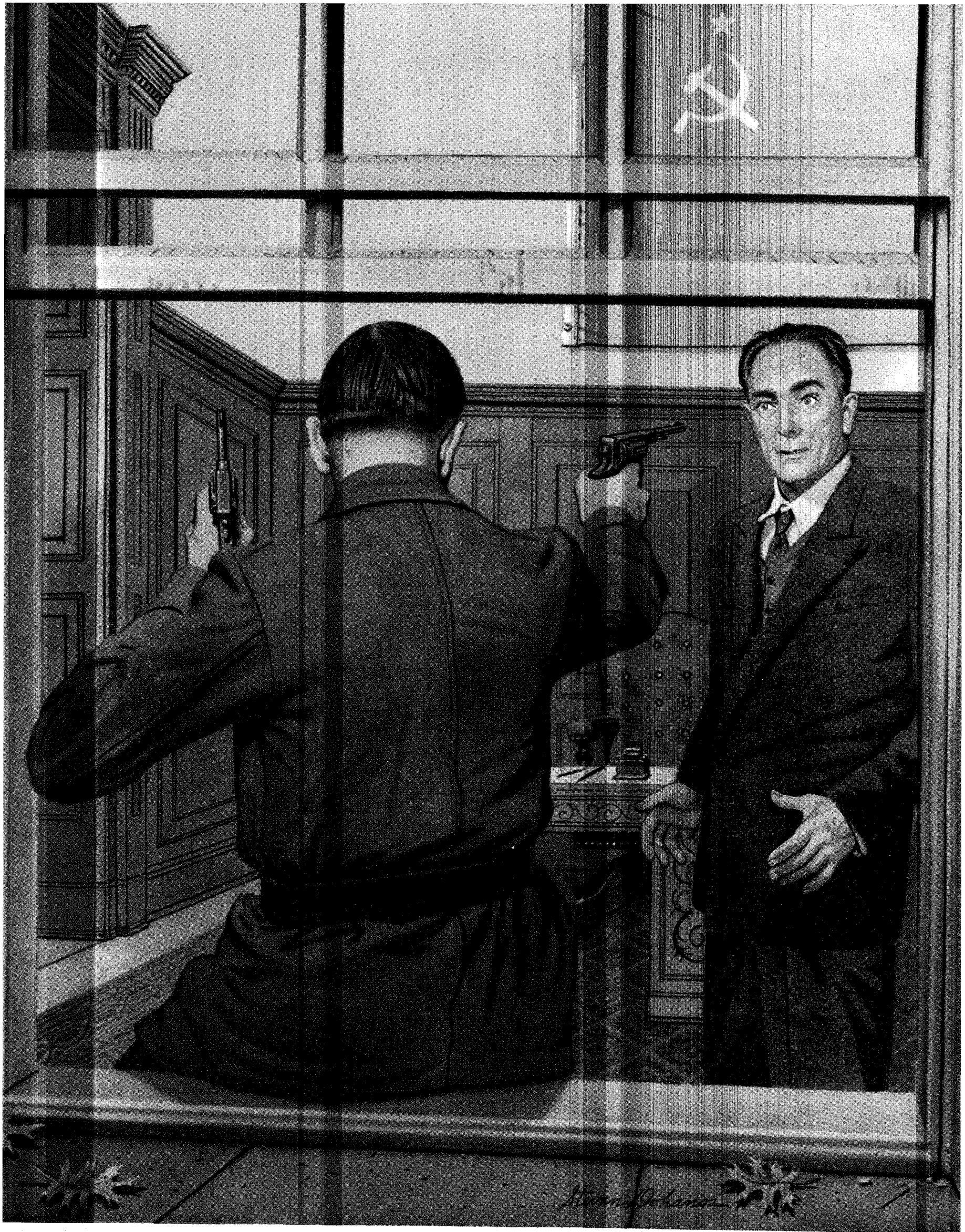

Without giving Yakhontov a chance to wonder, Suprunov quickly raised his own revolver with his right hand and shot him between the eyes.

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This was the simplest way to be sure that Yakhontov would never talk.

THE CHAINS OF FEAR

By NIKOLAI NAROKOV

Twice now the terrifying power of the Russian secret police held Evlalia Grigorievna, a shy typist, in its grasp. First her husband, Vadim, was arrested, and now, her father, Grigory, had been taken away by the NKVD. But Evlalia had seen, too, how the NKVD could give special privileges to a favored citizen: her Party-minded friend, Semenov, arranged for Evlalia to be transferred to the Secret Section, where her typist's salary would be doubled.

Lyubkin, the security chief, pushed his men to greater ruthlessness in their execution of a scheduled purge. Suprunov, Lyubkin's deputy, was working on the confession of a petty official named Variskin. Tortures by Yakhontov and Zhorka failed to force Variskin—whose stubbornness originated in stupidity rather than courage—to confess crimes he had not committed. When, however, a fellow prisoner convinced Variskin that co-operation would result in election to the elite "ten thousand," Variskin decided to confess to all that his imagination could invent.

IV

When Yakhontov summoned him the following day, Variskin was ready enough to talk. Stumbling over each word, he began to tell Yakhontov about a nonexistent counter-revolutionary organization, the Black Band, a name he later changed to the Black Hundred. He strewed his account with stock phrases he had read in newspaper articles: "diversion," "wrecking," "sabotage," "espionage in favor of a foreign power."

When Yakhontov interrupted to ask which foreign power his organization was assisting, he stopped short in bewilderment. That was what it said in the newspapers, after all: "in favor of a foreign power." Did he have to name it? He looked at Yakhontov as if expecting prompting of some kind. "In favor of —— How is it now? Rumania!" he said uncertainly.

"And Germany?" Yakhontov inquired, also without much conviction.

"And Germany!" repeated Variskin readily, adding for good measure, "And Poland too!"

From day to day, Variskin went to interrogations, thought up new details and strained his dull imagination to the limit. He fabricated conversations held by his accomplices during their meetings at the Black Hundred, sometimes amusing in their absurdity and sometimes convincing in their verisimilitude.

But at the same time an irksome doubt began to torment him. Had he accomplished enough to be admitted into the ten thousand? He was anguished by the inadequacy of his imagination.

During the long, melancholy hours of solitary confinement, he tried to think up something that would irrefutably assure his importance. Then suddenly it came to him. It came all in a rush, effortlessly, just as if someone had turned on a switch to produce light instead of darkness. Variskin leaped from his bunk and ran from one corner to another, murmuring excitedly, "There. Now we have it. If this won't do, then nothing will. Now I'll get into the ten thousand for sure!"

At noon on the eleventh of September, when Yakhontov sent for him, Variskin came into the office with a look of such triumphant meaning that Yakhontov could not keep from joking. "What the hell are you looking so smug about? Did somebody give you a medal?"

"It's not a question of a medal," said Variskin, taking his time. "The fact is that I have another declaration to make to you, Comrade Yakhontov. A most important one! So important that there couldn't be anything more important!"

"What kind of a declaration?" Yakhontov, who was beginning to be bored by Variskin, was interested in spite of himself. "Your testimony is sufficient now, but if you've got something important to say, say it. Go ahead, talk!"

Variskin took a chair, looked around and coughed self-importantly. Only then did he begin to speak. He kept his voice low, leaned over the table to speak more softly, and from time to time glanced watchfully over his shoulder. At first he talked cautiously, as if concealing something which he had not made up his mind to disclose, but at length he grew bolder. The Black Hundred, he said, had penetrated even the NKVD itself, up to the very highest level. The danger was great. It was great, because at the head of Black Hundred was none other than Lyubkin himself, while Suprunov—well, Suprunov was in charge of the Black Hundred's parliamentary section, which had already engaged in a series of terroristic acts.

Yakhontov, gaping, was on the point of shouting to Variskin to stop, but he restrained himself. A swarm of thoughts flashed through his mind, and without having time to pursue them, he nevertheless concluded that to stop Variskin was as dangerous as letting him continue. He wrote out the deposition in rough form, let Variskin sign it and sent him straight back to his cell. When he was alone, he was seized with a cold fear. What should he do now?

It was unquestionably clear to Yakhontov that Variskin was lying. But it was equally clear that at a snap of the fingers Lyubkin and Suprunov could be labeled "enemies of the people" in exactly the same way that tens of other people had been labeled: by a lie like Variskin's. What should he do? He had a choice: either he could report everything directly to Lyubkin and make him understand that it was he, Yakhontov, who was taking him into his confidence and even bringing him salvation, or he could hand everything over to his section chief and then it would be up to him to take action. The second way was dangerous. If Lyubkin could wiggle out, then he would avenge himself on Yakhontov: "You knew and you didn't tell me? Did you want to ruin me?" But the first way was also dangerous. If Lyubkin was not able to wiggle out, then he, Yakhontov, would be reckoned an accomplice: "Why did you present such material to the suspect?"

They've got me coming and going, he thought.

He hesitated until almost evening, and then finally decided to report everything to Lyubkin. Still turning it over in his mind, he went to report not to Lyubkin, however, but to Suprunov. *They're both in the same boat*, he told himself—and besides, he was scared of Lyubkin. He knew Suprunov better, and secretly admired him.

Suprunov heard him out, read over Variskin's declaration and looked up questioningly. "Whom have you told about this?" he asked calmly but very forcibly.

"No one." Yakhontov's reply was also calm.

"Don't lie!" Suprunov banged sharply on the table.

"No one," answered Yakhontov as calmly as before, but firmly.

"And him? Variskin?" (Continued on Page 64)

Illustrated by Stevan Dohanos

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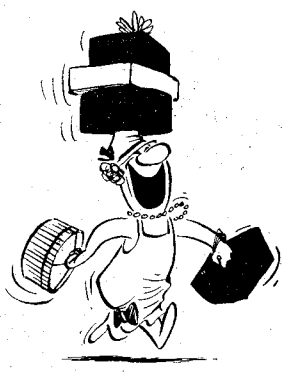
Post Scripts



I Love My Wife But —

"Best play I ever saw on a football field. Tech lined up in the old T, and the quarterback took the ball from center, faked to the fullback, faded back about seven or eight yards, stood there waving the ball as though to pass ——"

"*This was during the half, you say?*"

"Well, that seems to be that! The transmission just conked out!"

"I don't see why it wouldn't be a smart idea for you to buy five or six transmissions and keep them in the back of the car, just in case."

"It was really exciting! Rollins delivered the three-and-two pitch and struck out Hawkins. That brought Slugger Kincaid up to the plate. Know what kind of a pitch Rollins delivered on the first one to Slugger?"

"The three-and-two pitch again?"

"*I've just been reading this article about all* these track stars who've run the less-than-four-minute mile."

"How many different kinds of miles do they have?"

RAYMOND HOWARD

Motorist's Madrigal

My heart leaps up when I behold
The guy who passed me at a stop
Parked meekly curb-side, being told
The facts of traffic by a cop!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Twisties

When Stenton Churchull left Liverpool thirty-eight years ago to seek his fortune in America, his twin brother Bosley stayed behind.

Yesterday on a television program, Stenton was asked to identify a "mystery voice." Tears glistening in his eyes, he said, "I would know that voice anywhere. It's my brother Bosley."

Actually it was Viveca Lindfors.

Winner of a "Blind Date" contest at a local theater showing a Peter Lawford picture, fifteen-year-old Mellissa Messa had no idea of the surprise in store for her.

Last night, as Mellissa waited expectantly, the doorbell rang. When she opened the door, the pretty Mellissa all but swooned, for there stood her Blind Date—her father.

Three weeks ago at a warehouse auction, Mrs. Herman Manher paid three dollars for a barrel, "contents unknown," but "believed to contain old dishes." A clubwoman with many activities, Mrs. Manher didn't get around to opening the barrel until today.

It contained old dishes.

Six long years of preparation for a career in opera seemed as nothing to Carmen Fledermaus. At last she was to audition for the celebrated Maestro Allegro.

Stepping out on the stage, she gave full voice to the beautiful Bell Song. Halfway through, the maestro excitedly halted the orchestra and dashed up on stage, tears running down his cheeks.

"You don't need to sing another note," he said. "You're miserable!"

Browsing in the rear of a secondhand store, Mrs. Art Louvre turned up a dusty old painting which she bought for two dollars for the frame. She was going to discard the picture, but Art, Jr., said, "Why don't you have it appraised? It might be an original Monet."

Mrs. Louvre said, "I should be that lucky!" and laughed it off. But yesterday she did have the picture appraised.

She wasn't that lucky.

Rookie policeman Bernie Beat is unmarried, but it was an old story to him when a man ran up to him last night and said, "Hurry! My wife is going to have a baby!"

This is the sixth time the handsome young bachelor has had this experience, and he knew exactly what to do. He called a doctor.

For twenty-six years "Oyster John," as he is known to customers of Flounders' Fish Market, had been opening oysters, and in all that time he never had found a pearl. It was a standing joke with the patrons that when John opened his five-millionth oyster it would contain an enormous pearl.

Yesterday he opened his five-millionth oyster. It contained an enormous pearl.

In the many years that Huber Rebuh ate his frugal meals in Eggsham's café, he never left a tip for Miss Dottie Napkin, his waitress. Friends used to say to Dottie, "He's probably a millionaire and he'll remember you in his will."

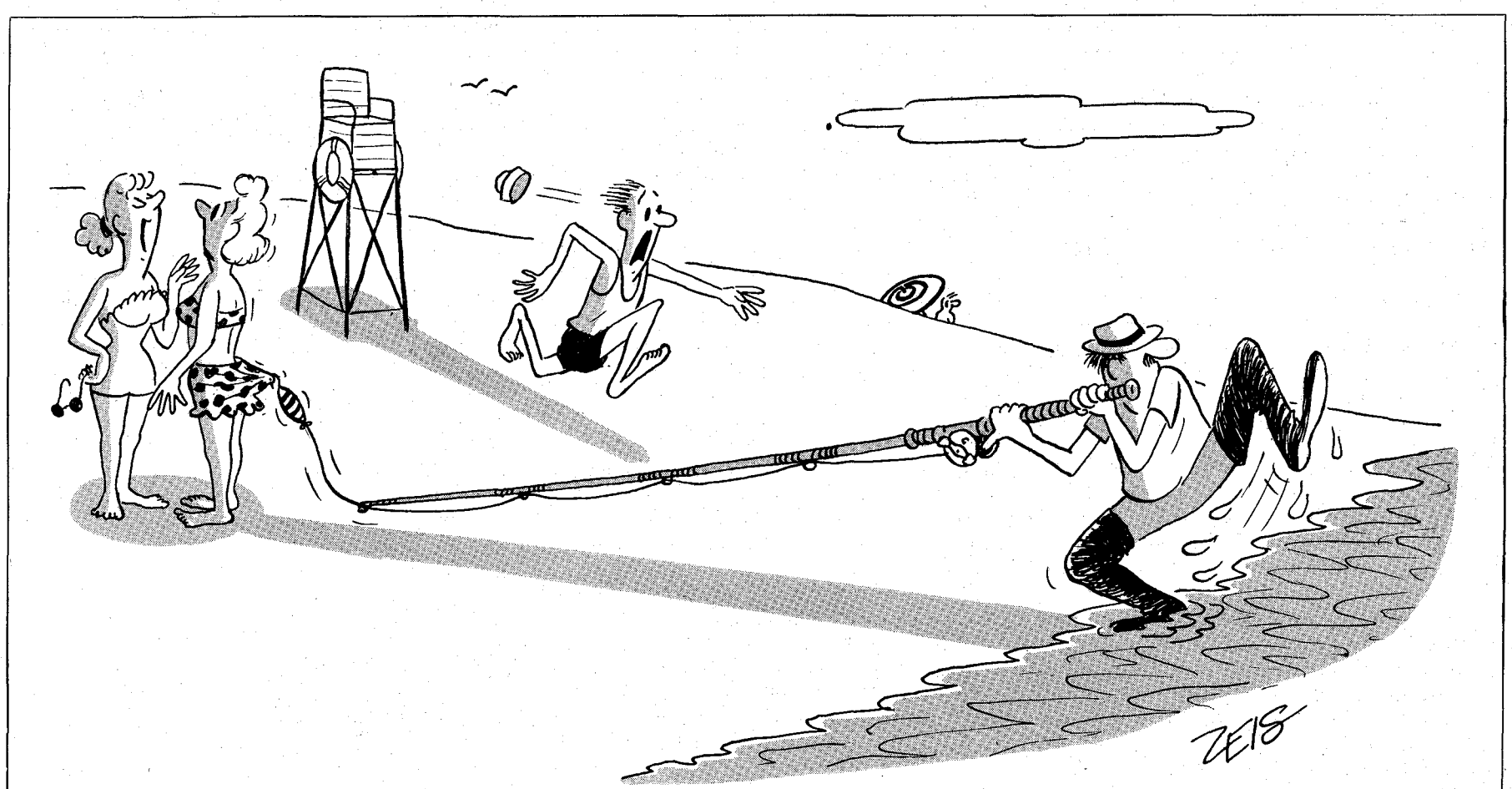
The will of the late eccentric was admitted to probate yesterday. It disposes of an estate of well over a million dollars, none of which goes to Miss Napkin.

WALTER KIERNAN

Confession

Who's afraid of the Big Bad Bomb?
The Big Bad Bomb, the Big Bad Bomb?
Who's afraid of the Big Bad Bomb?
Me, me, me, me, me.

BOB HARMON



"Hold it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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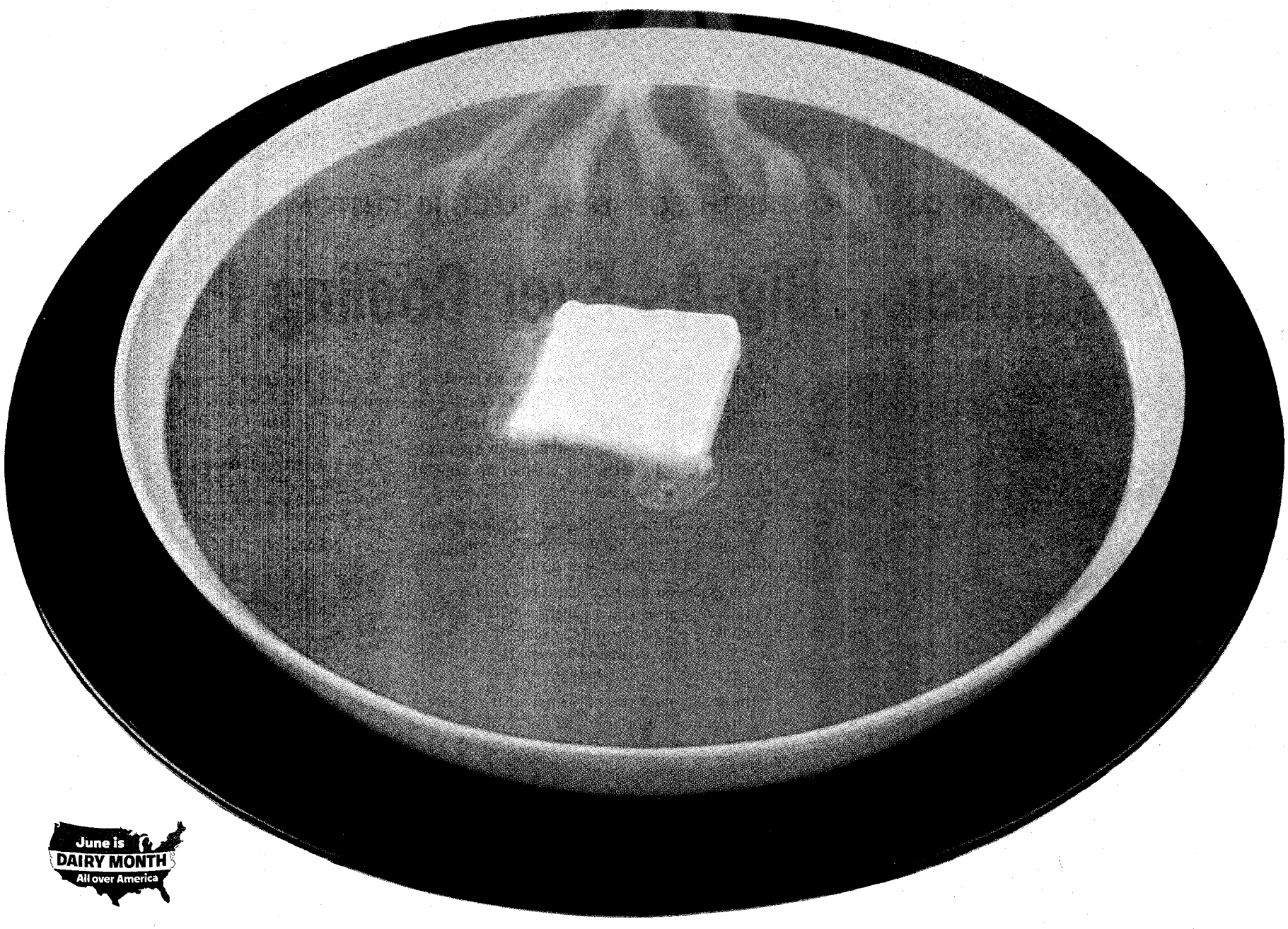
SOUPER STARTER

Make it with milk and top it with butter!

What a pleasant way to start the meal. Enjoy that great favorite—Campbell's Tomato Soup. Make it with milk and top it with butter for even more nourishment! Just add a soup can of milk to a can of Tomato Soup. Heat and serve in only 4 minutes. Delicious! Soups help give you vitamins, proteins and minerals—the natural goodness your family needs to go on and to grow on. Try a Souper Starter tonight, or in tomorrow's lunch. M'm! M'm! Good!

Once a day... every day... SOUP!

Have you had your soup today?



June is
DAIRY MONTH
All over America

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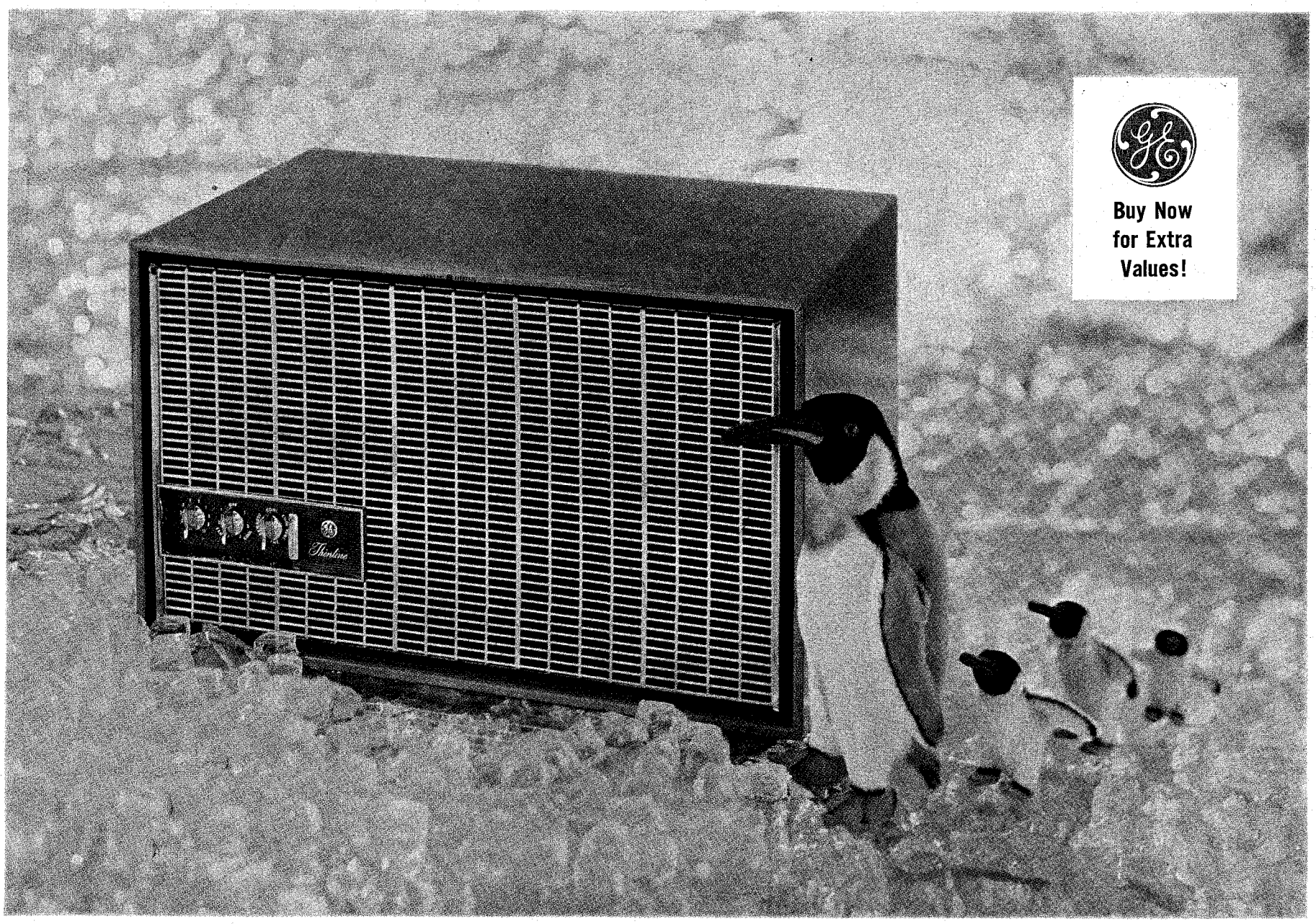


Buy Now for Extra Values!

NEW KIND OF AIR CONDITIONER! THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CUSTOM THINLINE...

20% Smaller...Big-As-Ever Cooling Power

Fits almost anywhere—no unsightly overhang. A scant 15⅝ inches high, 16⅞ inches deep, 26 inches wide. *No side vents*—install it flush or through the wall. Compact size—yet full, big-unit cooling power in the newest General Electric *Thinline*.

It takes up 20% less space than previous Thinlines—yet it packs the same generous cooling power! And it is quiet! All thanks to a new kind of cooling system from General Electric. So why settle for a small air conditioner that's a puny cooler?

You get all the full, big-unit cooling power of last year's *Thinline* models—only in a thin, low cabinet that takes up 1/5 less space.

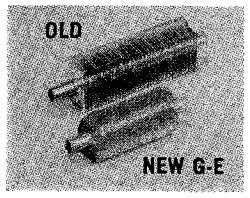
One General Electric Custom *Thinline* Air Conditioner gives you a generous 9000* BTU's of cooling per hour on 115 volts—it needs no costly rewiring in many homes. The 230-volt model delivers a giant 10,000* BTU's.

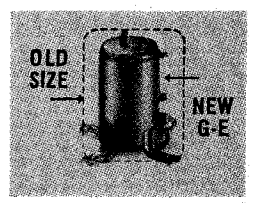
Both are so quiet you only know they're working by how comfortable you are. Nutria color blends with any décor. Permanent filter. Simple controls. Eight independent air directors.

See your General Electric dealer about the *one* air conditioner that's both small *and* powerful. General Electric Co., Room Air Conditioner Dept., Louisville 1, Kentucky.

***Check the BTU's before you buy!** Cooling capacities are tested and rated in compliance with Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Institute Standard 110-58, and are stated in British Thermal Units.

NEW KIND OF COOLING SYSTEM





Spine fin cooling packs 770,000 cooling spines into compact cabinet, is 50% more efficient than old plate type. *New high-speed compressor* has the same large capacity as previous models—is only half as big.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

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"I know how to make men do my bidding," the masked man said, motioning Craig with his automatic.

ARSON, INCORPORATED

Craig walked into the mastermind's trap. Now his life hung on a madman's whims.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

At last the violent and baffling events began to make sense to Assistant Fire Marshal Craig Batts. They were: the missing fire-department file on his murdered father; the arson gang's kidnaping of the unsavory Clyde Tupper and Tupper's strange influence over the respected old Chief Fogarty; Fogarty's mysterious bank account of more than $25,000; the killing of socialite William Tecumseh Peabody, whose butler, Soapy Japes, led Craig to the hidden firemen's uniforms. Finally, there was the fragment of broken monocle which Batts discovered in the missing Tupper's ransacked office. The telltale piece of glass could belong only to the dapper fire buff, Pieter Van Rensselaer, the very man who first alerted the young marshal to the possibility that commercial arson did, in fact, exist in New York. Craig subsequently convinced his superiors that the disguised thieves who pulled the spectacular jewelry-store robbery were members of a mobile ring that set fires to cover their crimes in the nation's big cities. Soon they would strike again in New York.

Later, in Chief Fogarty's apartment, Craig and Nora barely escaped two masked abductors. Batts raced to a telephone to spread the alarm to headquarters.

CONCLUSION

Craig went into the booth to report to the chief fire marshal's office. Nora stood near the door watching the front of the apartment house where she lived. Before Craig finished his telephoning two men came out of the building and got into a car that stood at the curb a little distance from the entrance. One of them seemed in considerable distress. They drove away with haste. When Craig came out of the booth she told him what she had seen.

"We're to stay put," he told her. "The chief's on his way."

In far less time than would have been deemed possible the chief's car, driven by his aide, lashed up to the corner and stopped. In the rear seat were the chief fire marshal and Lieutenant di Fisano. The chief was not in good humor.

"So what have you stepped into here?" he demanded. "And what were you doing here anyway?"

"I rode uptown with Mr. Van Rensselaer," Craig said in an official voice. "When I left him I went to (Continued on Page 80)

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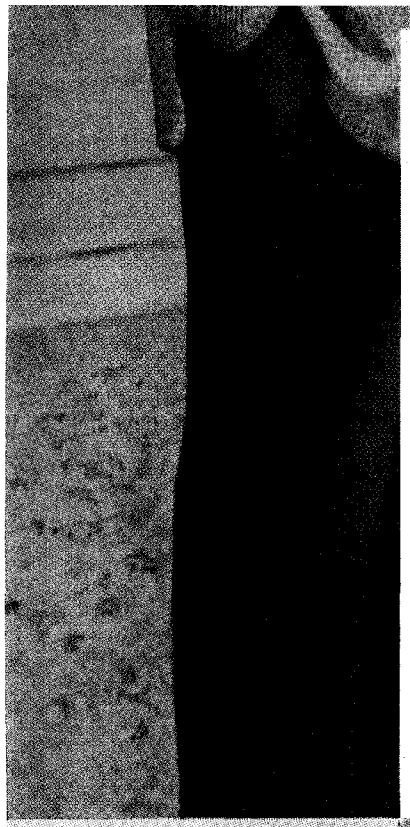
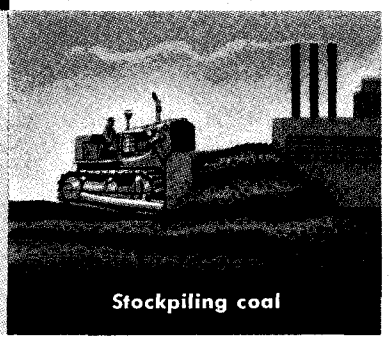
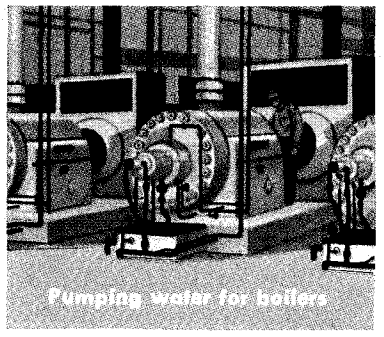


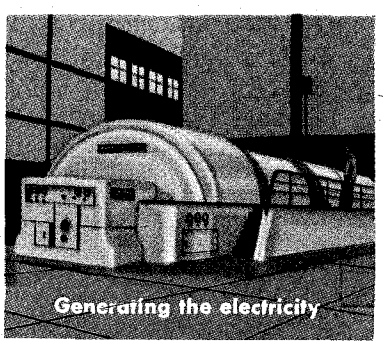
He'll want *twice* as much

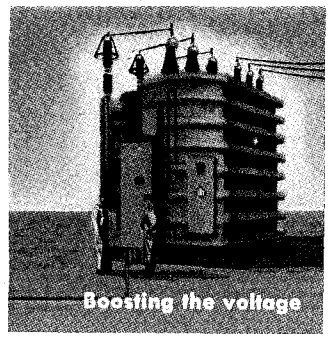
By 1975, when our "Juniors" have families of their own, the United States will have 200 million people... each using twice as much electricity as the average person does now. With the help of modern Allis-Chalmers power equipment, utilities will be ready—with 2,000 billion kilowatt-hours.

From power plant to you... Allis-Chalmers equipment handles the basic jobs


Stockpiling coal


Pumping water for boilers


Generating the electricity


Boosting the voltage

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electricity as his dad...and it'll be there!

Every year electric utilities invest billions of dollars to provide more and better power for America's growth. They're building mammoth generating stations, ultra-high-voltage transmission networks, sensitively regulated distribution systems – to help you live better electrically, today and for the years to come.

What's more important, they are doing it with efficiency that has become a legend in American business. For instance, before World War I, it took over *three* pounds of coal to produce a kilowatt-hour. Now it takes less than *one* pound. And there's promise of even greater efficiency in nuclear power.

Allis-Chalmers has contributed to this efficiency every step of the way from power plant to the familiar pole transformer near your home. In every major field of power generation . . . nuclear, steam and hydroelectric . . . Allis-Chalmers *Engineering in Action* has pioneered significant advances that mean better HOUSEPOWER for your family and, in time, for "Junior's." ALLIS-CHALMERS, GENERAL OFFICES, MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN.

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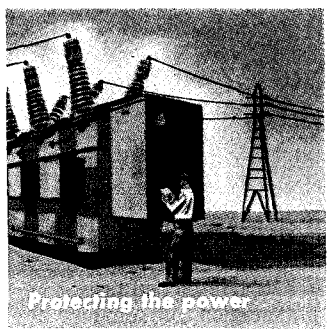
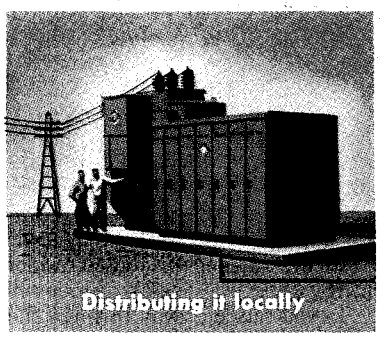
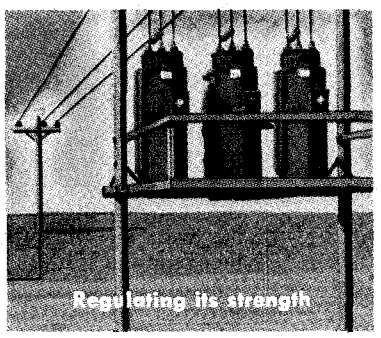
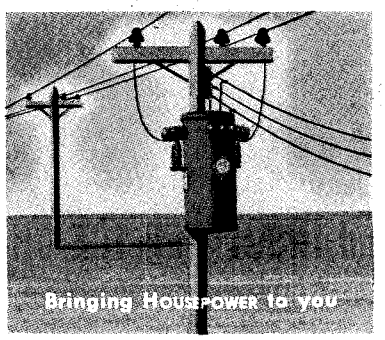
Where Engineering in Action is at work on your future—today









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NOW! Ice Cubes like Magic!

WITH THE NEW "MAGIC TOUCH" TRAY

Insulated Ice Chest stores several trayfuls of ice cubes for instant use. Keeps cubes crisp and dry for hours.

Handy for serving. Ice cubes always ready for fast cooling of drinks, for chilling desserts, salads and appetizers.

Here's what happens when you buy a refrigerator with the new "Magic Touch" Handi-Stor Ice Cube Trays and Insulated Ice Chest.

A gentle push on the "Magic Touch" lever drops a trayful of hard, dry ice cubes into the Insulated Chest. No muss, no fuss. Your hands stay perfectly dry. Having several trayfuls of ice cubes is easy now. The Insulated Chest is handy for serving too.

Inland's "Magic Touch" Trays and Insulated Chest come in popular decorator colors.

Be sure the refrigerator you buy has the New Inland "Magic Touch" Handi-Stor Ice Cube Trays and Insulated Ice Chest. Tell your dealer.

INLAND MANUFACTURING "Magic Touch"

HANDI-STOR TRAYS and INSULATED ICE CHEST

INLAND MANUFACTURING DIVISION • General Motors Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

A Visit With Ty Cobb

(Continued from Page 42)

However, Cobb's memories nowadays seem to center more on his Georgia boyhood than on his years in professional baseball. Showing his visitor around the Chenocetah Mountain site where his new home was under construction, he said proudly, "Highest place between here and Key West," and then, "Do you see that little valley down there, on the other side of those two rises? In that little valley is the house where I was born. Nobody lives in it now, but it's still standing. I didn't grow up in it—it was my grandfather's house—and so I really never knew anything about the place. But there is something sacred to a man about the place he was born, and I've come to feel something about this view I get from my mountain."

When Cobb was born there to Herschel and Amanda Cobb on December 18, 1886, the house was part of a small settlement known as Narrows. It was composed largely of the families of Confederate Army officers—including the Chitwoods, who were Cobb's mother's people. Today there is little trace of Narrows. The post office and the village store vanished many years ago.

Cobb's affectionate warmth for his birthplace, surprising though it may be to those who have always visualized him as strictly the hard-shelled type, is actually in keeping with his nature. Ty is an emotional man, as quick to tears as he is to anger. His nostalgic return to his native state was foreshadowed back on November 27, 1953, when he came to Atlanta, called a press conference at the Capital City Club and announced that he was establishing a Cobb Educational Foundation to aid deserving Georgia college students. Cobb's original investment in the project was around $100,000, and he set himself the objective of building it to more than $1,000,000.

That day in 1953 he had with him three trustees of his foundation—Dr. Daniel C. Elkin, an old friend who now lives in Kentucky; Dr. Harmon Caldwell, chancellor of the University System of Georgia; and Dr. Fred Rankin, of Louisville, Kentucky. They sat at a round table in the Oak Room at the Capital City Club and listened as Cobb delivered an explanatory speech. In the process he explained much about himself.

He looked down at the table a great deal of the time as he talked. "I didn't go to college," he said. "I missed something in life. I want to make it possible for others to go.

"I'm doing this selfishly. I feed on this warm feeling I have inside me. If we get one good live one and he comes through for us—just one—then it will have been worth it."

Cobb said that although only Georgia-born students could qualify for scholarship assistance, they didn't necessarily have to go to college in the state. He went on, "I never liked to sell my name for testimonials, but for such a worthy cause as this I'd turn cartwheels down Peachtree Street. I believe very deeply in this thing. I can get awfully sentimental about something like this. I can cry too. It runs in my family."

It was this deep vein of sentiment that later impelled Cobb to move back to Georgia for keeps. One of the strongest pulls was his memory of his father, Herschel Cobb, who exerted the most enduring influence on Ty's life. The elder Cobb came to an early death at forty-three—the victim of an accidental shooting just a few weeks before young Tyrus first reported to the Detroit Tigers from Augusta in 1905. It was a tragic loss for Royston, the town in which Ty was raised. Herschel Cobb had been school principal, state senator and publisher of the weekly paper.

"My father was a very illustrious man," Ty said. "He was devoted to education. He came from hardy stock that grew and flourished in rural Western North Carolina, when there were no paved roads and no telephones. My grandfather scratched a living out of the hillside and managed to send four boys and one girl through college.

"In the legislature my father worked hard for teachers' pay and better schools. People, learned people, used to gather at our house to talk to my father. Doctors, attorneys, leading people in life come to me today and tell me how my father inspired them in their work. He read and studied and played wisely this game of life. I remember going to bed at night, leaving him sitting in his chair reading Shakespeare, and getting up the next morning finding him still sitting there.

"He gave me one rule of life I've never forgotten. 'Line yourself up on the side of right,' he would say, 'and you'll never go wrong.'"

It has often been written that Cobb's father was bitterly against having his son become a professional ballplayer, but Ty declared, "My father was not so opposed to baseball as he has been pictured. He was more in favor of college and the benefits of education. I regret to this day that I never went to college. I feel that I should have been a doctor. That was my calling. But maybe I would have been a bum doctor.

"The story of the night before I left Royston to play professional baseball, when I sat in the swing and talked with him until three o'clock in the morning, has been greatly distorted, as have so many other stories about my life. We did not argue. My father did not take a violent stand against baseball. He did not want me to become sidetracked in life and become a failure, whatever I did.

"But I had my mind on baseball. I knew I had to go. I *had* to go and see about it. Not as a career. I had no idea then that a living could be made in baseball. I had to show my father why I had to go."

A soft and uncommonly gentle smile crept over Ty's face. "You know, I found out later that Professor Cobb—everybody called him Professor in Royston because he was the principal of the school—used to carry those little newspaper clippings of my record around in his pocket."

His father was the inspiration for the Cobb Educational Foundation. "My original idea," Cobb said, "was the Lincolnesque characters, the boys and girls out of the fields and the mountains, boys and girls who otherwise would not have the opportunity of college."

He sets demanding standards for applicants. All beneficiaries of the fund must somehow get through their freshman year of college to prove their devotion to education before they can qualify.

There are thirty-one students in Georgia colleges now drawing aid from the Cobb Educational Foundation. Only one student has ever been dropped. She got married. The foundation frowns on any such distracting influences.

"We want stars," Cobb said; "stars in medicine, in law, in teaching and in life. We want to be identified with their success. Here, let me show you some of my students."

He went to a closet across the hall of his rented residence and came back with a stack of index-file jackets. He picked his way through them and singled out some

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with pride. There was a boy from Blairsville, Georgia, who is "bound to become famous"; another boy who already has fought his way to Johns Hopkins University—"I like young people who are willing to fight for their education," Cobb said, gritting his teeth and clenching his fist; the son of a house painter's widow from McRae, Georgia; a disfigured boy, only four feet, eight inches tall, who overcame his handicap, and a boy who works on a farm all summer to be able to go to college.

"The Lincolnesque characters," Cobb repeated, "out of the fields and the mountains."

Last summer a number of the Cobb-scholarship students were invited to meet their benefactor at a session of the foundation board in Atlanta. Seven of them showed up, well scrubbed and barbered and in their Sunday best. They lined up to meet Cobb. The first student shook Ty's hand and began to express his appreciation.

"Mr. Cobb," the awed boy said, "I just want to thank you ——"

The lad could go no further. He broke into tears. Cobb himself broke into tears and embraced the boy. Then the six other students broke into tears, and there wasn't a dry eye among the board members, either. No planned ceremony of appreciation could have so soulfully rewarded Tyrus Raymond Cobb, himself a country boy.

"For the past four and one-half years," Cobb said, returning the jackets to the closet and closing the door, "every fee I have made for public appearances and testimonials has been put into the Cobb Foundation. 'I'll come,' I tell them, 'but it will cost you. I'm not worth it, but I'll charge you what you are paying the others, the check to be made out to the Cobb Educational Foundation.'

"That is one of the main reasons I came back to Georgia. I have met only a few of my boys and girls. What I want to do now is get into my car and drive around to the colleges and meet them, see them at their work, show them that I am personally interested in them. And I shall do it when I am settled down."

These young people have filled to some extent a void created in Cobb's life by tragedies in his own family. In April, 1951, his son Herschel, a Coca-Cola distributor in Santa Maria, California, died suddenly of a heart attack at thirty-three. In September, 1952, Tyrus, Jr., died at the age of forty-two of a brain tumor. Young Tyrus, a practicing physician in the little town of Dublin, Georgia, had become the doctor in old Ty's life.

The three remaining Cobb children—Mrs. C. L. McLaren, Miss Shirley Cobb and Jimmy Cobb—all live in California. So does their mother, the former Shirley Lombard, who was divorced from Cobb in 1947 after thirty-nine years of marriage. A subsequent marriage of Ty's ended in divorce two years ago.

"If I had been a doctor," Cobb said, settled again in his easy chair, "I could have had the companionship of my son. I could have been the beacon that pointed him the way. We could have grown up together in our profession. But I was a ballplayer, and my sons had no inclination toward baseball.

"There is no question in this world that from the time I was twelve or thirteen my father intended me to be a doctor or a lawyer. There was a barrister in Carnesville, one of the old-fashioned barristers who grew his hair long. His name was Col. W. R. Little.

"One day Colonel Little called me into his office. He wanted to acquaint me with Blackstone. 'Come in any time,' he said, 'and read any of my books you'd like.' I'm sure my father was behind this, because he and Colonel Little were close friends. I cracked those books three or four times and they were dry as hell. I knew I didn't want to be a lawyer."

Even after Cobb got started in baseball, an aunt and uncle frequently wrote and suggested that he quit and go to college. "Look at the money I'm making," he would write back. "I can't quit now."

Cobb's wealth has been the subject of much conversation and conjecture over the years. He is frequently called the world's richest baseball player. This is no source of irritation to his pride, but he does get annoyed by snoopers who pry for details.

"Money," he said, half snorting. "I haven't nearly as much as people think. The only outside interest I have left in the world is a commercial property in Twin Falls, Idaho, and I'm trying to divest myself of that. I have not come back to Georgia thinking of any new ventures. I am in the evening of life. I want no loose ends to tie together."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Wilton never goes anywhere without trying to make at least one new friend."

NEW

"Battery-Saver" circuit

in ZENITH "Crusader" QUALITY HEARING AID

increases battery life up to 40%!

Here's important economy news in another *first* from Zenith's creative engineering. Now—with an exclusive "Battery-Saver" built-in, hearing aid battery life is increased up to 40%. And you make the substantial saving!

Ordinary hearing aids draw full power from the batteries at all volume settings. The Zenith "Crusader" draws only the power needed at each volume control setting – no more. And only Zenith has it!

Insist on the greater economy and more dependable operation of the smartly styled, full-powered Zenith "Crusader." So small, women wear it in their hair . . . men wear it behind their neckties. *New "Battery-Saver" circuit at no additional cost.*

Be sure to see it at your nearby Zenith dealer, listed in the "Yellow Pages," or phone him now for a home demonstration.

Economical New Zenith "50-R"

Comparable in performance to other brands costing 4 times as much, the new, lightweight Zenith "50-R" model offers famous Zenith superior quality, plus maximum convenience and economy. Operates for only about 10¢ a week. *Complete hearing satisfaction for only $50!*

- **Ten-Day Money-Back Guarantee**
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- **9 other hearing aids—models for every electronically correctable hearing loss**

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FREE . . . one year's subscription to *Better Hearing*, the interesting national magazine published exclusively for the hard-of-hearing. For subscription, descriptive literature, local dealer list, send to:

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By "outside interests," Cobb means active business ventures, as distinguished from commodities like stocks and bonds of which he still has an abundance.

"It is said that I made a fortune in Coca-Cola and General Motors in the 1920's," he went on. "I don't want to take credit for my investments, but I do want to establish the fact that I had a prior interest and that I did not walk into a bonanza. I played ball in Detroit when the motor industry was just beginning to build up. It was not 'The Motor City' when I went there. I came to know a lot of the men at the top, and I came into a lot of information, and so I had confidence in what I was doing. I bought United Motors long before it was acquired by General Motors, and I knew that I was on solid ground."

Cobb never has lived frugally. But he has demanded full value for his dollar, and he has been a most cautious investor.

Cobb offers the present-day ballplayer this advice: "Play the game hard. Get as much money as you can, and save it. Your baseball career could end with the next pitch or the next slide. It is rare that a man plays this game twenty years. I played as long as I did because I stayed outdoors between seasons."

Two little boys knocked at the door and asked for his autograph. He signed for them, then returned to the big chair, with an inoperative grandfather clock looking over his shoulder, and resumed, "I hunted. I walked with my dogs. Sometimes I'd make as much as twenty or thirty miles a day, wearing weighted boots."

Cobb gave up hunting about four years ago. His athletic activities are limited now to an occasional round of golf, for which he must drive forty miles to the nearest eighteen-hole course, in Athens. Much of his time at home is spent keeping up with his correspondence, which is extensive. He still receives a flattering number of autograph requests by mail. He keeps up on the stock market and on the affairs of the Cobb Educational Foundation.

From time to time he drives his housekeeper, Mrs. Elsie Coffee, an elderly, gracious ex-schoolteacher, into town to buy the groceries and get the mail. He visits briefly with the people he sees. Mostly, however, he stays close to the hearth. He is delighted to have guests in for dinner, but if there are none he watches television. He prefers Lawrence Welk and the quiz shows.

Fine bird dogs were once one of Cobb's luxuries. This began as a hobby, but soon he found he was throwing himself into the sport as fiercely as he once played baseball. He kenneled his dogs with outstanding trainers and followed them in field trials. He was a devotee of the setter.

"I had one fine dog," he said, "a great one. A fellow named Hall, from near Detroit, gave him to me, and so I named him Cobb's Hall. He was a Llewellin setter, as handsome a dog as you'll ever see. He was runner-up to Mary Montrose for the National Bird Dog Championship at Grand Junction, Tennessee, one year. I had a pointer named Connie Mack too. I set Cobb's Hall's stud fee at one hundred dollars in a time when fifty dollars was a top fee, and still he got more business than he could handle."

The telephone rang and Cobb went across the hall to answer it, still dressed at noon in a Scottish-plaid bathrobe and a comfortable pair of old house slippers.

A sports writer was calling long-distance. You could hear Ty's voice rise as he said, "I never deliberately spiked anybody in my life."

Cobb was snorting when he returned to the chair in the parlor. "These legends that grew out of my baseball career are unfair," he said. "They never happened, that's all. They just never happened.

"How could they say I came in with my spikes high and flashing? I used a fadeaway slide. All I wanted was a corner of the bag. How do you deliberately try to spike a man, hooking away from him? Oh, I will have to confess that I tried to spike just two men in my life, Lou Criger and Dutch Leonard. But with good reason."

Criger was a belligerent catcher who viewed Cobb with great scorn; Leonard was a left-handed pitcher. Both did most of their playing for the Boston Red Sox, although their careers there did not overlap.

Cobb went on to attack the legend that he sharpened his spikes in the dugout before a game. "That spike-sharpening incident you've read, it never happened," he said. "It was two other fellows, neither of them regulars. The Yankees had been beating our brains out. These two fellows decided to practice some amateur psychology. As the Yankees came out on the field by the Detroit dugout, here sat these two fellows on the bench, filing their spikes. Neither one of them played. The press had to have a name to make it a story. They chose Cobb.

"Then there used to be a preacher who went about the country giving out interviews in which he told how he had been my coach in Royston, and how he interceded with my father, persuading him to allow me to have my go at professional baseball.

"It never happened, that's all. It just never happened. We had no coach in Royston. We were just a bunch of town boys who got a team together. A boy named Frank Lee kept score and wrote other teams, challenging them for games. Nobody interceded with my father. It was a matter between us.

"There are other stories. Some of them reflect on my character. Some of them are harmless, but most of them never happened. They have been exaggerated and abused and passed on at my expense."

A colorful, artist's conception of a low, rambling house sat in a corner of the parlor. Cobb went over and picked it up for close inspection.

"This is the architect's drawing of my new house," he said. "It will be built of crab-apple stone and red brick. It will sit crosswise of the plateau, and there will be plenty of windows for drinking in the view in all directions and in all its fullness. It will have eight rooms, a carport, and servants' quarters and a guest cottage.

"There will be no front and back yards. What you would call the front, I suppose, will face you as you come down the driveway from the tower. This is where the servants' quarters and guest cottages will be.

"I've never built a house before. I've waited until I am seventy-one. Every man should build at least one house in his lifetime. I'm sorry that I've waited so late, but I've found the right spot. If a man understands the symphony of the winds, and sees the things his soul sees, a man can enjoy living on that mountain."

When Cobb first announced that he planned to sell his home in Atherton, California, and return to Georgia to live, he said that he would settle in Royston, the village of his youth. Royston today is a town of 2000 located exactly 100 miles northeast of Atlanta on busy Highway 29. Cobb demonstrated his affection for the place several years before, when he established a hospital there in memory of his parents. He can still see some familiar faces on the street, but his two closest Royston friends are dead. One was Dr. Stewart Brown, who pitched on Cobb's boyhood team and later operated Cobb Memorial Hospital. The other was Joe Cunningham, the undertaker.

Royston was full of plans for a "Welcome Ty Cobb Day." Townspeople also envisioned a Ty Cobb Library, featuring a room in which mementoes of Ty's baseball career would be displayed. But a hitch developed. Cobb couldn't find a suitable spot in Royston. Ultimately he decided upon his mountain site alongside Cornelia, about twenty-five miles away.

Cornelia entered into no battle with Royston for the glory of housing Ty Cobb. Fact is, local residents were as surprised as anybody else when word got out that Cobb had bought the old Tower Lodge location on Chenocetah Mountain. A distant cousin on his mother's side, a Cornelia auto dealer named Harrison Gailey, showed it to Cobb, and after Ty saw it nothing else would do.

Once it had been a showplace. People came from miles around for the view. Then a man with a wild dream built a motel there, called it Tower Lodge and waited for the customers to storm the doors, which they never did. Some of the motel units still stand, and these will be converted into Cobb's guest quarters.

Cobb last lived in Georgia in 1932. He then sold his property in Augusta and moved his family to California because he liked the climate.

"I didn't want to leave California even now," he explained, "but I have no business connections there any longer. All my children have grown up. It was time for me to look around for a place to come to roost, and naturally I thought of Georgia."

Cobb's interest in baseball is still keen—he stirred up quite a storm in a 1952 magazine article depreciating modern ballplayers—but he no longer sees many big-league games. He corresponds frequently with old baseball friends, especially Fred Haney, manager of the world-champion Milwaukee Braves, who broke into the majors as an infielder under Cobb at Detroit in 1922.

This year Haney invited Ty to visit the Braves' spring-training camp at Bradenton, Florida, and Cobb got a similar invitation from the Detroit Tigers in Lakeland. However, he didn't make it. Ty hasn't been to a training camp since his last season as a ballplayer in 1928.

When major-league baseball made its appearance on the West Coast this year, Cobb could not resist the urge to be on the scene. He flew to California and spent three weeks, mostly around San Francisco. He was there for the Giants' opening game and returned to the box-seat section several times again. He freely predicted that the major leagues had a great life ahead of them in the West, though earlier, back in Georgia, he had viewed with some skepticism the migration of the Giants and the Dodgers.

Cobb also continues to make trips about the country to participate in ballpark festivities featuring former stars of the game. When the Detroit Tigers issued invitations to retired players for an "Old-timers Day" there June twenty-eighth, Cobb was the first to accept.

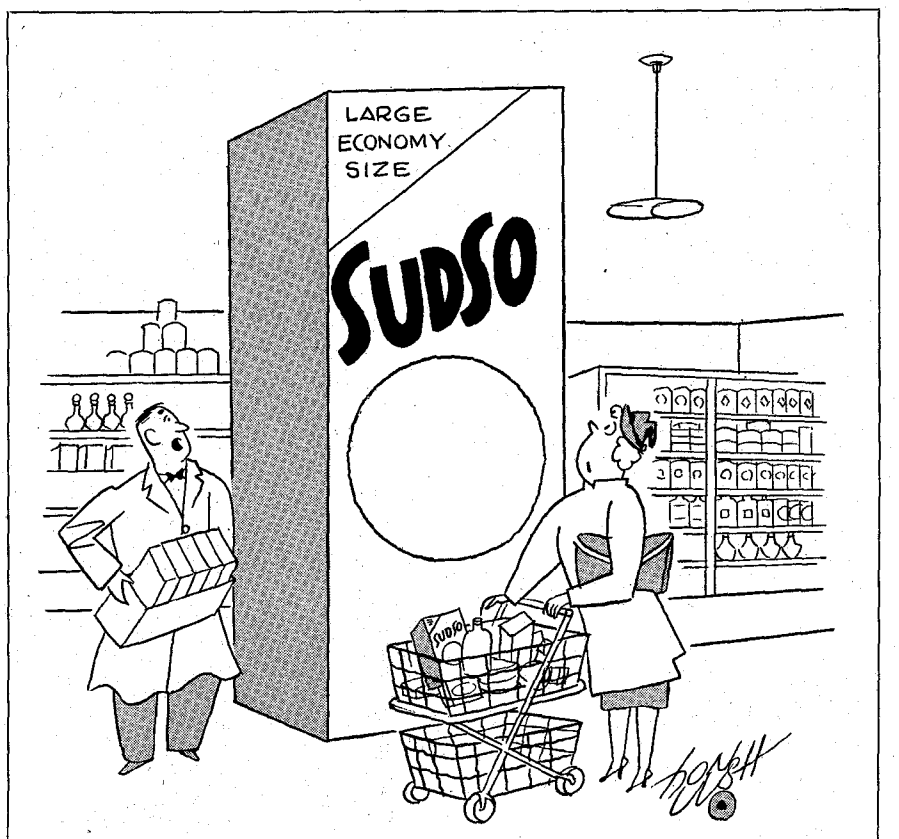
In his new Georgia home there will be lonely hours for Ty, for the people of the area are timid about approaching Tyrus Raymond Cobb. His intimate friends in Cornelia are few, as yet. The people he sees most often include Col. Ralph C. Scott, an elderly attorney; Cliff C. Kimsey, a banker; Clark O'Neill, a trucking-company official; and Harry Purvis, an official of the Lumite Company plant.

Cobb has not entered very much into civic affairs, but he does attend services at Cornelia Christian Church, where cousin Harrison Gailey is a deacon. He also has gone to Kiwanis and Chamber of Commerce luncheons. Last fall he showed up at a night softball game between the Methodists and the Baptists, and went to bat once for each side. When young people mobbed him for his autograph, he appeared to be in his element.

However, when Cornelia wanted to organize a Ty Cobb Day, with parades, bands and speeches, he balked.

"There is a quality about the people where a fellow is born that makes him feel like he belongs," Cobb explains. "This is the country where I belong. I don't want to be set aside from the rest of the people. I just want to ease into life here without any parades or any fanfare. Just let me move in and belong. That's all that this fellow Cobb wants here."

THE END



"It's for large dirty families."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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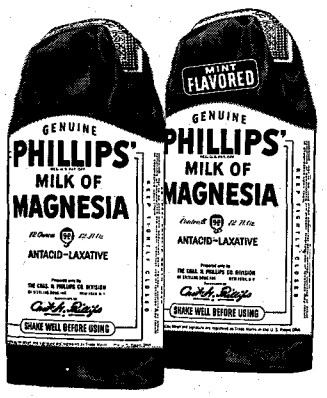

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia
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My Son Was Blinded at Birth

(Continued from Page 25)

I don't mean to imply that we wore long faces all the time. We didn't. With four other children around the house—Bill, sixteen; Vivien, fifteen; Ralph, nine; and Richard, a rollicking three-year-old—life held many welcome distractions. There were happy family occasions, torn jeans to mend, report cards to frown over, a mortgage to meet and a hundred other things to occupy our minds. Yet Lorne's plight was never out of our thoughts for long. Especially for Alfreda, who was with him almost constantly, the simplest happenings could bring painful reminders. One time when she was wheeling Lorne down the street in his carriage, an elderly woman stopped to admire him. She quickly noticed a vacant look about his face.

"What's wrong?" she asked gently. Alfreda told her, then cried the rest of the way home.

For my part, being sales engineer for a pump-manufacturing firm took a great deal of my attention. But each time I saw a little boy on a tricycle or passed a couple of kids playing catch, I found myself trying to imagine Lorne in their places. The picture was always blurred, out of focus.

Another seven months went by before Lorne even learned to sit up. He still showed little interest in the world around him. For all we knew, this pattern might continue for the rest of his life. We didn't know what to do or where to turn.

At this point, the Hospital for Sick Children referred Lorne's case to the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. The C.N.I.B. maintains forty-six offices across Canada for the rehabilitation of people who are blind or nearly so. Alfreda and I were vaguely aware of the C.N.I.B.'s work—our United Appeal donations helped support it—but we had no idea the agency dealt with children as young as Lorne. The fact is it hadn't, until a few weeks earlier, when a preschool service was set up in Ontario under the direction of Jean Whitelaw, a schoolteacher who'd formerly done social work at settlement houses in Toronto and New York.

We learned this the first time Miss Whitelaw came to visit us. She was a pleasant woman with graying brown hair and an air of quiet competence. We knew she wanted to help us, but I can't say that we accepted her too eagerly. For one thing, she told us Lorne would eventually have to go away to the Ontario School for the Blind, a free institution operated by the provincial government. To us, it seemed as if we'd be giving our child away.

But something else bothered us even more, and Miss Whitelaw quickly sensed it. "You've already raised four children," she said. "I don't suppose you can learn much from an old maid like me."

"No," Alfreda replied. "It's my problem." This was one of our blind spots, common to many people with handicapped children. Both of us felt that by turning to an outsider we'd be admitting failure as parents. Inwardly—irrationally—we may even have blamed ourselves for Lorne's blindness.

At any rate, Miss Whitelaw didn't press the point. Instead, she pulled a neat switch. "Well, maybe you can help me," she said. "We want to try out some new toys to see how blind children react to them. Do you mind?"

Not a bit. Alfreda was glad to help someone. After that, Miss Whitelaw turned up every few months or so. On one of her first visits she got down on the floor with Lorne. When he curled his fist around one of her fingers, she slowly extended his arm and rubbed his hands over the rug, his blanket, her own sleeve and one of his neglected toys.

"We have to show him there's a pleasant world outside himself," she said. "He can't see it, but he can learn a lot about it with his hands and his ears." From her handbag she produced a rubber ball. She let him feel it. As the ball turned, bells tinkled. Almost imperceptibly, Lorne cocked his head, listening. He touched the ball again—more tinkles—and for the first time we saw a look of genuine interest on his face. It was a long time coming, but it meant more to us than I can possibly explain. Thenceforth we picked out Lorne's toys for their interesting sounds and surfaces, not for the bright colors and shapes that appeal to sighted youngsters.

Most people don't realize how much of a child's knowledge comes through seeing and imitating. Miss Whitelaw kept telling us, "Show him how things work." We spent hours pushing toy automobiles around the floor, guiding Lorne's hand after them. We worked with his legs, putting one in front of the other, until one day at the age of eighteen months he crawled by himself.

Lorne's development was extremely slow, however, and often very discouraging. Several times Alfreda took him to doctors to make sure he wasn't being retarded by more than his lack of sight. Once, when he was about two, she told a doctor that she was soon going to cut off his long baby curls.

The doctor shook his head. "You're worried," he said, "because Lorne's so slow that you still have to take him around in a carriage. If you cut his hair, next time you park him outside the supermarket you may hear someone say, 'Look at that little boy, still in a go-cart!' That'll hurt. Don't make him look his age until he starts to act it. One of these days he'll surprise you."

And he did. It happened one evening about four months later. At Miss Whitelaw's suggestion, our three older boys had invented several active and noisy games to catch Lorne's attention. One was called "train." Led by Bill, a strapping teen-ager, they'd line up in descending order of size, hands on hips of the boy in front, and go stomping around the house, puffing and hooting.

Three times on this particular evening the caboose—that is, Lorne—came loose and sat down. Three times I picked him up, fixed his grip on the seat of Richard's trousers and sent him on his way. But the fourth time, before I could come to his aid, the caboose got up by himself. He teetered unsteadily; then took three steps under his own steam. It's a big moment when any baby walks for the first time, but I doubt if any parents have ever felt a greater surge of joy—and relief—than we knew that night.

Not long after Lorne learned to walk, he started to talk. This gave us another means of communicating with him, but he still had to see and understand with his hands. All of us McKees spent weeks and months guiding him around to examine everything a normal child would have taken in with his eyes. He got to know the shape, feel and location of every piece of furniture at home. He "saw" water coming from the kitchen faucets, felt the bulk and coolness of a refrigerator and the warmth of a stove. We also showed him the outside world. We must have looked pretty foolish at times—pawing around in the grass, feeling for trees, flowers, lampposts and fire hydrants.

When a friend dropped in one day, Lorne told her, "Yesterday I saw a nice garbage can."

I may be pardoned for saying that at times the little guy constituted a large pain in the neck. For with his new ability to talk came an endless torrent of questions: "Where's Ralphie?" "At school." "What school?" "Norway public school." "Is it nice?" "Very nice." "Where is it?" "Just a few blocks away." "Oh. Can you see it?" "Not right now." "Why not?" "Because there are a lot of houses in the way. Now let's talk about something else." "All right, where's Vivien?"

As Lorne got older and tried to do more, he ran into new difficulties. Walking, he'd stumble over things and fall. Playing with a toy, he might put it down and then be unable to find it. To watch your child reach for something in front of him and miss it time and again by a foot or a (*Continued on Page 60*)

What's Going On Here?

A charming matron stitches busily on a flag of stars and stripes. The design is one which was worked out by a commander noted for his heroism in battling the British. The new flag receives congressional approval. Eight days later it flies bravely above the Capitol of the United States. Who made the flag, and who designed it?

Barlow Bridges

(Answer on Page 60)

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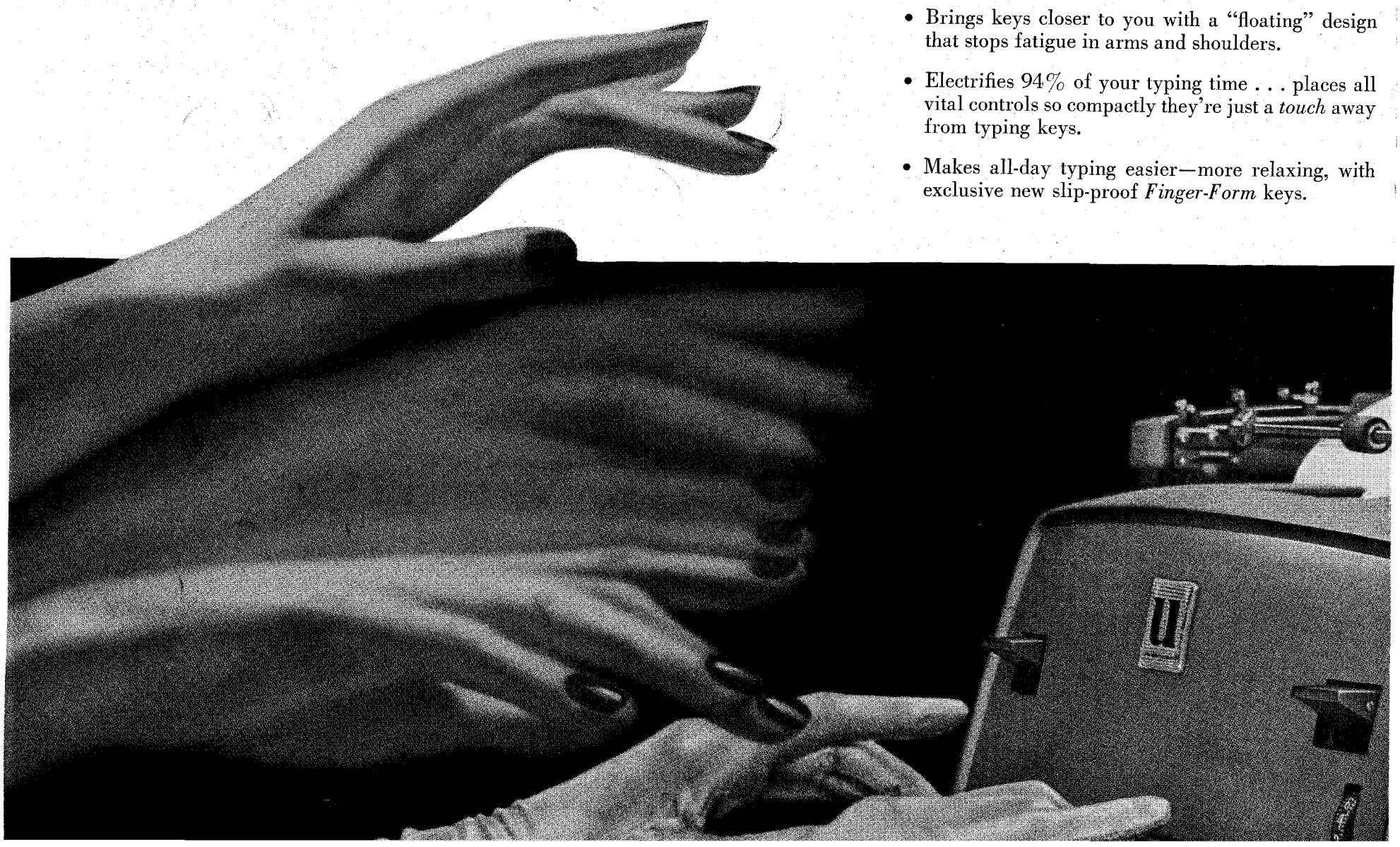

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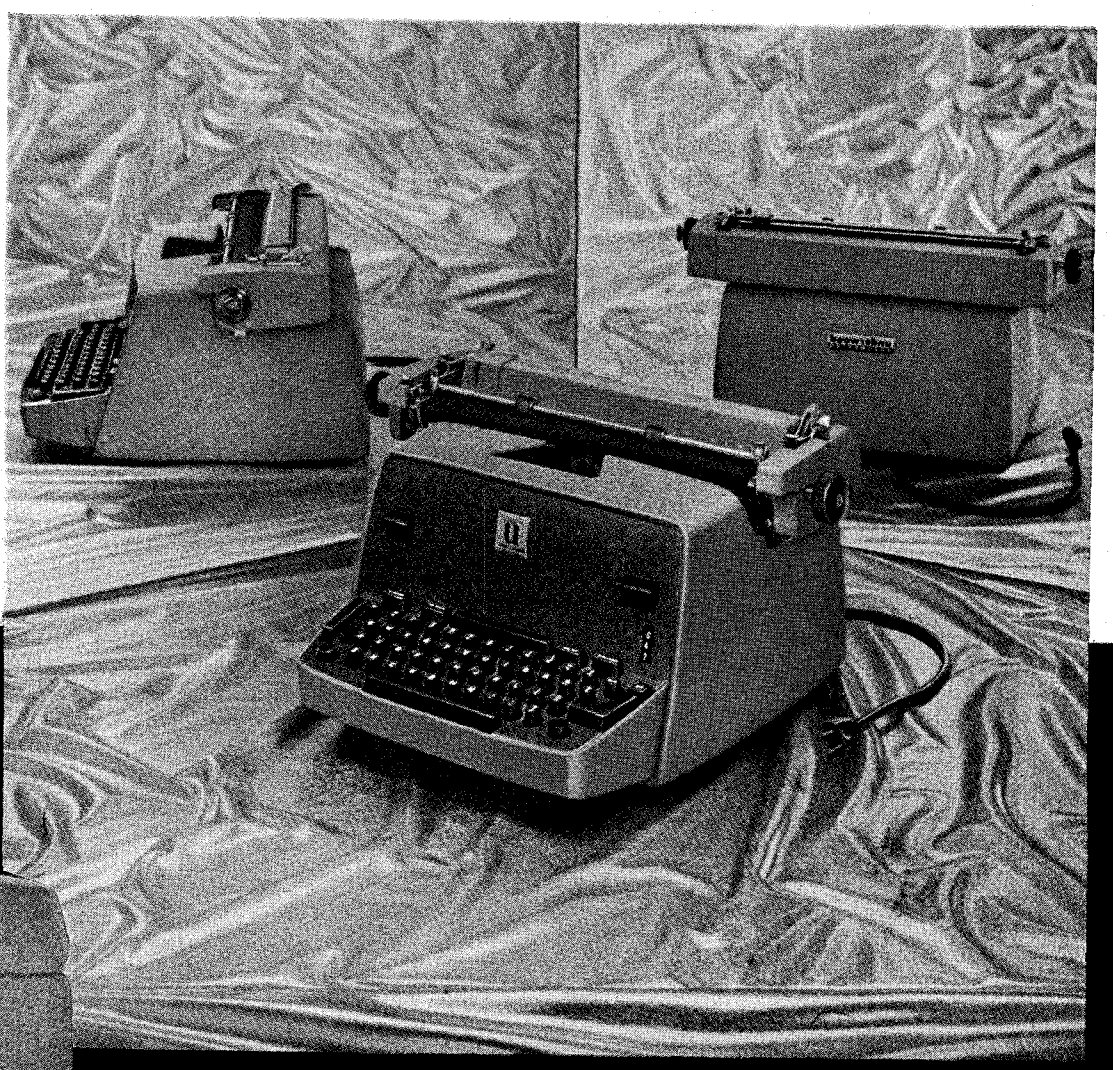

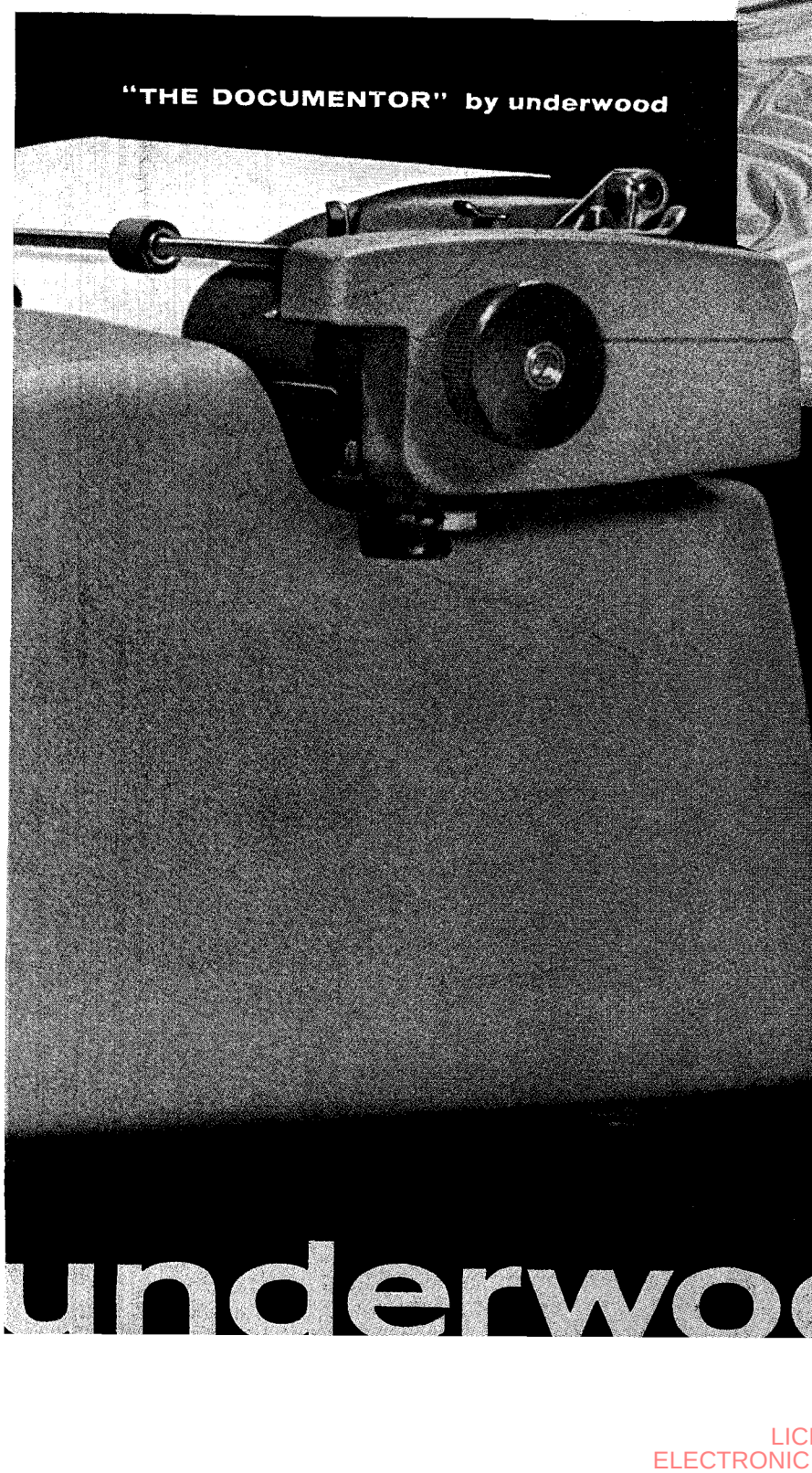

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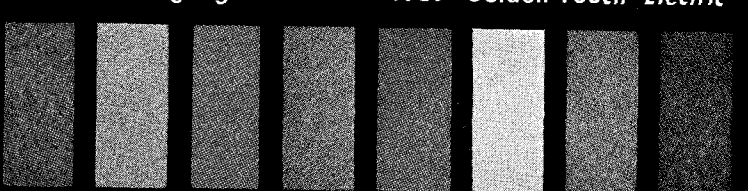

underwood

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(*Continued from Page 56*) quarter of an inch is almost unbearably agonizing.

This brings up another blind spot we found hard to overcome. Though we raised our other children with what I like to think was a proper amount of discipline, in Lorne's case we tended to be too easy. When he deserved a lecture or a spanking, he rarely got it. Whenever he encountered problems, someone always came to the rescue. If he threw a toy away in anger, as he did increasingly, someone kindly fetched it back.

Now, it's only natural to want to coddle and cuddle a blind child: feeling sorry for him, you try to make his life as easy as possible. Yet that well-meaning attitude, in the long run, can make it even harder. For handicapped people need every bit of self-reliance they can learn as children.

We still hadn't grasped this point fully when a second stranger, Doris Weaver, entered our lives. Jean Whitelaw brought her to see us shortly after Lorne's third birthday. A small woman with corn-yellow hair and large hazel eyes, Miss Weaver was a former nursery-school teacher who'd just joined the staff of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. Because the C.N.I.B.'s preschool service in Ontario had grown so rapidly—from 40 children to more than 100 in two years—she was taking on some of Miss Whitelaw's work, including Lorne's case.

Once again we felt misgivings about accepting the help of an outsider. So Doris Weaver played it cozy. At first, instead of advice she brought only stacks of children's records. When Alfreda wanted to get some housework done, she'd put them on the phonograph to keep Lorne amused. Then, when he knew all the songs by heart, Miss Weaver would turn up with a few new ones. "I felt like an insurance salesman," she has told me. "But I had to keep my foot in the door."

Meanwhile, partly because we found it so hard to reprimand him, Lorne was developing a spectacular temper. When he was angry or frustrated, he threw things. Once, in a tantrum, he yanked the cloth off the dinner table and dumped a pot roast in my lap. He frequently confused day with night. Having slept all day, he'd want to play all night. So Alfreda would sit up with him. I remember suggesting to her that we should call in a psychiatrist—only I wasn't sure whether he should treat Lorne or the rest of the family.

At any rate, we finally realized that we needed help in coping with Lorne's blindness—even if we didn't want it—and we began looking forward to Miss Weaver's visits. She spent many long, patient hours with Lorne, whispering encouragement while he tried to master a wide variety of peg boards and other educational toys. Gradually his hands became deft at fitting the right peg into the right hole, and his face lit up at the small triumph. Sometimes, however, he got impatient and threw everything away from him. Instead of chasing his toys, as we'd done so often, Miss Weaver waited until he realized he had nothing left to play with. Then she made him search for them himself. He came to learn that things he threw away wouldn't come back by themselves. Whenever he did something well, Miss Weaver expressed her delight. But if he threw a tantrum, she spoke sharply and he knew his friend wasn't pleased. If he stumbled over something, she taught him to feel around until he discovered what had tripped him up and fixed it in his mind. His progress was slow and difficult, marked by small advances like this one from Miss Weaver's records: "He is now drinking from a glass, without throwing it when he is finished." Another entry notes the time she came to our house and found Lorne playing in the back yard with another kid: "The children fought over Lorne's toys, but the McKees let them settle their own squabbles." We were learning too.

Not long after Miss Weaver began visiting us, Alfreda mentioned to her that when Lorne was outdoors he always seemed to sit with the left side of his face turned toward the sun. Many blind people can tell the difference between brightness and shadows, and Miss Weaver began to suspect that Lorne could distinguish even more. One afternoon she held a phonograph record up to a sunlit window and asked him what it was. When he replied, "It's a book," Alfreda was disappointed. But Miss Weaver beamed happily. "If he'd said it was a record," she explained, "it would just be a guess, because any records he's touched have been round. This one's in a folder. It's square, like a book. So he *did* see it!"

A further examination revealed that there was indeed a tiny splinter of vision in Lorne's left eye. It wasn't much, but it was something to be thankful for. Knowing this, we were able to teach him to follow the vague outline of the curb on our street. He walked with his head tilted crazily, but after a while he learned to find his own way around our neighborhood and it gave him an independence we'd never dreamed he could possess.

By the time Lorne was four years old we were beginning to think seriously of his formal education. We knew—none too happily—that he'd eventually have to go away to a special school for the blind. So we were both surprised and delighted the day Miss Weaver suggested, "Let's try him in a regular nursery." She meant a prekindergarten nursery for the sighted, operated by the city to care for the children of working mothers.

"Wonderful," Alfreda said. "But will they accept a blind child?"

Miss Weaver wasn't sure—no one had ever tried it before—but she went to City Hall to find out. One of the officials she talked to was all for it—he happened to have twin nieces who were both R.L.F. victims—but several others were doubtful. They said a blind child might require

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Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 56)

Not Betsy Ross, but Mrs. Samuel Chester Reid, wife of an American naval hero of the War of 1812. Captain Reid is officially credited with designing the United States flag as we now know it: Thirteen stripes and a star for each state, with the stars in rows. Earlier, a stripe, as well as a star, was added for each new state. By 1818, the flag bore fifteen stripes and the big question was whether to add five more, as there were twenty states by then. Instead, Congress adopted Reid's suggestion. Mrs. Reid made the flag to the approved pattern.

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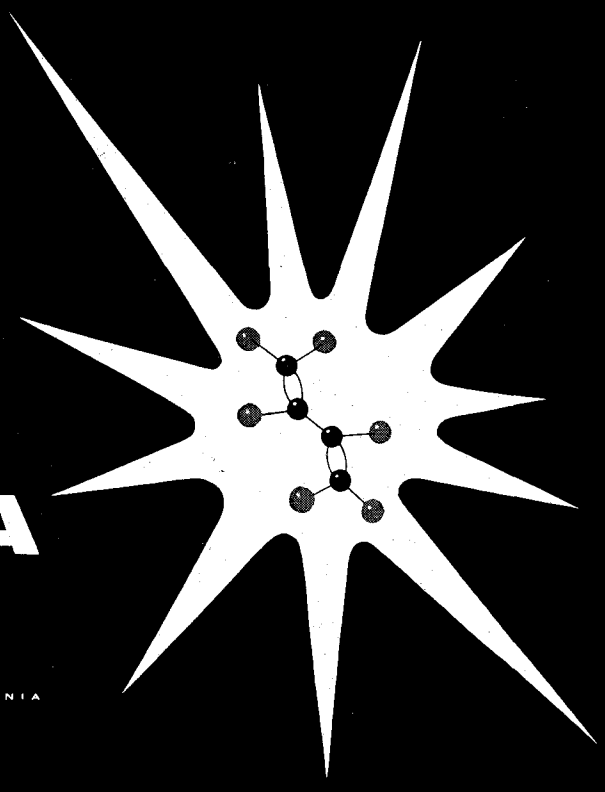

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too much of the teacher's attention. Finally, Miss Weaver made a deal: she'd take Lorne to school and stay with him all day for a two-week trial period.

So, in February of 1952, with her heart in her mouth, Alfreda went along with Miss Weaver to start Lorne off on his first day at school. The Kemberley nursery was a bright building with colorful pictures of animals on the walls. These weren't for Lorne, but the sandbox, the blocks and the toy trains were. There was music, laughter and song. All the action games that children love were at Lorne's finger tips. As Alfreda stood on the side lines, she saw two little fair-headed lads approach Lorne.

"Are your eyes broken?" one of them asked, gazing seriously into his face.

"Yes."

"O.K.," he said. Then the two of them took Lorne by the hand, and from then on they were pals.

Each day for ten days, until Lorne had settled nicely into the nursery routine, Miss Weaver called for him at home in the morning and walked ten blocks with him to and from school. He advanced quickly at the nursery. When his teacher passed around cut-out colored shapes to be pasted into pictures, Lorne put his pieces together in a patternless mess. But he had fun doing it. His hand co-ordination improved and he gained the same dexterity, if not the same artistry, as his sighted playmates. Since Lorne's time, other blind children have been admitted to city-run nurseries in Toronto, and we're proud to think that he helped to make it possible for them.

At the age of five he went on to a regular kindergarten in another public school. At first the principal was so chary about admitting him that he made me sign a promise not to sue in the event of a schoolyard accident. He later confessed, however, that having a blind child in their midst had taught the other kids something about helping others.

For us, after our earlier despair, it was wonderful to see Lorne getting along so well among normal children. Just before his sixth birthday his Sunday-school class put on a little Nativity play. Lorne spoke his lines perfectly and I'm sure no one in the audience realized that Saint Joseph was blind.

All too soon it was the dreaded day in September, 1954, when we took Lorne to Brantford, a small city about eighty miles from Toronto, to place him in the Ontario School for the Blind. All of us were pretty upset and gloomy on the way, but things didn't seem so bad when we got there. The junior school turned out to be a bright one-story building with every modern device for educating blind children. And when we left him there, though it was a tearful parting all around, we knew he would have a better chance now of equipping himself to make his way in the world.

Today Lorne is about to go into the fourth grade. He reads and writes in Braille, works out his arithmetic on a special complicated-looking computer and studies geography by running his sensitive fingers over relief maps. His letters to us are pricked out in Braille, with translations supplied by a teacher, and they are usually cheerful and chatty. "The pine trees look pretty covered with snow," he wrote last St. Valentine's Day. "We saw a big elm that had just been cut down."

Lorne is a tall boy now, thinner than most youngsters his age, but he's strong and healthy. He skates all winter on the school rink, where the boys play hockey with a tin puck. It rattles and bangs across the ice with a telltale sound that the blind lads follow with amazing precision. They do gym work, too, with hobby horses, wall bars, pulleys and weights. They run relays, climb ropes like monkeys, tumble and wrestle. Lorne is musical too. He blows a pleasant cornet in the school band, plays an accordion his brother Bill brought home to him after a tour in Germany with the Canadian Army, and he is studying piano.

The most heartening thing of all is that the boy is becoming more self-reliant all the time. Every other Friday afternoon a taxi driver picks him up at the school and puts him on a train for Toronto. He travels by himself, knows most of the conductors by their voices and talks easily with the passengers. I meet him at the station and bring him home for the weekend.

With the splinter of sight in one eye, he can get around the neighborhood in daylight, call on friends or run errands to the corner store. When we go away to our summer cottage, where there's no traffic to bother him, he even rides a bicycle by himself.

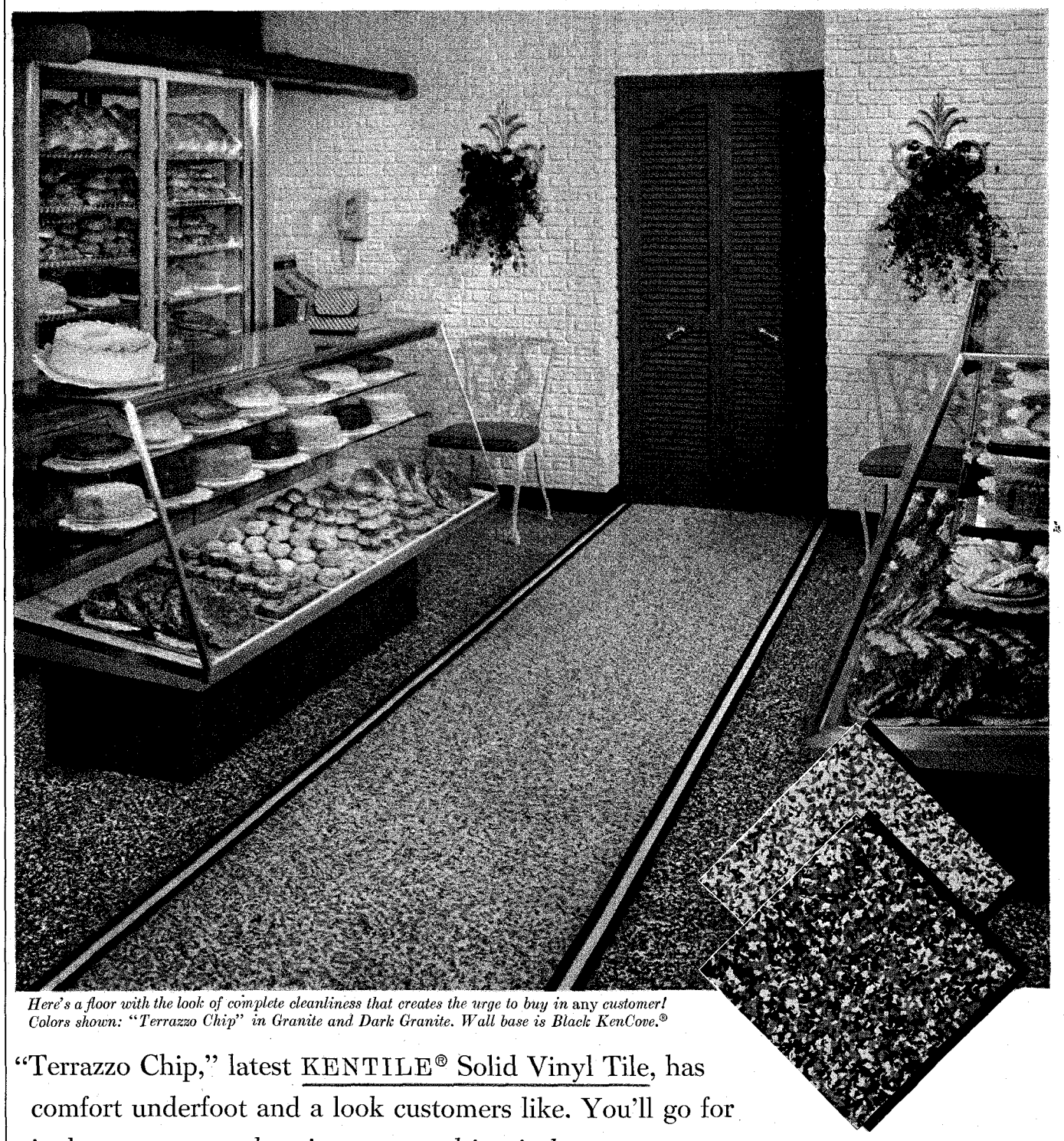
What lies ahead for Lorne? He's doing pretty well in school now and maybe he will go on to college, as so many blind boys and girls are doing. Few fields are closed to the blind these days. They are writers, entertainers, social workers, lawyers, professors—the list grows longer every year.

Alfreda and I don't worry about Lorne any more. He seems to be right on the target and he is getting plenty of skillful guidance to keep him there. But when I see him today and remember the fear and the near-despair we felt a few years ago, I thank God for the help we've had in coping with Lorne's blindness—and our own.

THE END

KENTILE VINYL

ON TODAY'S SMARTEST FLOORS



Here's a floor with the look of complete cleanliness that creates the urge to buy in any customer! Colors shown: "Terrazzo Chip" in Granite and Dark Granite. Wall base is Black KenCove.®

"Terrazzo Chip," latest KENTILE® Solid Vinyl Tile, has comfort underfoot and a look customers like. You'll go for its longer wear and easier care resulting in lower maintenance costs. Greaseproof, resists denting, most stains. Can be installed most anywhere indoors.

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Just 12 minutes from box to bowl — an Italian-style feast: spaghetti, sauce with Meat or Mushrooms, grated cheese. About 15¢ a serving.

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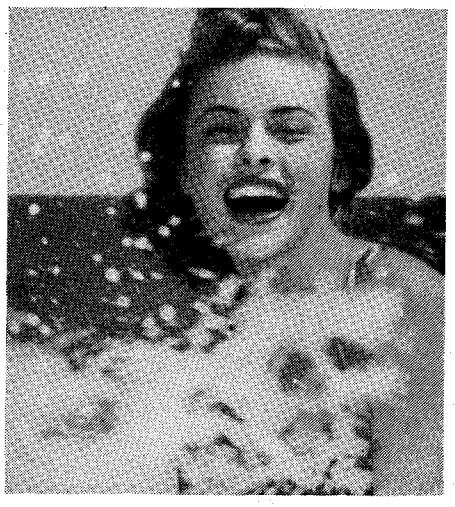
Will this be you...when



others are having fun?

Playing "stay-away" when others are literally "in the swim" of summer activity? If that's the kind of summer you want, you might as well cross off just about *15 days* from the calendar right now! Why, you'll be losing as much as a vacation's worth of fun—just because of time-of-the-month!

Why should you sit it out when you *can enjoy the freedom of Tampax® internal sanitary protection!* Imagine how wonderful it is to have done with the belt-pin-pad problem—to be so cool and comfortable you're hardly aware of wearing a protection! Tampax is so easy to insert, change, dispose of—*takes only seconds.* Odor can't form. There's nothing like the comfort and daintiness of Tampax—particularly on hot, humid days!

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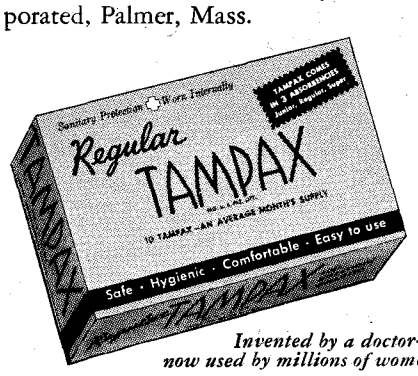
NO PADS
NO ODOR

There's just no reason to put up with worries and discomforts a month longer! Change to Tampax now—and have fun *all summer long!* Choose from Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies wherever drug products are sold. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

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Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.
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(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____

The Chains of Fear

(Continued from Page 45)

"Why, whom could he tell? He's in solitary."

"And what if he's summoned by another investigator? However, I'll see to that. I'll tell you this, though: You've acted as you should in reporting everything to me. You won't regret it. Go back now and—keep quiet! I'll tell the chief myself and then pass along to you whatever's necessary."

Having dismissed Yakhontov, Suprunov went to Lyubkin. When Lyubkin had read Variskin's declaration and heard what Suprunov had to say, all thought of Elena Dmitrievna or of anything else flew out of his mind. Pressing his lips together, he began to think. He had enemies, here in the directorate, and in Moscow as well. There were enemies everywhere. This accusation of Variskin's was obvious nonsense, but so was the accusation brought against Variskin himself.

"It's a serious business," he said quietly and thoughtfully.

"Of course it's serious!" repeated Suprunov gloomily. "They liquidate people on less excuse, if they think it's necessary."

Suprunov winked somberly at Lyubkin, and Lyubkin understood. He got up, and they went into the corner out of hearing of the microphone and sat close to each other.

"We have to stop it before it goes farther!" said Lyubkin.

"Of course! But how?"

"To the wall with both of them, Yakhontov and Variskin. Tomorrow!"

"You can't send them to the wall that easily," Suprunov said quietly. "If you execute them without the troika, how will you explain afterward? Liquidate them without the wall."

"Have you thought how?"

"No, only in rough outline, so far. But leave it to me. I'll take care of it."

"What am I to be, then, an outsider?"

"Yes, exactly," said Suprunov. "That's it exactly." He glanced at Variskin's declaration. "And you won't be leaving that around, will you?"

The question was a simple one, posed in a simple fashion, but Lyubkin was somewhat shocked by it. His reaction was hardly noticeable; only in his eyebrows and the corners of his mouth was there a trace of it; nevertheless, he was distinctly shocked. Something in the question stung him.

"I'll destroy it," he said. "And if you want," he added, "I'll destroy it before your eyes. We'll do it together. Now."

Suprunov shrugged. "What for? I trust you."

"You? Me?"

Lyubkin stood, and it seemed to Suprunov that his face had softened. "You and I, Pavel —— We —— I'll tell you one thing: you're all that I have to depend on. I have no one I can trust but you."

"And you're the only one I trust, Efrem."

"Since that day. Remember?"

"How could I forget it?"

"We'll stick together!"

"Absolutely!"

Lyubkin took up the written declaration and glanced from the paper to Suprunov and back. "It might be interesting," he said slowly, "to talk with this Variskin, devil take him!"

"What difference does it make?"

"This here!" Lyubkin snapped his fingers at the statement. "All right, so he thought it up. But is that all there is to it, then? He thought it up, but—but he believes it himself, I think!"

"Who knows?" Suprunov laughed indifferently. "Maybe he does."

Lyubkin was about to make a step toward his desk, but stopped and turned sharply toward Suprunov. "He doesn't know either of us. So you do just this, Pavlusha! It won't do to bring him here; he might suspect something. So you choose some room and call him up as if you were another interrogator. And I'll sit to one side and look on."

When Suprunov had gone, Lyubkin sat in his armchair, thinking how comfortable and soft it was; and as he leaned back he realized that he was tired—horribly tired. He had longed to rest, but something stirred and worried him. The Variskin danger could be eliminated: Variskin to the wall, Yakhontov to the wall, and the deposition into the stove. But something continued to depress him.

Suddenly he remembered Elena Dmitrievna. He snatched the receiver off the hook and dialed the number. The ring sounded in the receiver a long time before she answered.

"Hello!"

"You fell asleep?" he snapped angrily.

"Yes; I went to bed."

"Well, don't go back to sleep. I'm coming right over."

Elena Dmitrievna was waiting for him. When she opened the door, he went past her without a word of greeting, walking into the room with long, heavy strides before he turned toward her. "Is there any cognac?"

"Of course."

"Let's have some."

Half an hour later, Lyubkin looked at his watch. It was half past one. "Oho!" he said. "Time to go!"

"You're leaving?"

"I've got a lot of work."

"Well, go, then, but can you wait five minutes more?"

"Why?"

"I want to tell you something."

"What?"

"Perhaps it won't interest you in the least and, to tell the truth, I don't know why I want to tell you, but I keep wanting and wanting to."

Perplexed, Lyubkin turned toward her.

"For a long while, for several days or more," she continued, "I've been wanting to tell you this, but I put it off because I didn't know if it was true or not, myself. But now I know. Now I'm sure that it's the truth. I feel it with all my heart." She paused and looked into his eyes. Never before had she looked at him like this. "I love you!" she said suddenly, lowering her voice as if afraid of her own words.

Lyubkin stood there, stunned. This word "love" sounded out of another world, and for a moment this other world flashed before his eyes, bringing new colors, new light, new odor. But almost as quickly it vanished, and he was himself again—Lyubkin.

"And what do you mean by that?" he asked awkwardly.

"I don't know." She sighed sadly and shook her head. "I don't know anything. It's love, only ——" She stood up. "Only we're not going to talk about this!" she cried. "You've got to go? Then go! And don't say anything now. It's time for you to go!"

"It's time for me to go, of course, but ——"

"Go!"

Lyubkin was confused. He did not know exactly what to do. Should he go? Could he go without saying anything?

"You ——" he began uncertainly. "You —— This is a tremendous thing!" He found words, but did not know whether they were the right ones or not.

She laughed gently. "Tremendous?"

"Tremendous," he repeated with unexpected sincerity and conviction.

"And you don't know how to answer me? All right, I'll help you. Don't say anything. Don't talk; just leave. Leave this minute." With a spring, she jumped into bed, muffled herself in the covers right up to her chin, and shut her eyes. "Not a word more. Leave!"

As soon as he had returned from Lyubkin's office, Suprunov summoned Yakhontov on the telephone. Realizing why he was being summoned, Yakhontov went at once, both anxious and nervous. He was used to seeing Suprunov officially cold and distant, and was therefore surprised when the latter greeted him with a smile of encouragement and welcome.

"You've come? All right, that's fine," he said, praising him, as if Yakhontov might have disobeyed him and not come when he called. "Sit down."

Yakhontov sat down.

Suprunov stretched in his chair and looked at him, smiling. "Work, work," he said. "I'm devilishly tired and now there's this nonsense with your Variskin. Just nonsense, eh?" He winked at Yakhontov slyly.

"Of course, nonsense," repeated Yakhontov a little dubiously.

"But we can't pigeonhole it! It would stick way (*Continued on Page 68*)

"And now what do you suggest to climax this gay, exciting anniversary celebration?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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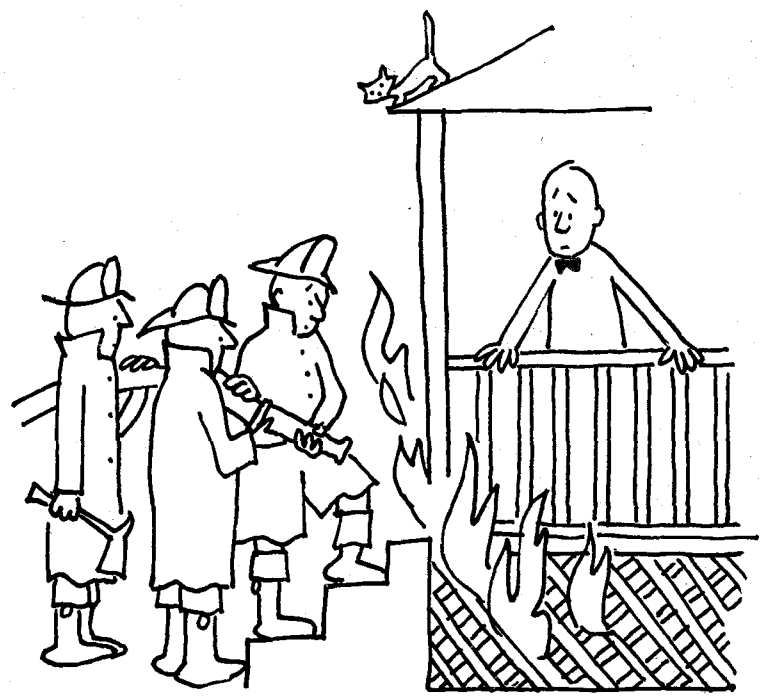
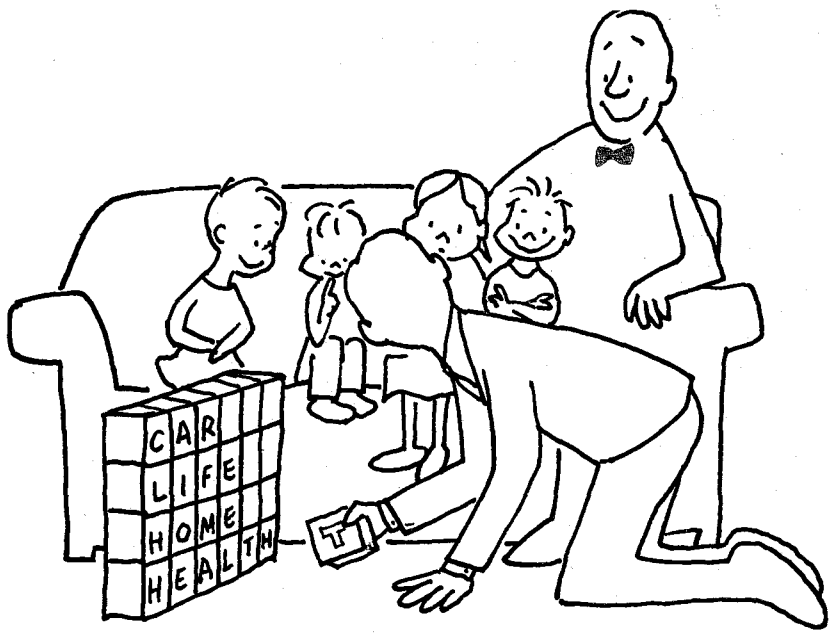


1.

While Ed Ney's home burned merrily, insured at half its price,
He groaned, "I wish I'd harkened to the Travelers man's advice.
What if *all* of my insurance is protecting yesterday?
I'd better stow the crying towel and call him right away."

2.

"First off," the man from Travelers said, "we'd better understand
Exactly where your guard is down and where you're in command.
For instance, your insurance will provide for *half* your brood,
But maybe *all* your offspring have a college aptitude.



3.

"Your coverage cannot give your wife the comfort she'd prefer;
Yet look—you've got *two* policies to guard her single fur!
I'll overhaul this hodgepodge for you—if you're so inclined,
And build a balanced program—life, car, health, home, *every* kind."

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Today the Neys can really live—tomorrow's worry-free,
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Revolving Shelves and big Roll-Out Freezer put all foods at your fingertips!

Only the new "Straight-Line" General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers give you these features! Plus . . . no coils in back, no dirt-collecting waste space!

Available in 15-cubic-foot or 13-cubic-foot capacity. Right- or left-hand doors. In Mix-or-Match colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Woodtone Brown—and white.

Everything is so conveniently at hand . . . *at your touch!*

Just a touch brings the food to you on General Electric's exclusive Revolving Shelves. There are no hard-to-reach corners because the food in back rides smoothly and easily out to the front. All the food you want whenever you want it—at your fingertips. And there's so much space on these shelves for your foods.

So sensible, so practical are General Electric Revolving Shelves that *they make all other refrigerator shelves old-fashioned.*

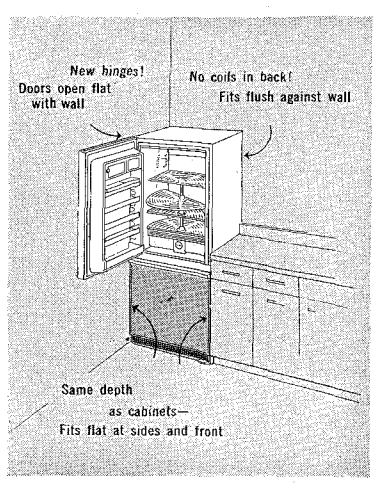
And the new General Electric is the easiest-to-clean refrigerator ever. You never have to remove shelves or food. Just revolve the shelves to one side to expose the refrigerator walls.

General Electric Revolving Shelves are sturdy, too. They are constructed so that each shelf can support as much as 150 pounds.

The big refrigerator section defrosts *automatically*. No pans to empty. No clocks to set. No buttons to push.

Added feature of the new General Electric are the four handy Ice Ejector Trays which drop cubes into a large storage container in the top of the Roll-Out Freezer section.

Cleaning Problem Solved with "Straight-Line" Design


New hinges!
Doors open flat with wall
No coils in back!
Fits flush against wall
Same depth as cabinets—
Fits flat at sides and front

No dirt-collecting waste spaces. Sides, top, back are flat and straight. Front lines up evenly with cabinets. Does not stick out.

General Electric Refrigerators come in heights and widths to fit your present kitchen arrangement. Ask your General Electric dealer about his easy terms and generous trade-in allowance. Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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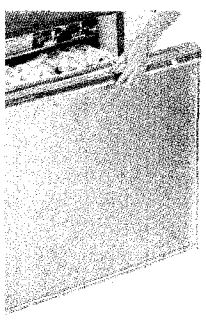
15-cubic-foot
REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER COMBINATION

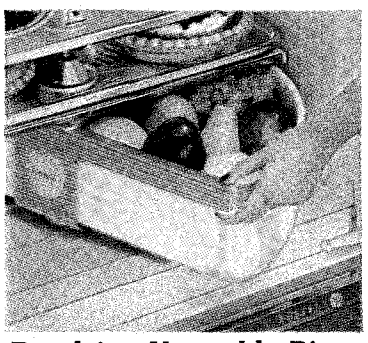
UCH . . . and the shelves revolve . . . all food is within easy reach.

So many work-saving conveniences . . . at a touch!

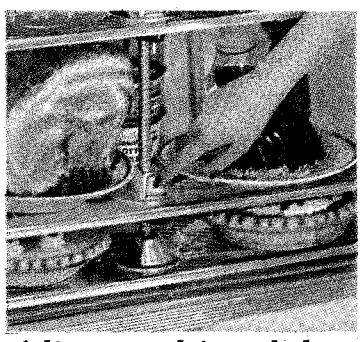


zero-degree freezer out at a touch. Holds up pounds. Two roomy draw- removable for cleaning.

Magnetic Safety Door opens at a touch of the foot pedal. With no latch, it helps protect children from being locked inside.



Revolving Vegetable Bins open at a touch. Two extra-large removable bins hold nearly a bushel of fruits and vegetables.



Adjust revolving shelves to accommodate a pie or bulky ham. Press button, turn shelf to adjust without unloading food.

Dependable!
More than
4,000,000
General Electric
Refrigerators
in use 10 years
or longer.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(*Continued from Page 64*) out!" joked Suprunov. "I told the chief," he added in a businesslike tone.

"What did he say?" Yakhontov could not hold back, although he realized a second later that he should not have asked.

"He laughed, of course," answered Suprunov simply, as though speaking to an equal. "But you understand, don't you"—he lowered his tone a little—"that in cases like this you have to be careful." He lowered his voice further, "You know your way around. The boss is going to Moscow tomorrow to report."

For Suprunov to speak to him in a confidential tone reassured and strengthened Yakhontov.

"I'll tell you quite frankly, Comrade Yakhontov," Suprunov went on. "The chief said the same thing. 'It's a good thing this case fell to Yakhontov,' he said. 'Another man would have been sure to bungle it somehow, but he hit on the right way to handle it from the start. He keeps his mouth shut and sends the case up to the top.' Right?"

"How else?" Yakhontov shrugged self-confidently.

"Yes! You understand. The chief has been keeping an eye on you for quite some time because he needs a special man right now. Entirely reliable. Wait a minute!" Suprunov leaned toward him and began to speak very softly, "The chief has assigned me to talk things over with you. 'You can have complete confidence in Yakhontov,' he said; 'he won't let you down.' We have a new case beginning, you see. It's no secret that I even chase the flies out of the room when I'm working on it, for fear that they'd see something." He laughed. "You're the first to know. I'll tell you all about it later, sometime tomorrow, but tonight we have to check one thing. Do you have civilian clothes here with you?"

"Yes."

"Then this is what you do: Change into them, and I'll come later to your place and arrest you. I'll put you in a solitary cell. Not a word to anyone, understand? And in the morning they'll bring a prisoner in to you. They know how to dodge you and they're hard to fool. Your task, Comrade Yakhontov, is to wiggle into the confidence of that goose without ruffling a feather. You'll say that's difficult. Sure. But I'll help you. You just choose the right time, turn away from him, give a loud sigh and say, as if you were talking to yourself: 'My cigarette has now gone out; I don't know what love's about.' You'll remember? Write it down."

"What is it? A password?"

"That goes without saying! You'll see, he'll answer. And his answer should come right away: 'My cigarette I still can smoke; love for me is just a joke!' However," Suprunov added sternly, even threateningly, "you'd better not make a mistake, Comrade Yakhontov, because you can end up in hell for a mistake in a case such as this. Not a word to anyone."

"You don't need to say that to me, comrade director."

"Right. I have no doubts about you," the latter said, to cheer him up. "But don't be a bungler! Go back now and change, and I'll come and arrest you. Ah, yes, one more thing: put a loaded revolver in your pocket. And keep it on you at all times. Anything might happen in a case like this. All right, you can go now."

Yakhontov departed. He hastily began to put on his civilian clothes, which he disliked, when suddenly an unexpected, searing thought pierced him so sharply that his breathing shortened to a gasp. What if it was—a trick? What if it was—a trap?

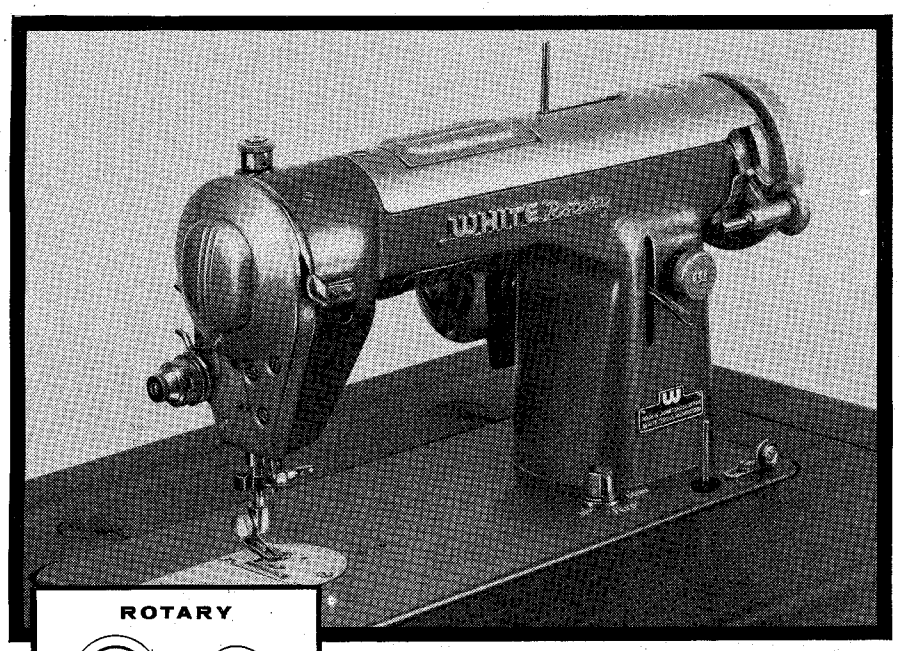
His face flushed and a loathsome fear clutched at his heart. Suddenly weak and confused, he sank, half dressed, onto the oilskin-covered divan and stared vacantly into space. *It's a trick.* He felt its presence so keenly that he could almost touch and see it. *Can this be happening to me?* He almost shrieked. He recalled how he had won Variskin with the tale of the ten-thousandists.

Hysterically he thought, *Should I go now—run?* But he knew that was impossible. *Is this the end? Can it really be the end?* Then all at once he remembered the revolver. Why had Suprunov ordered him to take a revolver? If it were a trap, he would never be told to take a weapon. At once, thought of the revolver erased his suspicions. *If it's a trap, then why the revolver? It can't be a trap.*

(*Continued on Page 70*)

Now even beginners sew faster, easier

NEW WHITE ROTARY!



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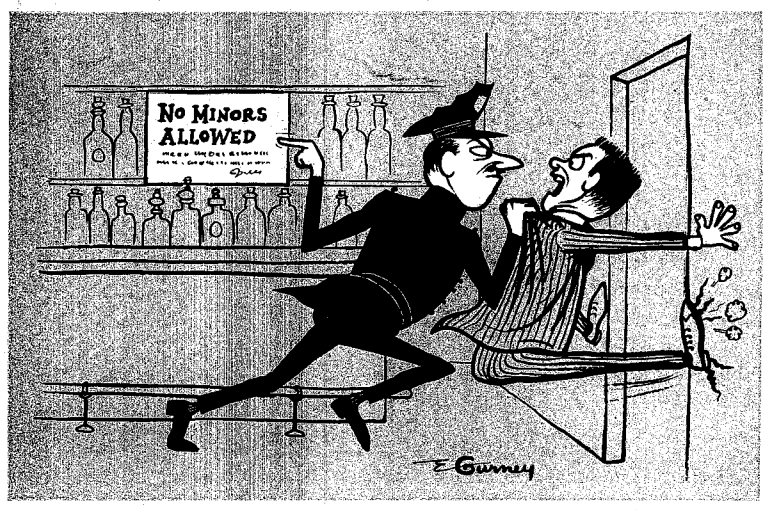

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Charley, a married man at nineteen, was convicted under a city ordinance which forbade persons under twenty-one to enter beer parlors. Furiously, he appealed.

"You can't do this to me," he protested. "I'm married, and state law says that a minor becomes of age by marriage. That means I am as much entitled to go into beer joints as if I were twenty-one or over."

"Charley, poor boy, is confused," the city prosecutor replied. "He may be an adult in the eyes of the law in some respects, but the ordinance against minors in beer joints doesn't make any exceptions for married youngsters."

If you were the judge, would you convict Charley?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Charley stood convicted. The court said that "while marriage releases a child from parental authority, it does not change the status of the child from that of a minor to that of an adult unless some law expressly so provides."

Based upon a 1957 Iowa decision.

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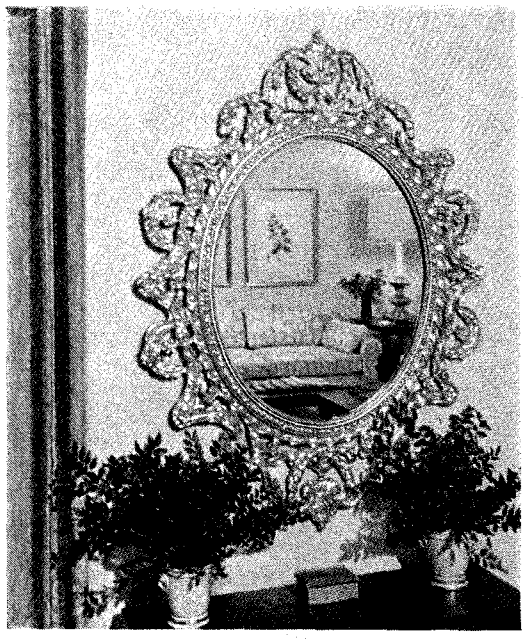

More than just a Mirror, this elegantly gilded design becomes an arresting conversation piece—echoes the traditional accents of the room. *Mirror by Binswanger.*

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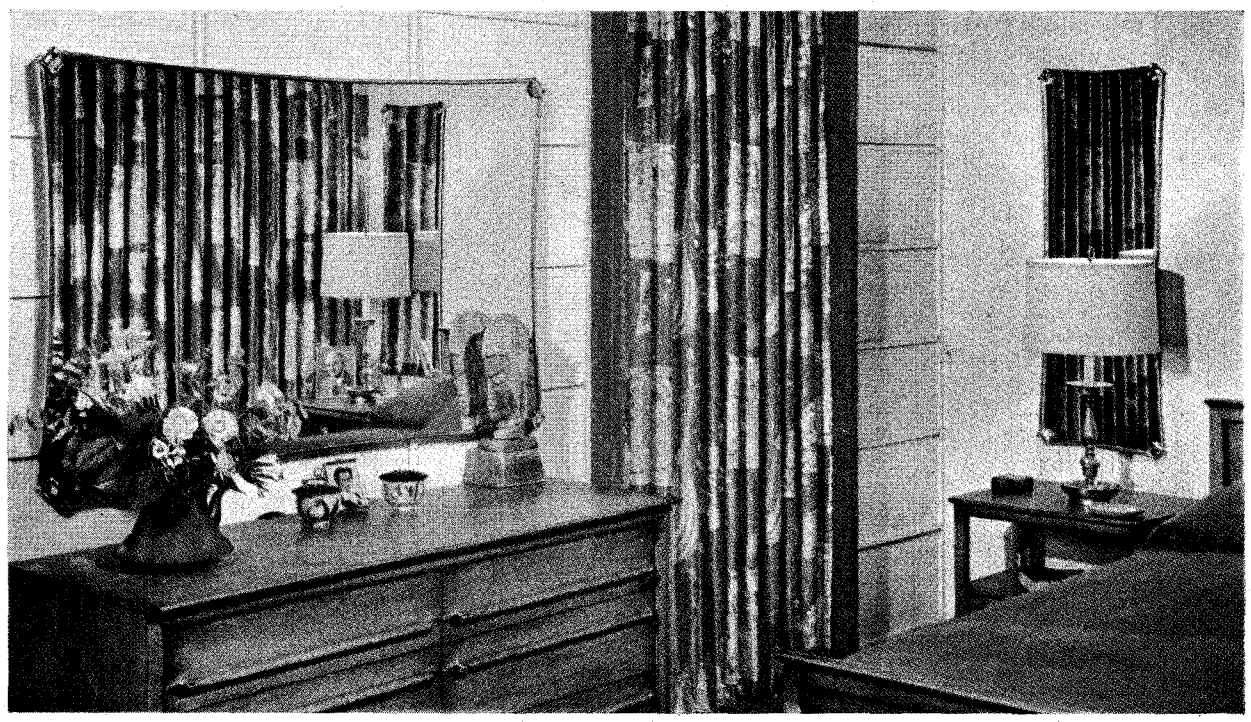
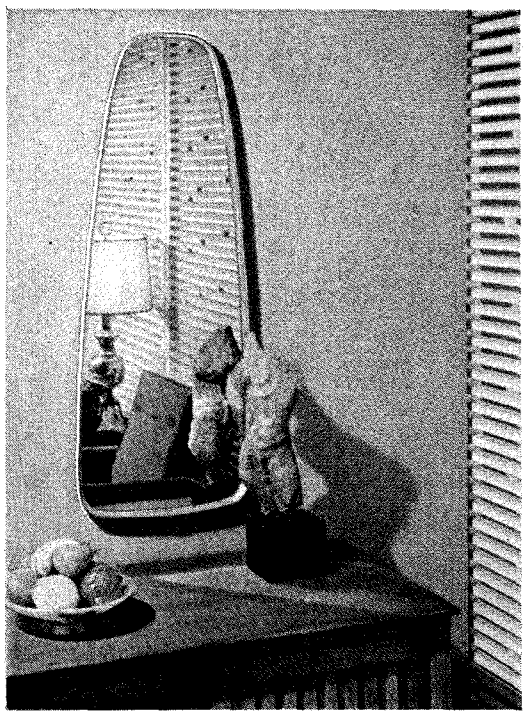
A Sculptured Mirror, tastefully engraved with a simple floral pattern, conservatively sets off the traditional flavor of this handsome dining room. *Mirror by Galax.*



This cleanly attractive gold-framed dresser Mirror is delightfully accented by two matching panel Mirrors over the night stands. Note how they combine to give the room greater spaciousness. *Mirrors by Nurre.*



Functional, attention-getting, this sophisticated Plate Glass Mirror is perfect for dressing up a small hallway or a rather commonplace corner. *Mirror by Bassett.*

Producing a shadow-box effect, this lovely, three-dimensional Plate Glass Mirror does much to enhance the rich appeal of this modern dining room . . . makes an ordinary wall "come to life." *Mirror by Lenoir. All furniture shown by courtesy of Consider H. Willett.*

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(*Continued from Page 68*) Within an hour, Suprunov took two agents, warned them not to talk, and came with them to Yakhontov's office. Suprunov walked up to him with short steps, banged his fist on the desk and said with cold authority, "You've been playing the fool long enough! Everything's clear to us now! Understand?"

Yakhontov stood up. Although he knew Suprunov was acting out the prearranged comedy, he paled. He looked dazedly at Suprunov, took a nervous breath, and moved his tongue in a mouth that had suddenly become parched.

"Come with us," Suprunov ordered curtly. He took Yakhontov to the solitary cell.

When the door was locked, he turned to the agents. "Not a word to anyone! Understand? Tomorrow orders will be issued, but until then, not a peep!"

"Yes, comrade director!"

When Lyubkin returned from Elena Dmitrievna's, Suprunov went to see him.

"Well? Is he locked up?" asked Lyubkin.

"Tight. I had him arrested in such a way that he doesn't even realize he's under arrest."

"Good for you! But what's to be done with him now? To the wall?"

Suprunov shook his head. "Not that. Don't get excited. The troika would start an investigation. But I have it all worked out, and we'll get along without an execution. Don't worry about that."

Lyubkin felt relieved. *I'll go and see her tomorrow*, was flashing through his mind.

"And another thing!" Suprunov's laugh was barely noticeable. "You wanted to have a look at Variskin? To have a talk with him?"

"Yes, but, after all, you ——"

"Forget it! I think, after all, that it would be a good idea to have a little talk with him. I'll have him called up in the morning, and you can sit in, if you're interested."

"Of course I'm interested. What time is it now?"

Suprunov looked at his watch. "It'll be three o'clock, soon. Hell! We've lost the habit of sleep; we don't sleep at all."

"All right, then go to sleep."

At ten o'clock the following day, Suprunov dropped in to pick up Lyubkin. He led him into a little study walled off by a veneer partition from a larger room in the old house.

Suprunov called the cafeteria to order tea and sandwiches. Variskin was brought in before it arrived. He had expected to see Yakhontov and gaped in amazement at the two strangers. Nervously he cleared his throat in a cautious, muffled way.

"Sit down, Comrade Variskin!" Suprunov addressed him in an almost friendly tone.

Remembering Petrukhin, Variskin thought, *Here it is*, and assumed a dignified air. He took his seat in casual manner, feeling now that he had come on business to the district committee or the district professional soviet as a free man, on equal terms.

At that moment, Lida, the waitress from the cafeteria, a girl with impudent, shameless eyes, carried in the tea and sandwiches on a tray, set them on a little table near the divan, glanced with suggestive boldness at the three men and went out.

Suprunov, who had been leafing through the pages of some random case, slammed this file down with a bang and gave Variskin a hard look. "All right, now. With respect to your testimony of yesterday, Comrade Variskin, it's Lyubkin and Suprunov? Right?"

Variskin looked behind him with a quick turn of his head. The word "comrade" strengthened his confidence. He said quietly but firmly, "Yes, both of them."

"Then you know Lyubkin well?" Suprunov asked.

Variskin, unable to reply with his mouth full, nodded his head energetically.

Lyubkin, with granite features, went softly around the table and stood next to Suprunov, right opposite Variskin.

"When was this?" he asked, his voice quite empty.

Variskin met his gaze, took a hasty gulp of tea and answered with ready assurance, "I don't remember the exact date, but during the winter, roughly."

"Ah, during the winter!" Lyubkin drawled. "And Suprunov?"

"What about Suprunov?"

"How do you know that he was in your organization too?"

"Why, we worked together in the same section! The section for internal communications, it was called."

"During the winter, you say?" Lyubkin asked.

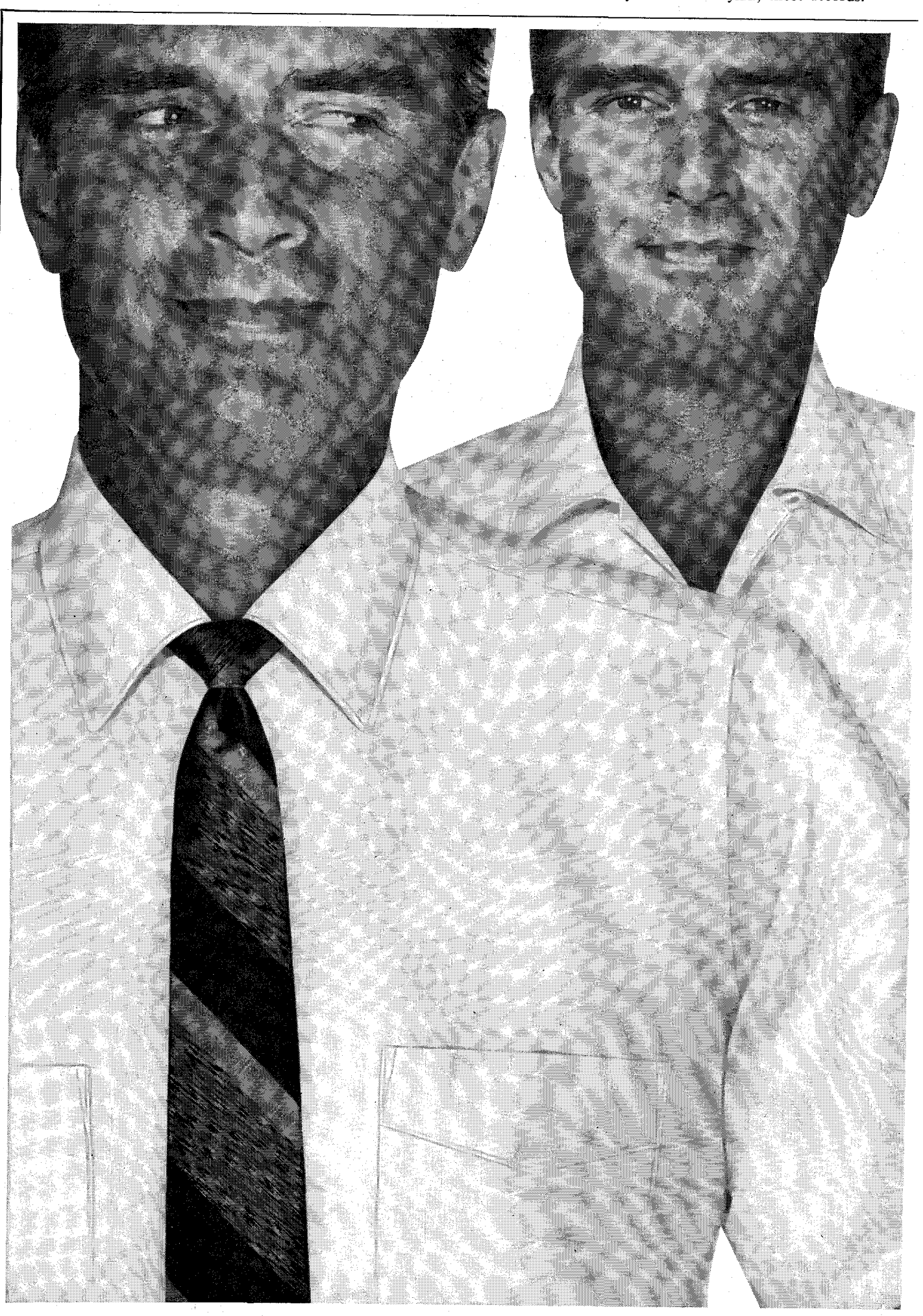
Variskin nodded his head again, still chewing.

"But perhaps you're mistaken?" said Lyubkin, laying his hand on Suprunov's shoulder and squeezing it gently.

"Why should I be mistaken?" Variskin asked angrily.

"Because Lyubkin and Suprunov had not yet arrived in the winter, you see. They arrived here just a short time ago."

"What do you mean, they weren't here? I saw them here. I'm telling you that they were present right there at the meeting and—and gave me that list. You can prove all this with the coded records. They're with Vladykin, those records."



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"But during the winter they were either in Siberia or in Mongolia."

"Maybe they were in Siberia, but they came here when the need arose!" said Variskin emphatically. "Is Siberia so far off? Why, by plane, one wink and it's done!"

"Did Lyubkin have a beard then, too, as he does now, or was he clean-shaven?" Suprunov asked.

"He had a beard," Variskin confirmed with conviction.

"I asked him, 'Why do you have a beard?' and says he, 'It's cold in Siberia!' Why, he looked like a merchant with that beard."

"And Suprunov?" asked Lyubkin.

"No beard," Variskin answered in his strong bass, clearly seeing a bearded Lyubkin and a clean-shaved Suprunov in his mind's eye. "A showy-looking fellow, somewhat pock-marked. A tiny bit!" he added scrupulously.

"And with two fingers missing on his right hand?" prompted Lyubkin.

"With two fingers missing on his right hand!" repeated Variskin with relish. And with no effort at all, he saw the right hand of an imaginary Suprunov—two fingers missing, the forefinger and the middle finger. He reached out for another sandwich.

"You're still a little hungry?" Suprunov asked. "Well, help yourself. And this evening I'll call you again and you'll have supper. You'll tell me the rest this evening, but now go back to your place. Is it dirty where you are?" he inquired sympathetically.

"No, it's all right." Afraid of compromising his position, Variskin did not want to complain.

"You're in solitary, aren't you?"

"In solitary."

"You're better off then. There's a lot of trash in the common cells."

"Yes, a lot of trash," Variskin repeated, reassured and pleased that he was not considered trash.

Suprunov sent him back and, when he had gone out, turned to Lyubkin. "Well, what do you think?" he started to ask matter-of-factly, but checked himself, startled at Lyubkin's expression.

"Did you see that? Did you? Did you see it?" Lyubkin asked nervously.

"See what?" Suprunov snapped. He was suddenly vexed.

"He believes it! Understand? He believes it himself! The beard and the two fingers!"

Suprunov scowled. He eased his tight belt. "Well, to hell with him! So he believes it. So what? Let him. It's not just Variskin who believes in what he dreams up; they all do."

"All?" Lyubkin started. "All? They're all dreaming things up and believing in them? All?"

"It's getting toward that."

"Not getting, being driven!" Lyubkin broke out impetuously. "It's being driven there! It's us! We're driving it! And you?" he challenged Suprunov. "You, Pavel? Do you believe in what you've dreamed up?"

"I?" Suprunov looked at him in an ugly way. "I don't believe in anything, Efrem, because I don't give a rap about men who dream things up and then believe in them. Not a rap! But you ——"

"What?"

"Oh, Efrem, Efrem!" Suprunov nodded his head, half closing his eyes in disapproval. "Get a grip on yourself!"

Lyubkin did not answer. He fixed his gaze on one point and stared. At length he spoke, "But why did you call Variskin today? What did you want from him?"

"I? From him?" Suprunov shrugged indifferently. "I don't need anything special from him. I just want to domesticate him. So he won't be afraid of me and will take food right out of my hands and even fetch a stick."

"What for?"

"You'll see."

When Lyubkin, at noon the same day, went to Elena Dmitrievna's, the door was opened by the maid who came every morning to clean the apartment. Lyubkin, expecting to see Elena Dmitrievna, was annoyed. Growling something incoherent, he went in and found her standing at the window with her back to him. When she heard his steps, she turned to him and for a second hesitated. He had not telephoned

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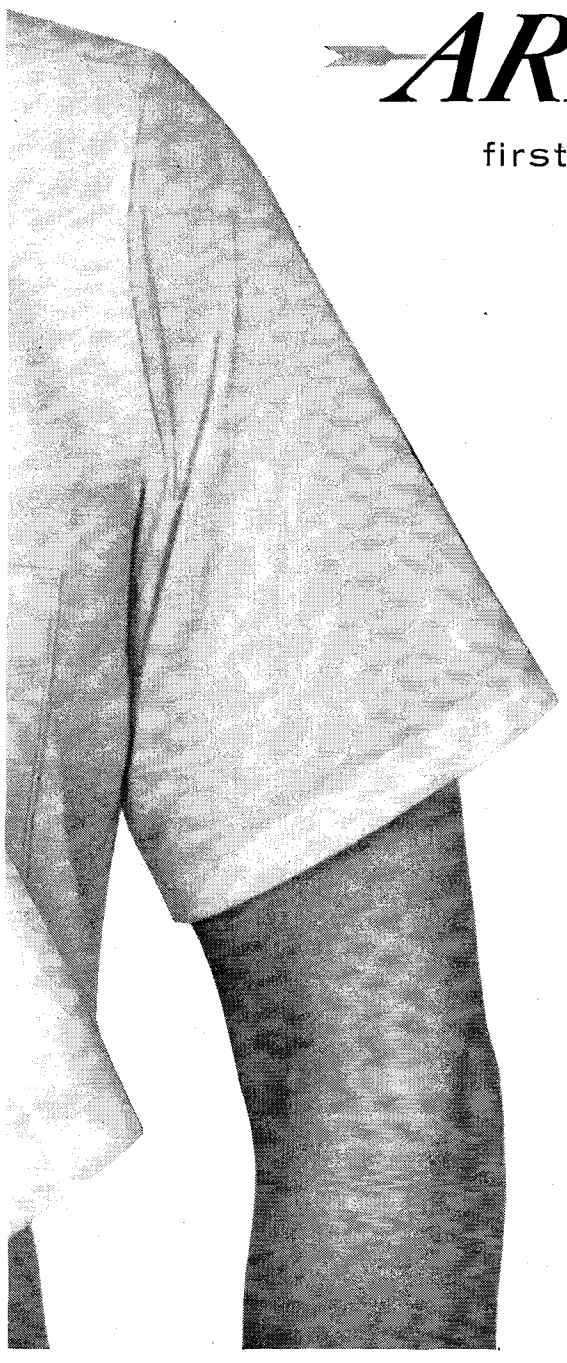

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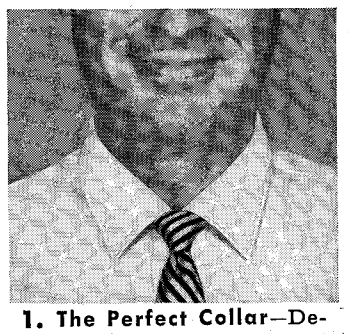

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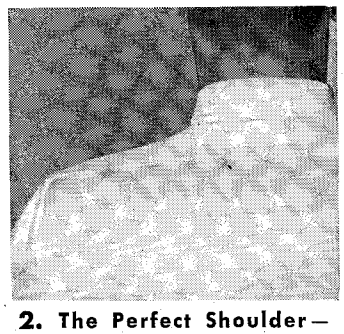

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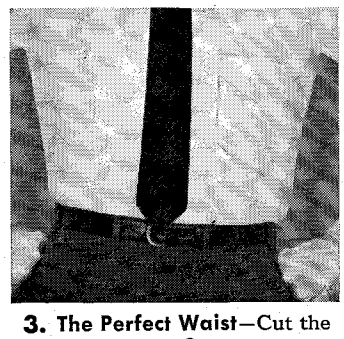

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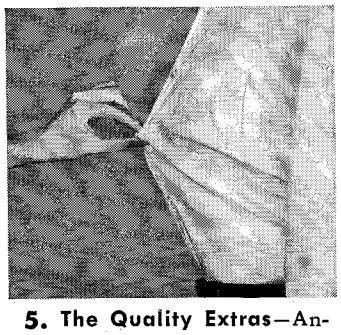

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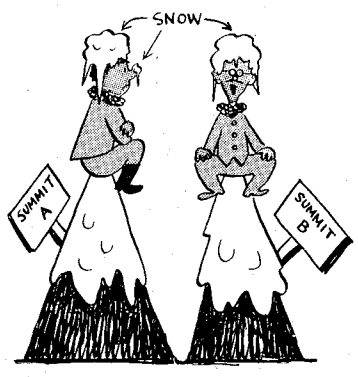

Snow-Capped Interpreters

(for Summit Conferences)

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to announce his coming. But she regained her composure quickly. With a little gasp, as if of joy, she took a step toward him; then, pretending to be embarrassed, averted her gaze.

Lyubkin stopped a moment to verify for himself her apparent happiness at seeing him. And, when he had made his check, a feeling arose in him which he, too, might have called happiness, had he known what happiness was. Then, walking firmly and heavily, he crossed the room and stood in front of her, scrutinizing her closely.

"Yes?" he asked. Involuntarily, he made an abrupt movement toward her. He wanted to ask, "Do you really love me?" But he was unable to say the words; he was ashamed and even afraid of them. They seemed to him a betrayal of something he had no right to betray. He lived in a world of other words that described only the life which he and others had created, and there was no word for "love" in it.

"Yes?" he asked.

As though it were an effort, Elena Dmitrievna raised her eyes directly to him with a soulful look and a slightly ashamed smile. She answered almost inaudibly, "Yes."

Now here we have something real, flashed through Lyubkin's mind. But his joy was somehow too sudden. Not knowing what to do or say, he swayed awkwardly where he stood, and finally sat on the divan. She sat down next to him. Not daring to look at her, he sat looking down at the floor. Softly and indecisively, she touched his hands with the tips of her fingers, stroking them gently.

"Do you know why I answered just now?" she asked softly.

"Why?" he asked a little tonelessly, still not raising his eyes.

"Because when you're in love you can't keep quiet about it. That's why I didn't hold back. But I was afraid you'd be angry at me."

"Why, angry?" He raised his eyes.

"Why? You're a party man, a Chekist. Your life is not for women. Your soul doesn't reach out to a woman. Isn't that so? You need a woman, of course, because you're healthy and strong. But not me personally." Sadness sounded in her voice.

"Stop that!" Frowning, Lyubkin interrupted her. "Don't talk like that. It's not like that at all. It's not that way."

"But don't—don't think that anything has to change now or that I'm binding you to anything. Not in the least! Not at all! Everything will stay just as it was. And if ——"

"No, things can't stay as they were," Lyubkin said suddenly. He surprised himself, but his tone was confident. "Things can't go on that way any longer. Impossible."

Elena Dmitrievna gave him a quick sideways glance from underneath her eyelashes, full of curiosity. "I told you I was in love not for your sake, but for mine," she said. "I needed you to know, but you don't need to, you just forget it."

She stood up from the divan and stretched. Her lower lip began to tremble as though she were trying to subdue an involuntary smile. With all her force she grasped his shoulders and pressed her cheek to his breast. "I'm in love, in love, in love." Arms around him, she repeated it, "I'm in love, in love, in love."

Footsteps, deliberately loud, approached the other side of the door. Fingers scratched discreetly. Elena Dmitrievna turned away from Lyubkin and managed to sit straight.

"Well? Come in!"

The maid entered. "I've finished the cleaning, Elena Dmitrievna. You'll not want anything else?"

"No, no. You can go. Did you buy some sugar?"

"Yes."

"All right, you can go."

The maid made a silent bow and left quietly. When the door clicked shut, Lyubkin felt with unusual intensity that at last he was alone with Elena Dmitrievna. His feeling was entirely different from any he had ever known before—joyful, exciting, seductive. Elena Dmitrievna had become an object of desire in an entirely new way. He felt an urge to be tender and caressing as he had never been in his life, neither with her nor anyone else. He beamed a stupid, happy smile.

To a Husband on Father's Day

By Helen Frazee-Bower

Our tall sons move with
eagerness and pride,
Like strong trees facing sun and
storm and wind.
Against their strength I watch
your failing stride,
Your work-worn hands, your
white hair slightly thinned.
I do not see the tall sons now;
they move
Within a mist of tears, beyond
my view:
My heart is quickened by an
old, old love,
And all that I can see is you, is
you!

They will go on to triumph;
they will be
All that we hoped and toiled
and waited for.
Here, in the twilight, stand
awhile with me:
More, to a woman, than the
sons she bore
Must be the one who freely
gave his all—
That these might flourish,
strong and straight and tall.

An hour passed, perhaps two; Lyubkin did not know. He could have looked at his watch, of course, but he had forgotten about time. It had become unnecessary for him. He looked around, recognizing neither the room nor the table nor the sideboard. He had no desire to leave. Quite the opposite, he wanted only to sit in silence by Elena Dmitrievna's side and know that she was there. He also wanted it to be autumnally dull and cold outside, with a biting wind blowing and a mournful, nasty rain falling. Then everything inside would seem even more warm and cozy.

Elena Dmitrievna threw a cloth on the table, went to the sideboard, stood on tiptoe and began rummaging on the top shelf.

"Do you want to eat?" Lyubkin asked.

"Let's have a snack," she proposed gaily.

"A snack? All right, that's fine," he approved, although he was not hungry. "But it's not long till dinner, is it?"

"Till dinner? I don't eat dinner here."

"How's that?" He was interested. "Where do you eat? You go out, or what?"

"And who is here for me to cook dinner for?" Elena Dmitrievna said pathetically. "I don't want to bother for myself. I often go to eat with my friend. She likes everything proper at her house, but I am a Bohemian and I don't like things too proper. Can't one get along without a complete dinner? It's simpler that way, and easier."

"But if," Lyubkin asked, quite gay now—"if it were a goose, with apples? That's not bad, after all? Or blinis and caviar, eh?"

"Blinis are all right, but not a goose. If you want, we'll make blinis sometime when you are free."

"But it's a long time to Mardi Gras."

"Why does it have to be Mardi Gras? Can't we make them without Mardi Gras?"

"Well, I suppose you could make them on another day," Lyubkin mused, "but on Mardi Gras, you know, blinis taste better."

"Really? I never heard that." Elena Dmitrievna smiled. "But after all, I never knew a single Mardi Gras. I was born in 1911, and in '17 you took Mardi Gras and threw it into a Cheka dungeon, and since then you have kept it in solitary, with no right to correspond." She smiled at her own joke. "Did you have good times on Mardi Gras?"

"I'll say!" Lyubkin nodded pensively. "I don't know how it was with important people or the gentry, but in our village it was really something! How could I forget it?" Lyubkin smiled. "The sun overhead and the snow underfoot, and all around the cold air—cold, cold, like breathing crystal. And the smell coming off the blinis—a smell you could almost taste! Blinis fried with egg yolk; blinis with fish, a dozen others! 'Here I come with some hot ones! Get ready!'"

"Were you from a rich family?"

"We got along all right. But the poorest peasant never did without his blinis. Even though he ate them with hempseed oil, he'd still praise Mardi Gras. 'Pile up those hot ones, old woman!' You should have known that life!"

"Then, why—was it destroyed?" Elena Dmitrievna asked in a faltering voice.

Lyubkin scowled. He knew what he was supposed to say, but something prevented him. "That's—another—matter," he said with great reluctance.

"It's another matter, all right." She shrugged. "The blinis were bothering them? Is that it? And are the collective farmers eating blinis now?" she asked defiantly.

Lyubkin's frown deepened. "It's not that we're speaking of. Mardi Gras, of course. But don't look just at Mardi Gras; look at things in general."

"In general? But there is no such thing as life in general; there's only life. In general!" She paused derisively. "Did you ever hear of the season on the Riviera?" she asked abruptly.

"The Riviera?" Lyubkin frowned without knowing why, sensing something hostile.

"Now there's something really festive!" Elena Dmitrievna laughed. "There's the beach at Biarritz, the Rolls-Royce car and a white yacht on the Mediterranean. But no, no!" She waved her hand. "I'm wrong! All that doesn't exist. It is nowhere; just as the phoenix and the golden fleece never existed. But I can dream, can't I? It's all right to enjoy a fairy tale, isn't it? There is a phoenix! There is a season on the Riviera!"

Lyubkin listened, not understanding. He knew only that Elena Dmitrievna was telling him things she had never before mentioned. She spoke slowly, half dreamily, yet in a strange, wild anger. "Season on the Riviera. The beach at Biarritz. It's a dirty trick. It doesn't exist. It's not real. It's only over the waves of the ether that such words come to us. All we have are the latest accomplishments of the Stakhanovites or an increase in coal output or 'our boys have caught a spy.' And do you know what I want? What I want desperately?"

"What?" Lyubkin asked with intense curiosity.

"To spend a season on the Riviera! Or at the beach at Biarritz! Did you read Pravda today?" A sudden hate rang in her voice. "Who else has sent a report to our beloved Stalin? How many piglets have the sows at the Fitinka swinery produced?"

Lyubkin did not understand. Why the Riviera, and then a report to Stalin? But he felt that Elena Dmitrievna's words were insulting.

He frowned. "You—I don't understand you," he said quietly. "What's the matter with you, today? It's not like you. Is there something wrong with you? Are you your real self?"

"How do you know what's real?" Elena Dmitrievna asked sharply.

Without reasoning it out, Lyubkin suddenly and unpleasantly felt that he was somehow guilty, that he actually did not know what was real. But before he had time to make another movement, the telephone rang. Without getting up, Elena Dmitrievna stretched over to the receiver and took it off the hook.

"Hello!"

Lyubkin raised his head. He knew by instinct that Suprunov was on the line and would tell him something which to his very depths he did not want to hear. Not here. Not now.

He took the receiver, but waited, listening, without a word. *If I say nothing,* he thought, *I won't have to hear what he has to say.* "Well?" he snapped at last in a gloomy tone. "Pavel? What's the trouble?"

"Drop everything and come over! Right away!"

"What's the hurry? Can't it wait?"

"If I'm calling, you know it can't wait." Suprunov's voice was restrained but stern.

"A fire or something?" Lyubkin attempted to joke. But the time for joking, for lingering here, was over. "All right, all right! I'll come!" He hung up and turned to Elena Dmitrievna. "They're calling me."

He went up to her, and taking her by the shoulders, looked into her eyes. Then he kissed her lightly and carefully, as he had never before kissed her, turned on his heel and left. As he went out he thought to himself, *Should I leave? Wouldn't it be better to stay? To stay for good and all?*

Soon after Lyubkin had left the directorate to go to Elena Dmitrievna's, Suprunov summoned Yakhontov. The latter was brought from his solitary cell. Suprunov looked at him with a laugh in his eyes.

"Well, sit down, Mr. Prisoner. Why are you standing?"

Yakhontov smiled back, but sat down with a questioning look.

"The case has changed a bit," said Suprunov. He lit a cigarette and offered the pack to Yakhontov. "It seems that our man couldn't be arrested during the night; he has to be allowed to visit a certain place today. You had a night in solitary for nothing."

"It's not important." Yakhontov waved it away.

"I know it's not important, but I don't like it when something has been done to no purpose." Suprunov looked at Yakhontov as if somehow evaluating him. "Well, all right," he said in a half-fatigued, half-indifferent tone. "This case, you must realize, is ——" Again the look of evaluation came (*Continued on Page 74*)

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...puff after puff, pack after pack

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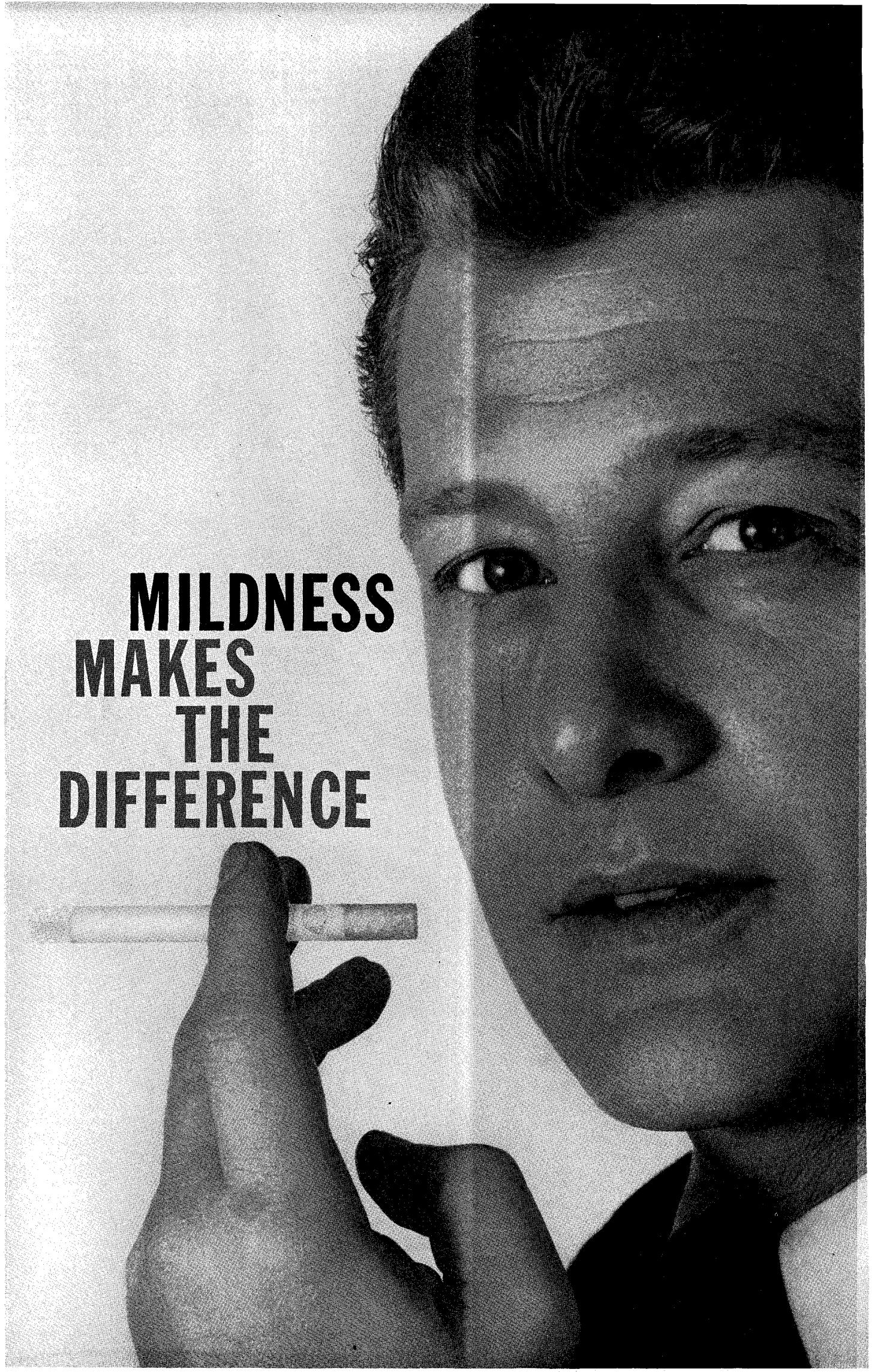

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(*Continued from Page 72*) into his eyes and he stood up. Had Yakhontov been more observant, he would have noticed a certain unnaturalness and deliberation in Suprunov's action. His manner was too studiously casual. "I'm tired of sitting." Suprunov smiled, giving a little stretch. "We sit and sit all day long, like crows in a tree. The body craves to move about, but I have to keep on sitting. I'm fond of track, and the broad jump, and skiing in the winter. Are you? Do you like sports?"

"I was on the soccer team," answered Yakhontov, pleased with this friendly conversation.

Suprunov walked out from behind the desk and circled the room. He stopped at the window and opened it. The window looked out onto the garden.

The huge old mansion which now housed the directorate had formerly been an Institute for Daughters of the Nobility. It had been erected before the Crimean War. When the GPU had taken it over in 1926, they had begun to redesign it, and from that time on there was always something being altered, partitioned off or made over for new needs. But the garden had not been kept up and had begun to run wild. It was gloomy and uninviting, but at the same time abandonment and neglect had given it a dreamlike quality.

Now, in the autumn season, half-denuded trees stood here and there in a golden carpet of fallen leaves which had not yet been settled by the seasonal rains. The sun was out of sight behind the building, but its autumn-golden rays seemed to fill the air with calm, steady light. There was stillness in the garden—a stillness not of the town.

Suprunov leaned over the window ledge—the room was not very high off the ground, right above a semibasement—and stared down. He ran his glance over the lilac bushes against the wall.

"Autumn," he said indifferently, "but no mire yet. However ——" He sat on the window ledge facing into the room and gave Yakhontov a sharp look. "Did you bring your revolver, as I told you?"

"I brought it."

"Let's have a look at it."

Yakhontov got up, went to the window, taking his revolver from his pocket.

"It will do," Suprunov said, holding it in his left hand. "You wouldn't be shooting a long distance with it anyway. But mine's better," he added, drawing his own heavier weapon from his trousers pocket. "Do you practice, I hope? I practice every day myself. Are you a good shot? Can you shoot with your left hand?"

"Left hand?"

"Yes. Like this."

It happened with extraordinary quickness. Suprunov, holding Yakhontov's revolver in his left hand, aimed it at his desk and fired. Immediately, without giving Yakhontov the chance to wonder, he quickly raised his own revolver with his right hand and shot Yakhontov between the eyes. As Yakhontov fell, Suprunov bent and tossed the dead man's revolver onto the floor near his right hand. In the same instant he jumped over the body, rushed to the door and jerked it open.

"Over here!" he shouted.

The sentry, who had brought Yakhontov and had been sitting at the window in the corridor, had already jumped up at the sound of the shots. In panic and confusion, he rushed toward Suprunov. Another guard burst from a nearby door, with a third behind him.

"In there!" Suprunov cried. "He fired at me and was going to jump out the window!"

He turned and hurried back into his office. Men crowded into the doorway, nervously bumping one another, following Suprunov and stretching their necks to see as much as possible.

Yakhontov lay on the floor, his left arm twisted under him and his right arm fully extended. A thin trickle of blood had run from each of his eyes and down his cheeks.

Suprunov leaned over the dead man and lifted his wrist. "Someone have a look. Is he alive?"

Two men leaned over and began touching the body in a clumsy, confused way.

"Should we put him on the couch?" proposed one uncertainly.

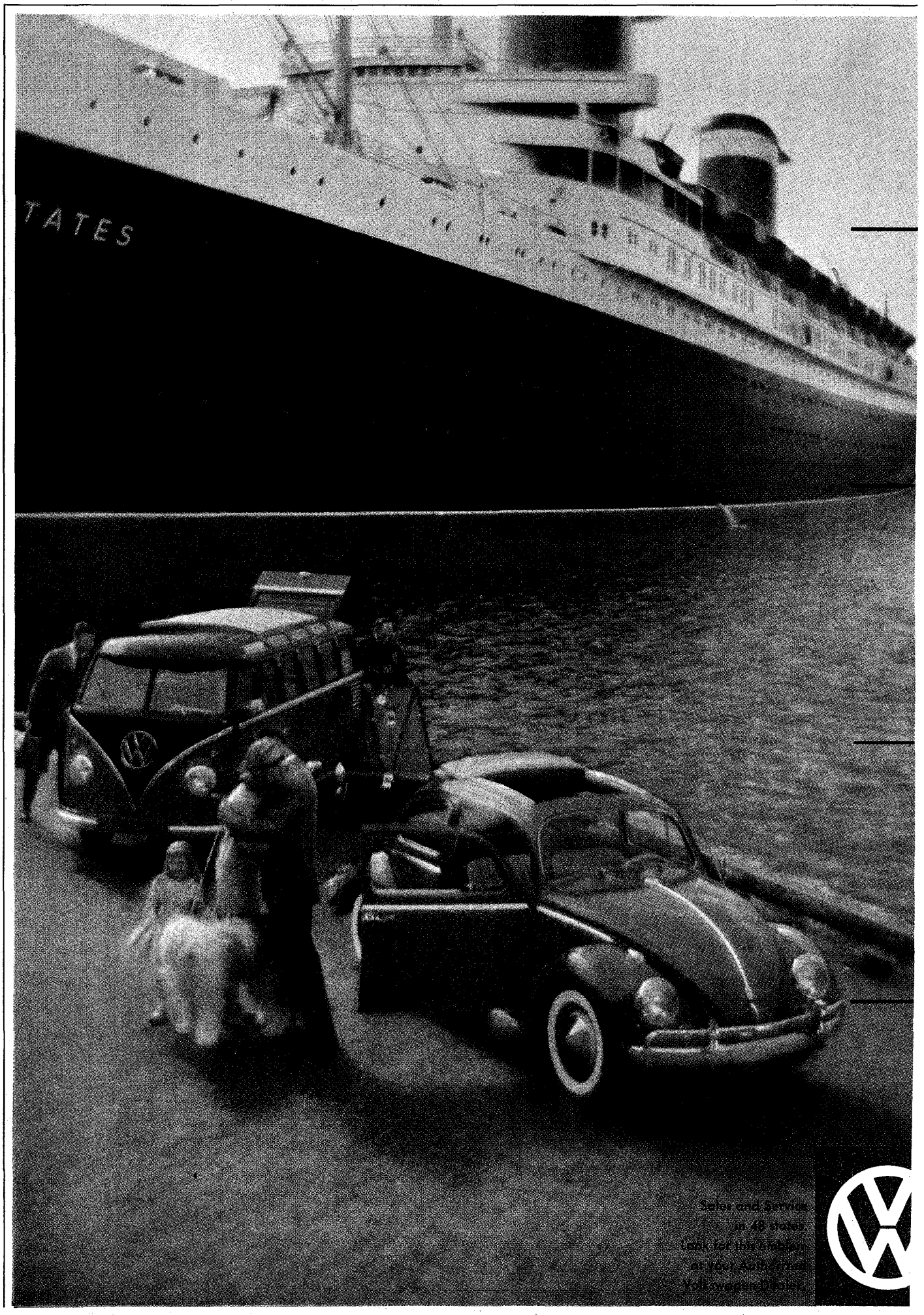
"Yes. Put him on the couch," ordered Suprunov. But hardly had the two lifted the body and turned it toward the couch when he seemed to reconsider. "No, no," he said. "Put him on the floor or the whole place will get covered with blood."

Yakhontov was laid down again. The original position of the body could no longer be determined.

"It looks as if he's dead." Suprunov shook his head in puzzled irritation. "He fired at me from over there, but I —— Where did the bullet land? Well, who is going to find it?" he said sharply. "It must be somewhere!"

The sentry who had brought Yakhontov crossed the room and found the bullet almost immediately. It had passed over the desk and struck the wall not far from Suprunov's chair, at the height of a standing man's chest.

"He was going to jump out the window," complained Suprunov. He scowled, pretending to be unnerved. "But I jumped up and had my revolver out in a second," he boasted, as if to reassure



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himself. "He saw that he wouldn't have time to jump through the window, so he turned and fired. And at that very second I fired too. Only he missed and I didn't!"

The sentry brought in the doctor, dressed in the white coat he wore during duty hours. Kneeling down by the body, he undid Yakhontov's vest and shirt and put his stethoscope over his heart. He listened for a few seconds; then bent Yakhontov's arm at the elbow, laid it down, and straightened up on one knee. He shook his head in silence. He did not look at Suprunov. "Died instantly."

"That's it," Suprunov said dryly. "Well, that's it. I'll tell the boss. Have him taken away as soon as possible."

As soon as they were gone, Suprunov, without so much as a glance at Yakhontov's body, fell into an armchair and shut his eyes. Only a few minutes had gone by since Yakhontov had come into his office, but these minutes had demanded tension and supreme effort. In former days Suprunov had borne this kind of strain easily, but of late, during the past year or more, he was often overtaken afterward by a sense of physical weakness.

Ten minutes went by. He opened his eyes, smoothed his face with the palms of his hands, and stood up. He looked gloomily at Yakhontov's body, shrugged his shoulders scornfully. Then he took the receiver of the telephone from its hook and dialed Elena Dmitrievna's number. . . .

Having arrived at the directorate, Lyubkin listened to Suprunov's report with a scowl. When Suprunov had finished, Lyubkin did not say a word, but for several seconds mused in silence. Suprunov lit a cigarette. At last, when Lyubkin had mentally checked all possible loopholes, he looked at Suprunov with satisfaction. "All fixed, eh?"

"That's it, I guess," replied Suprunov, contented both with himself and with Lyubkin's reaction. Nevertheless, there was a chill in his voice.

Lyubkin was involuntarily taken with admiration. Suprunov was so strong, so energetic, so reliable. But in the coldness of his friend's tone he sensed a reprimand: Look at you, sitting with your girl while I had to do the dirty work.

Lyubkin felt he deserved the rebuke. "Well, what about Variskin?" he asked quickly.

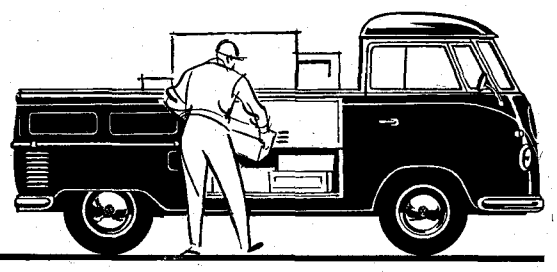
"I'll liquidate Variskin, but not right away. Coming right after this, it might get the wind up. Some of our boys have a devilish sense of smell. Let Variskin stay where he is until he's used to me. He's not going to cause us any trouble; don't worry."

"But what if one of the others calls him in?"

"I gave orders yesterday that no one should touch him."

TO BE CONTINUED

sensible



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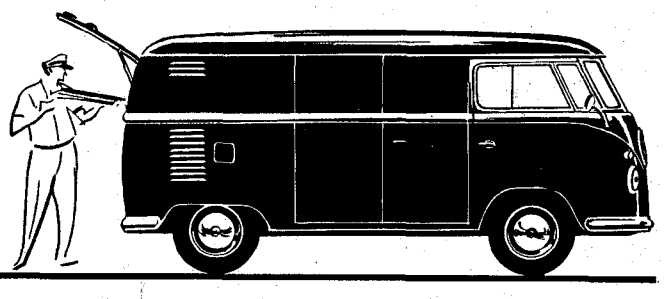

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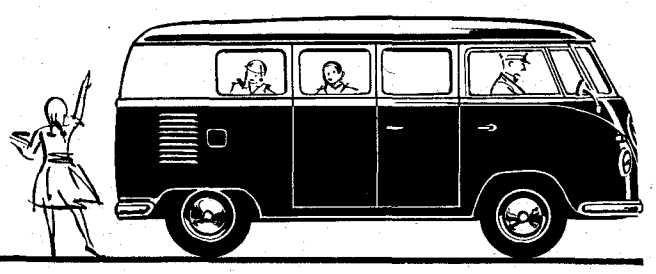

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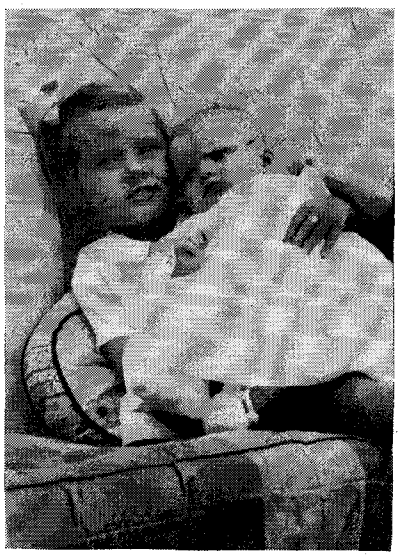

Can You Name This Star?

This four-year-old with the hair bow, cuddling her baby sister, now has babies of her own. From a quiet start in amateur dramatics, she went steadily and methodically ahead. She appeared in summer stock, on magazine covers, on Broadway, on fifty television shows within three years. Then she invaded and captured Hollywood. Within four years of her film debut, she won an Academy Award for her performance in The Country Girl. Now approaching thirty, she is married and has two children. Can you name her?

Raymond R. Stuart

ANSWER:
Grace Kelly

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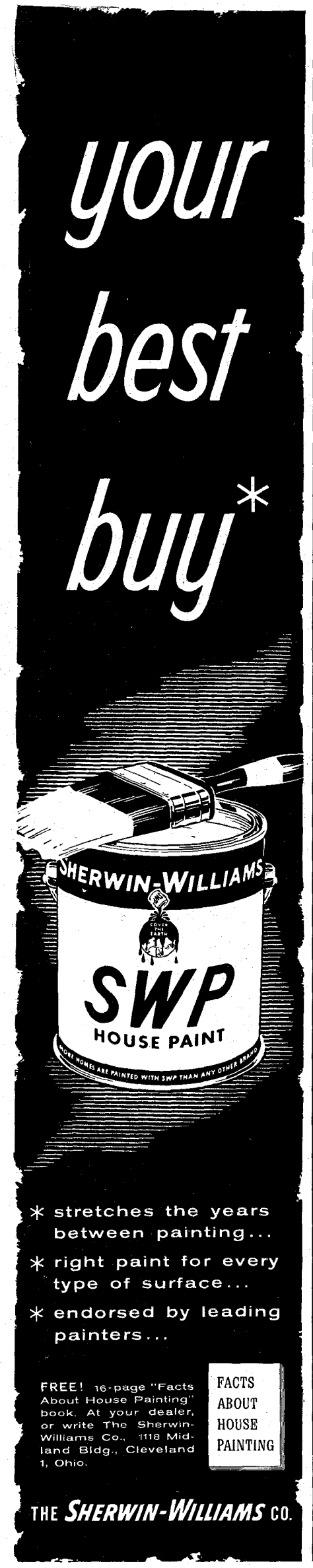
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The Lost Dimension in Religion

(Continued from Page 29)

"dimension of depth" is lost. And this is precisely what has happened to man in our period of history. He has lost the courage to ask such questions with an infinite seriousness—as former generations did—and he has lost the courage to receive answers to these questions, wherever they may come from.

I suggest that we call the dimension of depth the religious dimension in man's nature. Being religious means asking passionately the question of the meaning of our existence and being willing to receive answers, even if the answers hurt. Such an idea of religion makes religion universally human, but it certainly differs from what is usually called religion. It does not describe religion as the belief in the existence of gods or one God, and as a set of activities and institutions for the sake of relating oneself to these beings in thought, devotion and obedience. No one can deny that the religions which have appeared in history are religions in this sense. Nevertheless, religion in its innermost nature is more than religion in this narrower sense. It is the state of being concerned about one's own being and being universally.

There are many people who are ultimately concerned in this way who feel far removed, however, from religion in the narrower sense, and therefore from every historical religion. It often happens that such people take the question of the meaning of their life infinitely seriously and reject any historical religion just for this reason. They feel that the concrete religions fail to express their profound concern adequately. They are religious while rejecting the religions. It is this experience which forces us to distinguish the meaning of religion as living in the dimension of depth from particular expressions of one's ultimate concern in the symbols and institutions of a concrete religion. If we now turn to the concrete analysis of the religious situation of our time, it is obvious that our key must be the basic meaning of religion and not any particular religion, not even Christianity. What does this key disclose about the predicament of man in our period?

If we define religion as the state of being grasped by an infinite concern we must say: Man in our time has lost such infinite concern. And the resurgence of religion is nothing but a desperate and mostly futile attempt to regain what has been lost.

How did the dimension of depth become lost? Like any important event, it has many causes, but certainly not the one which one hears often mentioned from ministers' pulpits and evangelists' platforms, namely that a widespread impiety of modern man is responsible. Modern man is neither more pious nor more impious than man in any other period. The loss of the dimension of depth is caused by the relation of man to his world and to himself in our period, the period in which nature is being subjected scientifically and technically to the control of man. In this period, life in the dimension of depth is replaced by life in the horizontal dimension. The driving forces of the industrial society of which we are a part go ahead horizontally and not vertically. In popular terms this is expressed in phrases like "better and better," "bigger and bigger," "more and more." One should not disparage the feeling which lies behind such speech. Man is right in feeling that he is able to know and transform the world he encounters without a foreseeable limit. He can go ahead in all directions without a definite boundary.

A most expressive symbol of this attitude of going ahead in the horizontal dimension is the breaking through of the space which is controlled by the gravitational power of the earth into the world-space. It is interesting that one calls this world-space simply "space" and speaks, for instance, of space travel, as if every trip were not travel into space. Perhaps one feels that the true nature of space has been discovered only through our entering into indefinite world-space. In any case, the predominance of the horizontal dimension over the dimension of depth has been immensely increased by the opening up of the space beyond the space of the earth.

If we now ask what does man do and seek if he goes ahead in the horizontal dimension, the answer is difficult. Sometimes one is inclined to say that the mere movement ahead without an end, the intoxication with speeding forward without limits, is what satisfies him. But this answer is by no means sufficient. For on his way into space and time man changes the world he encounters. And the changes made by him change himself. He transforms everything he encounters into a tool; and in doing so he himself becomes a tool. But if he asks, a tool for what, there is no answer.

One does not need to look far beyond everyone's daily experience in order to find examples to describe this predicament. Indeed our daily life in office and home, in cars and airplanes, at parties and conferences, while reading magazines and watching television, while looking at advertisements and hearing radio, are in themselves continuous examples of a life which has lost the dimension of depth. It runs ahead, every moment is filled with something which must be done or seen or said or planned. But no one can experience depth without stopping and becoming aware of himself. Only if he has moments in which he does not care about what comes next can he experience the meaning of this moment here and now and ask himself about the meaning of his life. As long as the preliminary, transitory concerns are not silenced, no matter how interesting and valuable and important they may be, the voice of the ultimate concern cannot be heard. This is the deepest root of the loss of the dimension of depth in our period—the loss of religion in its basic and universal meaning.

If the dimension of depth is lost, the symbols in which life in this dimension has expressed itself must also disappear. I am speaking of the great symbols of the historical religions in our Western world, of Judaism and Christianity. The reason that the religious symbols became lost is not primarily scientific criticism, but it is a complete misunderstanding of their meaning; and only because of this misunderstanding was scientific critique able, and even justified, in attacking them. The first step toward the non-religion of the Western world was made by religion itself. When it defended its great symbols, not as symbols, but as literal stories, it had already lost the battle. In doing so the theologians (and today many religious laymen) helped to transfer the powerful expressions of the dimension of depth into objects or happenings on the horizontal plane. There the symbols lose their power and meaning and become an easy prey to physical, biological and historical attack.

If the symbol of creation which points to the divine ground of everything is transferred to the horizontal plane, it becomes a story of events in a removed past for which there is no evidence, but which contradicts every piece of scientific evidence. If the symbol of the Fall of Man, which points to the tragic estrangement of man and his world from their true being is transferred to the horizontal plane, it becomes a

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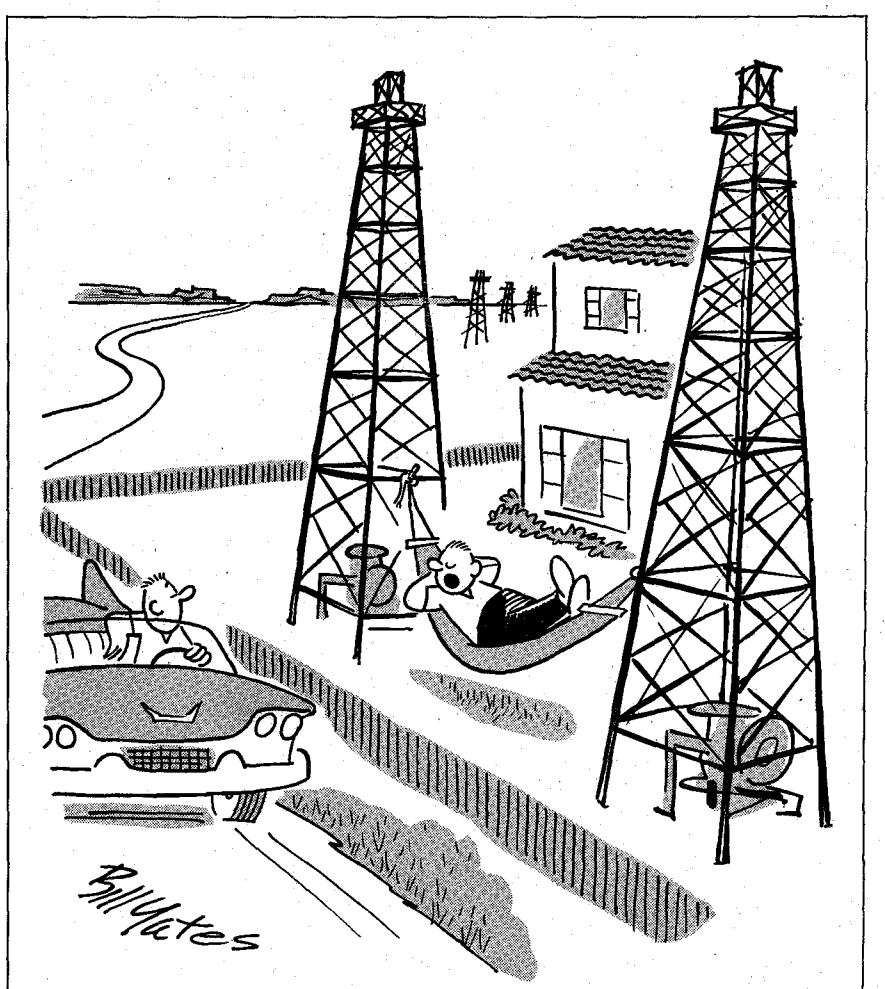

"Can't complain—and you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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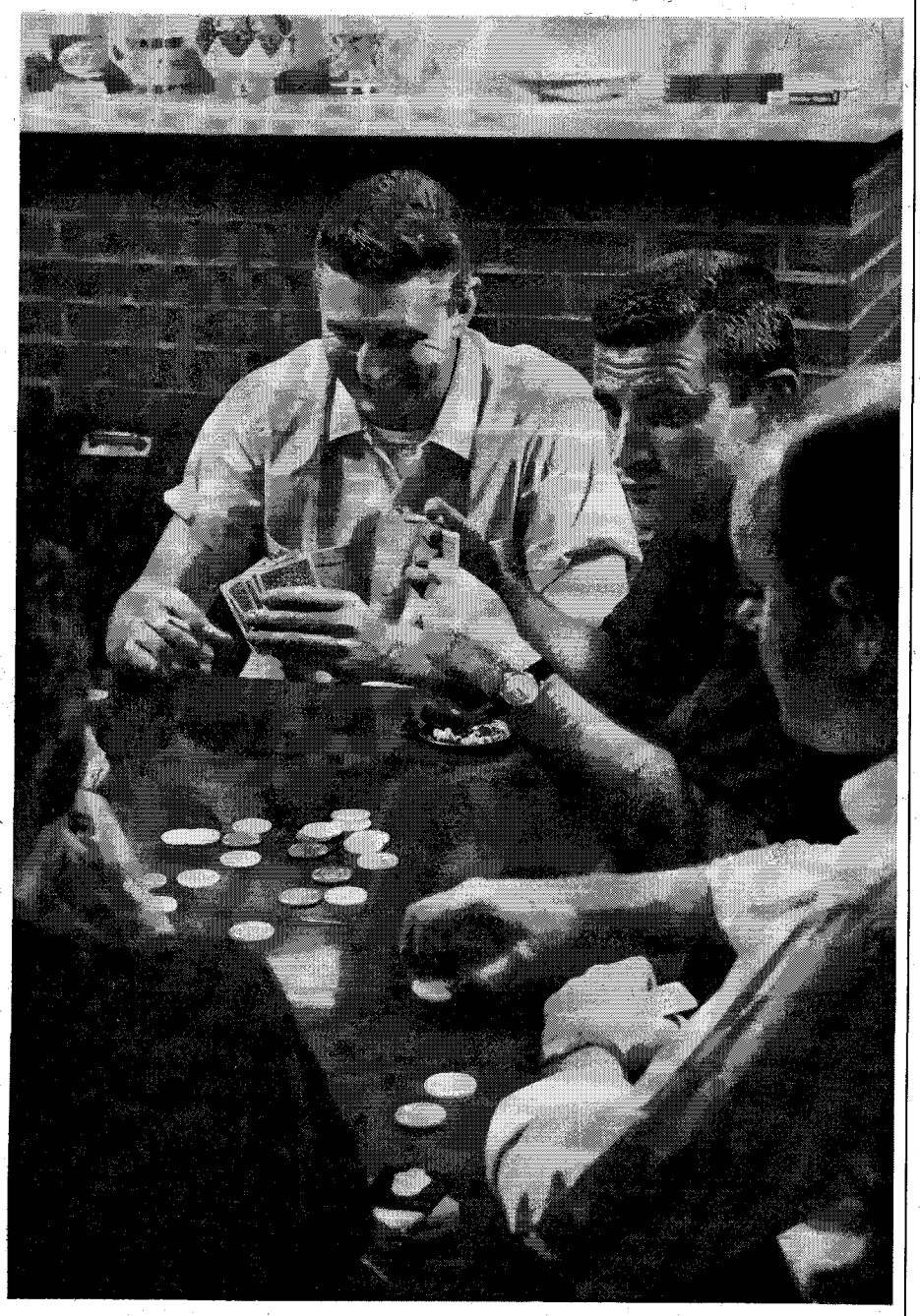

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(*Continued from Page 76*) story of a human couple a few thousand years ago in what is now present-day Iraq. One of the most profound psychological descriptions of the general human predicament becomes an absurdity on the horizontal plane. If the symbols of the Saviour and the salvation through Him which point to the healing power in history and personal life are transferred to the horizontal plane, they become stories of a half-divine being coming from a heavenly place and returning to it. Obviously, in this form, they have no meaning whatsoever for people whose view of the universe is determined by scientific astronomy.

If the idea of God (and the symbols applied to Him) which expresses man's ultimate concern is transferred to the horizontal plane, God becomes a being among others whose existence or nonexistence is a matter of inquiry. Nothing, perhaps, is more symptomatic of the loss of the dimension of depth than the permanent discussion about the existence or nonexistence of God—a discussion in which both sides are equally wrong, because the discussion itself is wrong and possible only after the loss of the dimension of depth.

When in this way man has deprived himself of the dimension of depth and the symbols expressing it, he then becomes a part of the horizontal plane. He loses his self and becomes a thing among things. He becomes an element in the process of manipulated production and manipulated consumption. This is now a matter of public knowledge. We have become aware of the degree to which everyone in our social structure is managed, even if one knows it and even if one belongs himself to the managing group. The influence of the gang mentality on adolescents, of the corporation's demands on the executives, of the conditioning of everyone by public communication, by propaganda and advertising under the guidance of motivation research, et cetera, have all been described in many books and articles.

Under these pressures, man can hardly escape the fate of becoming a thing among the things he produces, a bundle of conditioned reflexes without a free, deciding and responsible self. The immense mechanism, set up by man to produce objects for his use, transforms man himself into an object used by the same mechanism of production and consumption.

But man has not ceased to be man. He resists this fate anxiously, desperately, courageously. He asks the question, for what? And he realizes that there is no answer. He becomes aware of the emptiness which is covered by the continuous movement ahead and the production of means for ends which become means again without an ultimate end. Without knowing what has happened to him, he feels that he has lost the meaning of life, the dimension of depth.

Out of this awareness the religious question arises and religious answers are received or rejected. Therefore, in order to describe the contemporary attitude toward religion, we must first point to the places where the awareness of the predicament of Western man in our period is most sharply expressed. These places are the great art, literature and, partly at least, the philosophy of our time. It is both the subject matter and the style of these creations which show the passionate and often tragic struggle about the meaning of life in a period in which man has lost the dimension of depth. This art, literature, philosophy is not religious in the narrower sense of the word; but it asks the religious question more radically and more profoundly than most directly religious expressions of our time.

It is the religious question which is asked when the novelist describes a man who tries in vain to reach the only place which could solve the problem of his life, or a man who disintegrates under the memory of a guilt which persecutes him, or a man who never had a real self and is pushed by his fate without resistance to death, or a man who experiences a profound disgust of everything he encounters.

It is the religious question which is asked when the poet opens up the horror and the fascination of the demonic regions of his soul, or if he leads us into the deserts and empty places of our being, or if he shows the physical and moral mud under the surface of life, or if he sings the song of transitoriness, giving words to the ever-present anxiety of our hearts.

It is the religious question which is asked when the playwright shows the illusion of a life in a ridiculous symbol, or if he lets the emptiness of a life's work end in self-destruction, or if he confronts us with the inescapable bondage to mutual hate and guilt, or if he leads us into the dark cellar of lost hopes and slow disintegration.

It is the religious question which is asked when the painter breaks the visible surface into pieces, then reunites them into a great picture which has little similarity with the world at which we normally look, but which expresses our anxiety and our courage to face reality.

It is the religious question which is asked when the architect, in creating office buildings or churches, removes the trimmings taken over from past styles because they cannot be considered an honest expression of our own period. He prefers the seeming poverty of a purpose-determined style to the deceptive richness of imitated styles of the past. He knows that he gives no final answer, but he does give an honest answer.

The philosophy of our time shows the same hiddenly religious traits. It is divided into two main schools of thought, the analytic and the existentialist. The former tries to analyze logical and linguistic forms which are always used and which underlie all scientific research. One may compare them with the painters who dissolve the natural forms of bodies into cubes, planes and lines; or with those architects who want the structural "bones" of their buildings to be conspicuously visible and not hidden by covering features. This self-restriction produces the almost monastic poverty and seriousness of this philosophy. It is religious—without any contact with religion in its method—by exercising the humility of "learned ignorance."

In contrast to this school the existentialist philosophers have much to say about the problems of human existence. They bring into rational concepts what the writers and poets, the painters and architects, are expressing in their particular material. What they express is the human predicament in time and space, in anxiety and guilt and the feeling of meaninglessness. From Pascal in the seventeenth century to Heidegger and Sartre in our time, philosophers have emphasized the contrast between human dignity and human misery. And by doing so, they have raised the religious question. Some have tried to answer the question they have asked. But if they did so, they turned back to past traditions and offered to our time that which does not fit our time. Is it possible for our time to receive answers which are born out of our time?

Answers given today are in danger of strengthening the present situation and

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with it the questions to which they are supposed to be the answers. This refers to some of the previously mentioned major representatives of the so-called resurgence of religion, as for instance the evangelist Billy Graham and the counseling and healing minister, Norman Vincent Peale. Against the validity of the answers given by the former, one must say that, in spite of his personal integrity, his propagandistic methods and his primitive theological fundamentalism fall short of what is needed to give an answer to the religious question of our period. In spite of all his seriousness, he does not take the radical questions of our period seriously.

The effect that Norman Peale has on large groups of people is rooted in the fact that he confirms the situation which he is supposed to help overcome. He heals people with the purpose of making them fit again for the demands of the competitive and conformist society in which we are living. He helps them to become adapted to the situation which is characterized by the loss of the dimension of depth. Therefore, his advice is valid on this level; but it is the validity of this level that is the true religious question of our time. And this question he neither raises nor answers.

In many cases the increase of church membership and interest in religious activities does not mean much more than the religious consecration of a state of things in which the religious dimension has been lost. It is the desire to participate in activities which are socially strongly approved and give internal and a certain amount of external security. This is not necessarily bad, but it certainly is not an answer to the religious question of our period.

Is there an answer? There is always an answer, but the answer may not be available to us. We may be too deeply steeped in the predicament out of which the question arises to be able to answer it. To acknowledge this is certainly a better way toward a real answer than to bar the way to it by deceptive answers. And it may be that in this attitude the real answer (within available limits) is given. The real answer to the question of how to regain the dimension of depth is not given by increased church membership or church attendance, nor by conversion or healing experiences. But it is given by the awareness that we have lost the decisive dimension of life, the dimension of depth, and that there is no easy way of getting it back. Such awareness is in itself a state of being grasped by that which is symbolized in the term, dimension of depth. He who realizes that he is separated from the ultimate source of meaning shows by this realization that he is not only separated but also reunited. And this is just our situation. What we need above all—and partly have—is the radical realization of our predicament, without trying to cover it up by secular or religious ideologies. The revival of religious interest would be a creative power in our culture if it would develop into a movement of search for the lost dimension of depth.

This does not mean that the traditional religious symbols should be dismissed. They certainly have lost their meaning in the literalistic form into which they have been distorted, thus producing the critical reaction against them. But they have not lost their genuine meaning, namely, of answering the question which is implied in man's very existence in powerful, revealing and saving symbols. If the resurgence of religion would produce a new understanding of the symbols of the past and their relevance for our situation, instead of premature and deceptive answers, it would become a creative factor in our culture and a saving factor for many who live in estrangement, anxiety and despair. The religious answer has always the character of "in spite of." In spite of the loss of dimension of depth, its power is present, and most present in those who are aware of the loss and are striving to regain it with ultimate seriousness.

For readers who wish to pursue this subject further the following books are recommended:

Tillich, Paul. The Protestant Era. Phoenix Books. $1.50

Tillich, Paul. The Religious Situation. Meridian Books. $1.25

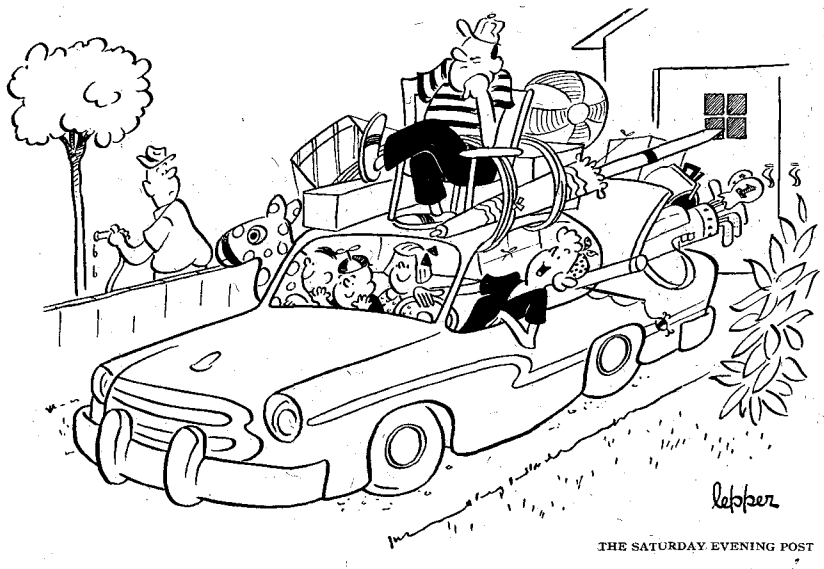
Tillich, Paul. Dynamics of Faith. Harper. $2.75 (to be published next September in a $.95 edition)

Heinemann, F. H. Existentialism and the Modern Predicament. Harper. $1.50

Spiegelberg, Frederic. Living Religions of the World. Prentice-Hall. $6.75

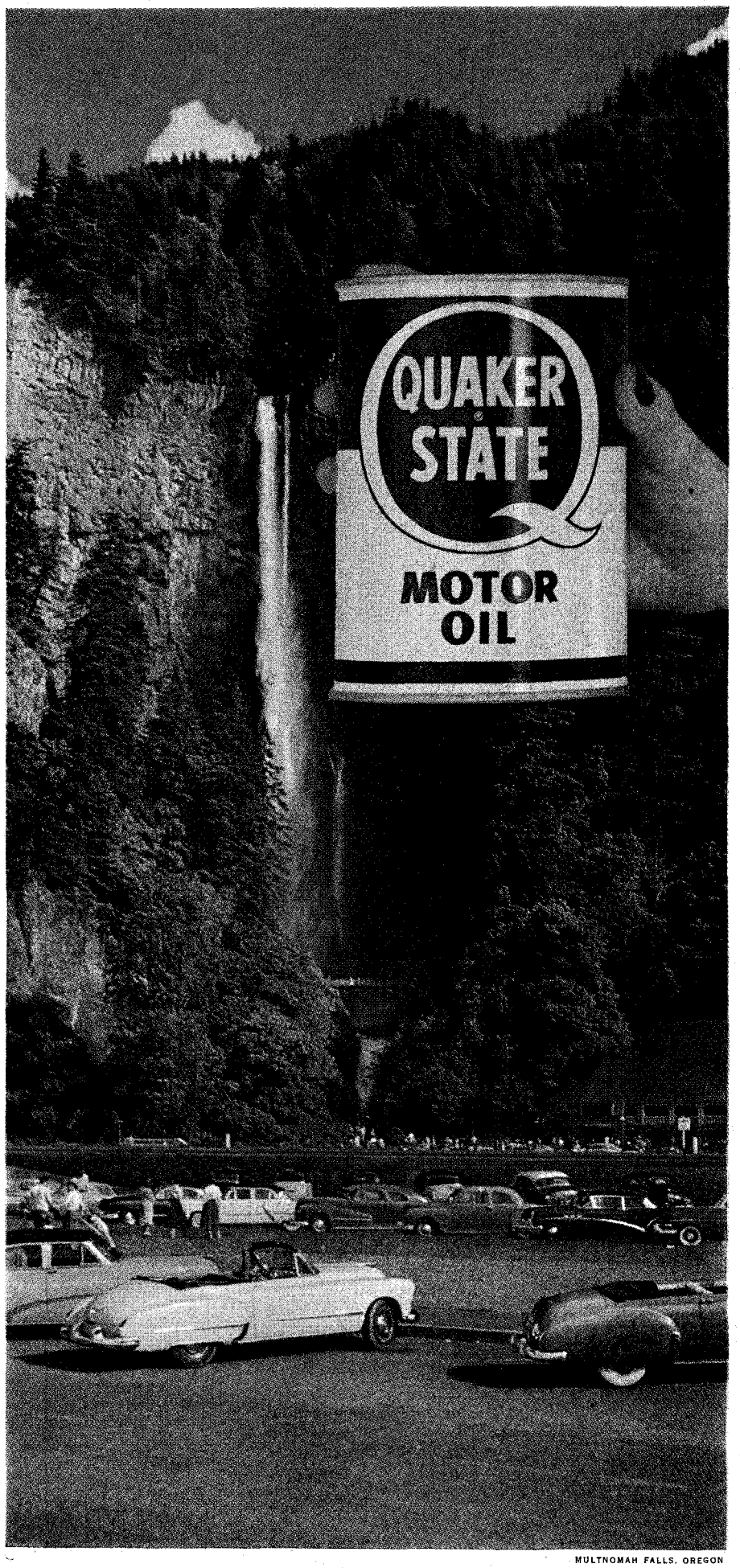
Fromm, Erich. Man for Himself. Rinehart. $3.75

Editors' Note—This is the sixth article in this series. The seventh, on the Mystery of Matter, by Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, will appear in our issue for June 28.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"There! I told you we'd find room for everything."



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Arson, Incorporated (Continued from Page 49)

the home of William Tecumseh Peabody to interview Soapy Japes. When I was through with him I came here to Chief Fogarty's apartment."

"Why?"

"To examine the contents of Chief Fogarty's desk," Craig answered.

"That," grated the chief, "requires explanation—and a good one."

"Yes, sir. By chance, sir, I found the other day in that desk a bankbook with deposits of nearly twenty-six thousand dollars. And also the missing file of the investigation into the fire where my father was killed."

"You found these things in Chief Fogarty's desk! And did not report the finding to me!"

"I needed to think, sir."

"So you needed to think! And what was the result of your thinking?"

"That no matter what I found and no matter what seemed to be indicated, Uncle Paddy was an honest man, and that there was an explanation that would not discredit him."

"So you concealed evidence? You acted as judge and jury? And you acquitted Chief Fogarty?" There was a softening in the glare of the chief's fierce eyes. "We will go into that further," the chief said. "But fir-r-st, what then happened?"

"Two men, armed and wearing rubber masks, surprised me, sir. They were intending to kidnap me and Miss Fogarty. We managed to get away from them, sir, and I telephoned you. In the meantime, the two men escaped in a car."

"I would speak a word," Nora interjected. She was formal, as if giving evidence on the witness stand. "Assistant Fire Marshal Batts," she said, "stood in the doorway. There were two men with unnatural faces. One held a gun almost against Marshal Batts' body. The other stood ready. What followed was too quick for me to see, but both men were on the floor and Marshal Batts ordered me to run. Which I did. We reached the street in safety." She paused an instant and then spoke with sudden fire, "And it's proud you should be of him instead of giving him the rough side of your tongue."

"Say you so, Miss Fogarty? And maybe I should put you in charge of the discipline of the department."

"You could go farther and do worse."

"We will go to the apartment," said the chief noncommittally, and Lieutenant di Fisano's eyes traveled from Craig to Nora and twinkled with amusement. Few people faced up to the chief marshal as this girl had done and survived it so well.

They crossed the street and climbed the stairs. The door of the apartment stood open. The living room had not been disturbed, but the desk in Chief Fogarty's bedroom had been ransacked. The folder of the investigation was gone, but the bankbook lay on the floor among other papers. The chief growled. "So whatever that file could have told us has been lost."

"No, sir," Craig said. "It is in my mind. At need I can recite it to you."

"Why," asked Lieutenant di Fisano, "did they come for you?"

"One of them said I had become a nuisance," Craig answered. "It was necessary for them to get me out of the way for a little while."

"Ah, a little while?"

"Why not let you have it?" asked the chief.

Craig's eyes narrowed in thought. He concentrated. "Because," he said slowly, "their boss man has a thing against murder. If he can avoid it. And because I had to be gotten out of the way for only a short time."

"Go on," prompted di Fisano.

"We believe," Craig said, "that the next raid of this gang will be in New York City. This means that it will be soon. Tomorrow maybe. I'm trying to figure why, all of a sudden, I've become such a nuisance."

"Could it be," di Fisano asked, "because you saw Clyde Tupper snatched Sunday night?"

"Who knows I saw that?" Craig answered. "Nobody but the police and members of the fire marshal's department. There could have been a leak."

"Possible," growled the chief marshal.

"It wasn't a member of the detective force that abstracted that folder from your files, chief," di Fisano said with raised brows.

The chief marshal was in a rage. Not against di Fisano, but at the thought that a member of his bureau might be guilty of treachery. But he was compelled to admit the possibility of it.

"Chief," Craid said tensely, "that folder was not removed from the files by a member of this gang. It was taken by someone who delivered it to Tupper. Who had it sent to Chief Fogarty. Tupper's office was searched for it. Chief Fogarty! This William Tecumseh Peabody was killed because he was trying to reach Chief Fogarty. Why Chief Fogarty? It seems silly, chief, but I think it was because Chief Fogarty, when he was a boy, played on a baseball team with William Tecumseh Peabody."

"The boy has lost his mind," the chief said to di Fisano.

"It might be a good thing if some of us lost our minds the same way," di Fisano said with a grin. "He's the only one that seems to be getting any place."

"Chief," Craig said suddenly, "could you arrange a three-bagger false alarm?"

"Now I know you're loopy," the chief rumbled. "But what's the idea?"

"We don't want a real fire, do we, sir? An incendiary fire that might spread and do great damage in the heart of town?"

"Of course we don't."

"But," Craig said slowly, "they can't commit a robbery without the cover of a fire. It's the way they work. It's their pattern."

"Right, boy," said di Fisano. "What are you getting at?"

"If their fire doesn't come off they won't dare to raid the bank."

"What bank?" snapped the chief marshal.

"Why," said Craig, his voice suddenly strong and certain, "the Merchants' and Miners' National Bank, sir."

The chief and Lieutenant di Fisano gaped at each other and then bent forward to stare at Craig as if he had jerked a white elephant out of a derby hat.

"What did you say?" thundered the chief marshal.

"Of course. That's one reason I had to be snatched. The Merchants' and Miners' Bank. Of course. Of course."

"What evidence?" demanded di Fisano.

"None. None," Craig said. "But that's the place."

"So that's the spot!" di Fisano said as if humoring a child. "So what do we do about it?"

"Why," Craig answered, "we have a false alarm. We figure out where the fire's apt to be set, and we lay for the firebugs. We nab them, of course, and then we turn in the alarm, and the apparatus comes. Third alarm. We might even have to have smudge pots to make the illusion perfect. We have to be ready, starting now."

"He's taking charge of the bureau!" exclaimed the chief, not without elaborate irony.

Again Nora spoke. "You had better heed him," she said. "It could be reason or logic. Or it could be the second sight."

"I am not fey," Craig said shortly. "'Tis facts and logic. Under cover of the fire, they will come. With a police car or a fire-department car or some other car that would have natural business there. A car with armed men wearing rubber masks over their faces."

"Go ahead."

"So they will loot the bank and drive away, and no trace will be found of even what kind of a car it is that's used."

"Like that robbery of the jewelry store," said di Fisano.

"Like that," said Craig eagerly. "And so we have a choice."

"Between what and what?" asked the chief marshal.

"Of capturing them in the bank or of letting them get away with it and capturing them where they hide."

"If we knew where they would hide."

"Oh, we know that, of course. Where the kids' baseball team used to play. Where William Tecumseh Peabody was locked up. Where Clyde Tupper is a prisoner right now."

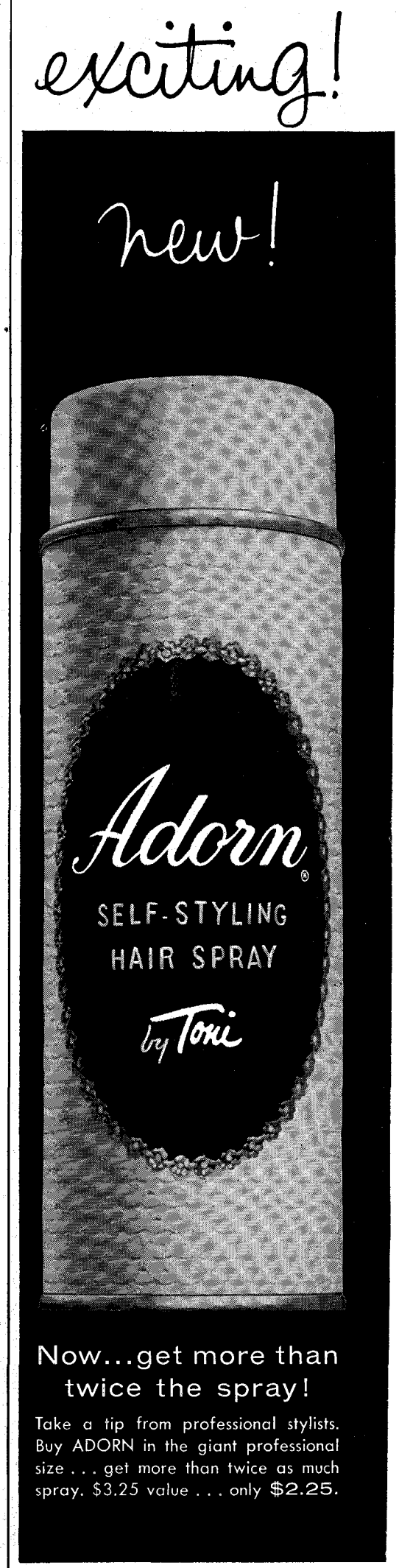
"Is this more stuff out of that crystal ball?" demanded the chief marshal.

"Oh, no, sir," said Craig in a straightforward way. "It's as plain as the nose on your face when you think about it."

"Take it step by step. Grab our little paddies and (*Continued on Page 82*)

"He certainly knows how to hold an audience."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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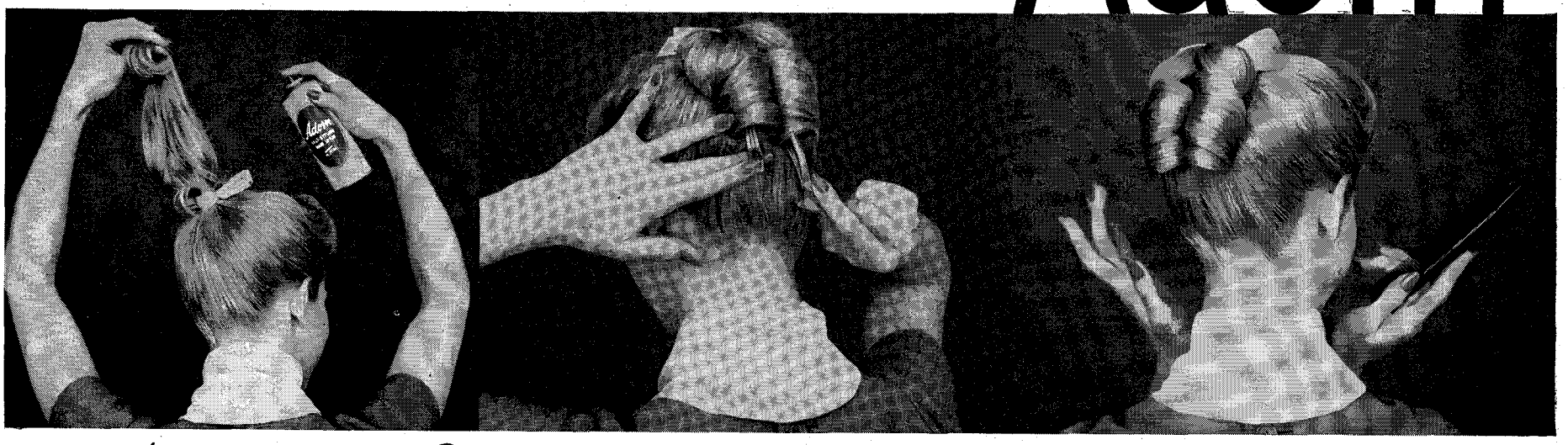

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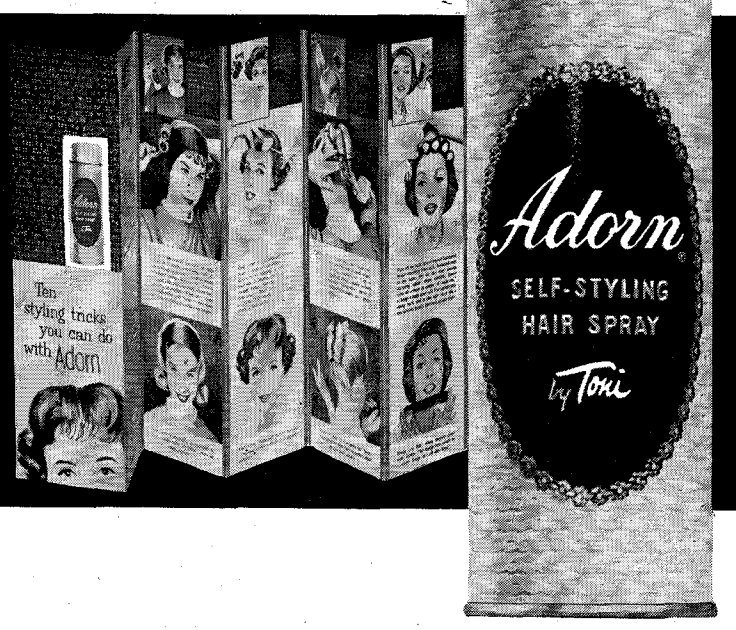

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(*Continued from Page 80*) lead us along as if we were kiddies," said the chief marshal in a strangled voice.

"There are spaces you have to jump," said Craig with a helpless gesture. "There are things that aren't coupled. Where you have to take off and leap."

"And the high muck-a-muck?" demanded the chief marshal. "I suppose you have his full name and address?"

Craig shook his head stubbornly. "If I told you, you wouldn't believe me. You would give me the horse laugh and right then you'd be sure I'd been talking a bag of nonsense about all of it. I've got no evidence for a court, but I've plenty of evidence for myself." Of a sudden his face darkened and set and became blackly stubborn. "Him I shall not name. He belongs to me, and nobody else shall take him. He killed my father and he struck down Uncle Paddy. I will take this man and I will take him in such a manner that he knows it is I that have smashed him and brought him to his bad end. And with that, sir," he said in a voice that was low and pleading, "you will have to be satisfied."

"Blast and damn it, boy," the chief marshal said loudly but grimly, "you have proved nothing."

"I know it well," Craig said, "but when you catch them red-handed it will be proof enough." He stared across at Nora, who nodded to him as if encouraging and abetting. "I cannot even prove that the leak in the bureau is from the lips of Assistant Fire Marshal Luke Priddy, but I know it to be so."

"But the Merchants' and Miners' Bank," insisted the chief.

"That brought it to a head. That's why they came after me. Because I saw him casing the place, sir. Because I followed him and he must have seen me."

"So what did he do?"

"He went into the bank and cashed a check."

"Incriminating!" exclaimed the chief. "I suppose a million New Yorkers went into banks to cash checks today."

"Chief," said Lieutenant di Fisano, "we're in a bind. We know a major crime is planned. We don't know where the blow will fall nor when."

"Correct."

"This whole thing of Batts' may be a mare's nest. But it's all we have. We're taking a chance if we act on it, but we're taking a bigger chance if we don't."

"Nevertheless," roared the chief, "not a move will I make till I'm told the name of this man that Batts says is the head of it all. That's an order, Batts. Name the name or stand suspended. And that's me last word."

Craig hesitated but a moment. "You'll not believe me. It is not to be believed and you will say I've blown my top."

"The name." The chief's voice was implacable as he pronounced the word. "The name with no more shilly-shallying."

"The name," answered Craig reluctantly, "is Pieter Van Rensselaer."

There was silence. It was a shocked, weighty silence. Then the chief marshal uttered a sound that was a bark. It was a derisive sound, a sound of incredulity. His face was black with rage. "So you'd be making a fool of me!"

"He is the man," Craig said hopelessly.

"Who," asked Lieutenant di Fisano, "is this Van Rensselaer?"

"Nobody but the King of the Buffs," answered the chief. "With an honorary gold badge to prove it. Nobody but a pal of every commissioner for twenty years back. Nobody but a friend and relative of mayors and governors. Ye might as well accuse George Washington of bein' Benedict Arnold. The greatest civilian friend the department ever has had. How loony are you get?"

"I knew how you would take it, sir," Craig said heavily.

"And him you accuse of bein' a firebug and a robber, to say nothing of throwin' in a couple of murders."

"He killed my father," Craig said doggedly.

Lieutenant di Fisano intervened. "Chief," he said, "at the moment it is not a man's name that matters. Our job is to prevent a crime. Your young man here may be crazy as a coot, but he's offered us the only chance we have. All right. Say he's addled. Say what you want to. But I say we've got to play along. I go farther, chief. I say any man, no matter how high, can take a tumble. I say a man who spends his life chasing fires is a nut, and you never can tell when a nut will go bad. You're boss of your bureau, chief, and you can give orders to go ahead or to lay off. But as for me and the police department, we're going ahead. We're laying our bets on this young man. And we're going to play it the way he suggests."

The chief scowled. "Did I say I would not go along?" he demanded. "Whenever was the fire department behind the police in any matter?" He turned upon Craig. "Young Batts," he snarled, "you've stood me on a slippery spot. And may the devil fly away with ye if ye make me land boom on me backside."

"So we are agreed?" asked di Fisano.

"The first thing to do," said the chief, "is to survey the neighborhood. To pick the likeliest building for the fire. Or the likeliest two or three. And fill them so full of your men and my men that nobody can strike a match without being grabbed."

"And men to protect the bank."

"But," Craig said a bit diffidently, "isn't the chief thing to make sure that there is no leak from either department? A leak would spoil it all."

"There will be no leak," the chief marshal said curtly.

"Everything must be set before the bank opens tomorrow," said di Fisano. "I'll go to attend to my end of it." He looked at his watch. "We'll meet again in your office at eight."

"I'm leaving with you," the chief marshal said. And then to Craig, "You will report in my office at eight."

It was a busy and trying night. A joint board of strategy headed by the chief marshal and Lieutenant di Fisano planned the intricate campaign with professional attention to every detail. Infinite precautions had been taken to see there should be no leaks. The block in which the Merchants' and Miners' Bank was located had been scouted and every building and business in the vicinity had been examined and appraised as a possible location for the expected incendiary fire. Two structures had been selected as most likely: One a six-story building whose floors were occupied by a couple of dozen small manufacturing concerns; the other by a cheap furniture company. Both were filled with flammable merchandise. During the night hours, fire marshals and detectives were smuggled into both buildings, and a special detail of firemen was secreted in each with an equipment of smudgepots with which to simulate fires.

Every assistant fire marshal not definitely on the sick list was on duty somewhere through the night. How many men di Fisano had on the job Craig Batts did not know.

At midnight Craig stood in the chief marshal's office waiting to perform an unpleasant duty.

"Call him in," directed the chief grimly, and Craig walked down the hallway to the room occupied by the Manhattan marshals. He motioned to Luke Priddy, who got up and followed to the room of the head of the Bureau of Fire Investigation. Both young men stood before the burly, grizzled man who sat at the desk.

"Priddy," he said, and there was more sadness than anger in his small gray eyes, "Batts has charges to bring against you."

Priddy, his usually quizzical face blank, turned his eyes toward Craig and waited.

"I'm sorry, Luke," Craig said. "The specific charge is that you took a certain file from the cabinet and turned it over to Clyde Tupper. You have been informing Tupper of everything that goes on in this bureau. Specifically, you have kept him aware of every movement I have made. There were things he knew that only you and I were aware of. Such as my whereabouts at various times. On two occasions you let him know that I would be in Chief Fogarty's apartment so he could time his visits accordingly. And conduct himself so as to throw suspicion on the chief."

Priddy stood mute. "You visited Tupper's office," Craig continued. "At least once I can prove. It was on the day Tupper's rooms were ransacked."

"How can you prove this?" asked the chief.

"If you will come with me, sir," Craig said, and led the way back to the general room and to Priddy's desk. "Please look how the articles on his desk are arranged."

It was an orderly desk, everything in its place, but there was a pattern to its orderliness. "He always leaves it so," Craig said. "Not on purpose. Automatically. Probably without knowing it. As you, chief, when you are thinking hard, always reach across your face with your right hand and tug at your left ear. On the center of his blotter there. He makes a fat diamond with his pencils and pens, and inside it an L of two match sticks or something else. Whenever he doodles he makes that figure, a diamond with an L inside it."

"Yes?" prompted the chief.

"That design was on Tupper's blotter," Craig said.

Luke Priddy continued to stand mute. The trio retraced their steps to the chief marshal's office.

"He's made out a *prima facie* case," said the chief heavily. "What have you to say?"

Priddy's attitude was one of *sang-froid*. He shrugged and smiled his ironical smile at Craig. "All tied round with a woolen string," he said. "If he hasn't got me tight now he will have—with that infernal trick mind of his. So all right. I leaked to Tupper. I abstracted that file for Tupper. So he could send it to Chief Fogarty."

"Why? Why?" demanded the chief.

"I couldn't live in the style I wanted on an assistant fire marshal's salary," Priddy said, as if that were sufficient explanation.

"Why did Tupper send that folder to Fogarty?" asked the chief. "To incriminate him?"

"No," Priddy said. "To set him on the trail."

"What trail?"

"I don't know. But of someone Tupper wanted to do in. Someone who, apparently, got in first and scragged Tupper."

The chief marshal peered curiously at Priddy. "You gave in quick," he said with scorn in his voice. "You put up no fight."

"Well, why wear myself out when I knew I was licked?" the young man said callously.

"Batts," demanded the chief, "did you find anything else in Tupper's office that you haven't told me about?"

"One thing in particular," Craig said, and drew from his pocket a small envelope from (*Continued on Page 84*)

The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Boppus was known throughout the neighborhood for her constant efforts to manage everyone else's affairs and her complete inattention to her own household. She was forever closing her door upon her own domestic mess to go tell someone else how to keep house. A young married niece who lived nearby became a particular target of her unwanted advice.

One morning the niece called unexpectedly. Surveying the dirty dishes, unemptied ash trays, scattered garments and general disorder, the niece unguardedly remarked that the place "could use a little tidying." Immediately Mrs. Boppus retorted that the young woman didn't understand. "Don't be silly," she snapped. "A home should have that lived-in look."

"Yes," the long-suffering niece replied. "But I prefer one that looks as if it had been lived in by *people*."

James A. Clemon

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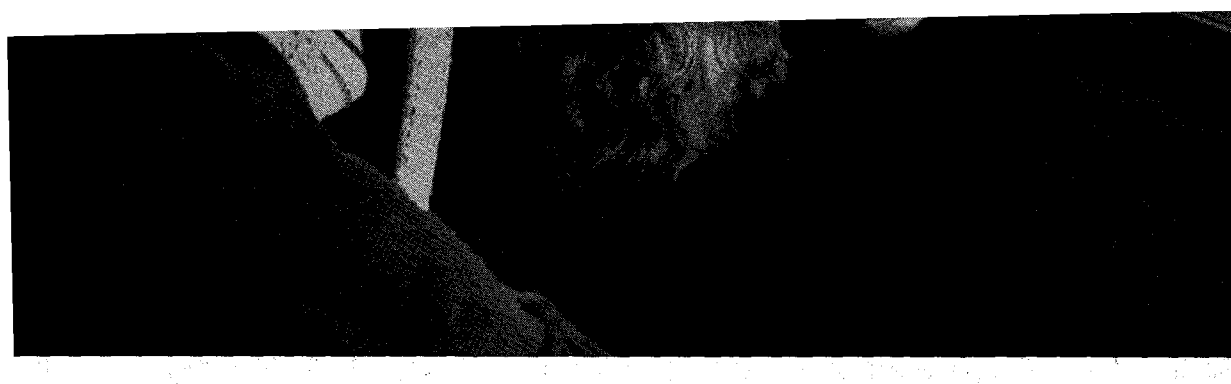

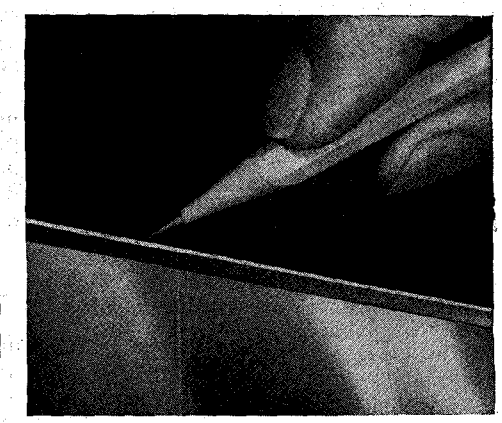

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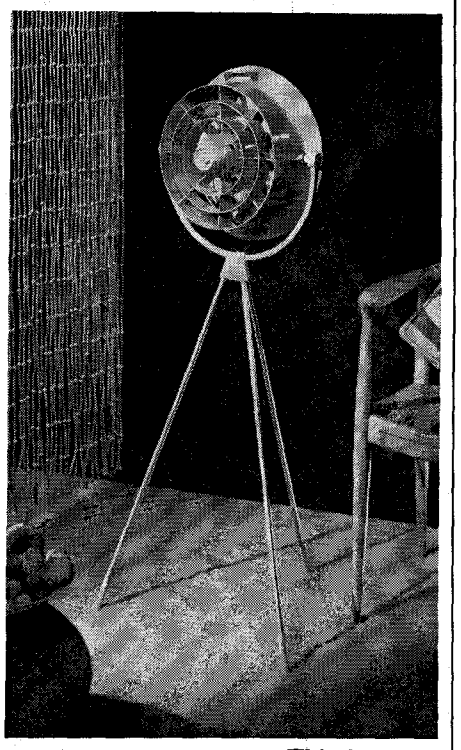

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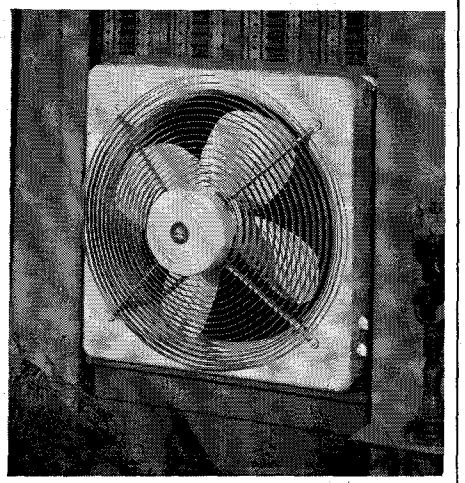

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(*Continued from Page 82*) which he shook a triangular bit of glass upon the top of the desk.

"What's that?"

"A fragment of a lens, sir."

"What kind of a lens? Spectacles?"

"No, sir. A monocle."

"What!"

"Yes, sir. A monocle. I took it to an optician, sir. He said it was a bit of a rimless monocle." Craig paused and stood looking steadily at his superior. "A similar piece of glass," he said, "was found by the examining physician embedded between the second and third fingers of my father's right hand. And, sir, during the investigation a very important gentleman who attended the fire—permitted that liberty as the King of the Buffs—suffered an injury there. It was so noted in his examination. He was struck, so he said, by a falling bit of debris which put out his right eye. It may mean nothing to you, sir, but to me things equal to the same thing are equal to each other. Why, sir, would my father strike this man with his fist, breaking his eyeglass and lacerating his eye?"

"A little thing," said the chief to himself.

"But big enough, sir," Craig said soberly.

"You know, Priddy, that Tupper sent this file to Chief Fogarty?"

"I saw it wrapped and addressed and stamped. I mailed it myself."

"You," glowered the chief, "are suspended, pending formal charges, and may consider yourself under arrest." He became curt. "Batts," he snapped, "call a cop."

The commissioner came in after midnight, not interfering with the arrangements of police and marshals, but listening and watching with keen and intelligent interest. The air was used as little as possible because the looters and arsonists might have radio equipment.

"What about the old brewery?" the commissioner asked as the details of the plan unfolded themselves.

"Mr. Commissioner," said the harried chief, "tonight we are working on suppositions. No matter how wild-eyed or improbable the suppositions may be, we've got to cover them all."

Craig made a movement as if he would speak, but restrained himself in the presence of the commissioner.

"What is it, young man?" that dignitary asked.

"The brewery, sir," Craig said with unaccustomed diffidence, "fits into the pattern. It's—it's a key piece in the jigsaw puzzle. It keeps bobbing up, sir, from that old boys' baseball team to this moment."

"It seems to do so, young man."

"After the jewelry robbery," Craig went on with more confidence, "the disguised car used by the men in rubber masks disappeared as if erased. The trailer they used for transportation had to be hidden. I've walked the streets, sir, looking for a possible hiding place—into which a car could disappear. And those big doors through which loaded brewery wagons used to come is the most promising place."

"That has, of course, been discussed."

"If," growled the chief marshal, "there's going to be a depredation tomorrow, and if the Merchants' and Miners' Bank is to be the victim; and if there's to be an incendiary fire; and if the criminals are going to make their raid in some kind of a car that would naturally be in such a spot—like a chief's car, or a police prowl car, or some suchlike vehicle, then the old brewery's as good a guess for their headquarters as any."

"And it will be under surveillance?"

"Of course, commissioner. A fly won't be able to get in or out of it without our knowing. The second those doors open and any kind of a car comes out word will reach us over the air."

The hours dragged. Reports came in by telephone and word of mouth. The speaker at the right of the chief's desk spluttered and squeaked with routine business, but never a word was carried by the air waves that might be intercepted and betray the presence of the net that was being spread.

Men carrying such a burden found need to talk, to speculate. Taut nerves found some surcease in arguing, in deducing, in pointing out.

"The first word, if any comes," said the chief, "will be from the firebugs. No firebugs—no raid, and the whole business is a mare's nest."

"The most likely hour," hazarded the commissioner, "will be just after the opening of the business day."

"It can't come too soon or too early."

In the common room down the hall assistant marshals cat-napped with heads on desks. Against the wall in the chief marshal's office his aide, chair tilted against the wall, nodded and jerked to wakefulness at any sound.

The hours dragged until at last the glow of dawn came through the windows. Canisters of coffee and piles of sandwiches were brought and blear-eyed men were grateful for the stimulant.

Seven o'clock came. Then watched timepieces announced that it was eight and alertness possessed them all, which, as nine o'clock came around, increased until it became all but unbearable. Any minute now some signal might come, some voice in code over the air or by telephone might give the word that the zero hour had struck.

And then, at ten minutes before the hour of ten, the telephone jangled and the chief snatched it from its cradle.

"Chief marshal speaking," he said harshly into the instrument.

"Got 'em," came back a voice. "One on third floor, one on fifth. Furniture store. Some kind of incendiary bombs."

"Any disturbance to tip off the capture?"

"Not to speak of. Smudge pots going now. Smoke pouring from windows. Alarm turned in."

Over the telephone could now be heard the screech of sirens, and apparatus careened through the streets to the scene of the fire. Then, from the grid of the loud-speaker came another voice. No need for precaution now.

"Brewery doors opened at 9.51," said the voice. "Telephone service car came out. Four men aboard. Swung south at corner."

From then to the end, the battle between the lawless and the guardians of the law was waged to its planned conclusion. On both sides was split-second timing. The false telephone service wagon rolled to a stop before the bank. Four men with strange, unnatural faces, leaped to the sidewalk and marched with military precision through the great doors of the financial institution. No hand was raised against them until they committed the overt act, the incriminating act. Until they produced weapons and made the demand calculated to cow into submission the tellers of the bank.

Then the concealed men of the police and fire marshal's department appeared like magic from their ambush, blocking the way of escape. From behind counters, in the gallery above, appeared men armed with riot guns and machine guns.

Not a shot was fired. The odds were too overwhelming even for desperate men to face or to attempt to breast. Weapons dropped to the marble floor; hands reached for the sky.

Commissioner and chief and those in the office listened with relaxed nerves as report after report crackled in. Last report to come was from the brewery, where the house trailer was found and the car with the hitch to draw it.

"We got a man here," said the reporting voice. "Gagged. Hands and feet tied. In a bad way. Send ambulance."

"That," said Craig more to himself than to the others, "will be Clyde Tupper."

"And that," said the commissioner wearily, "is that."

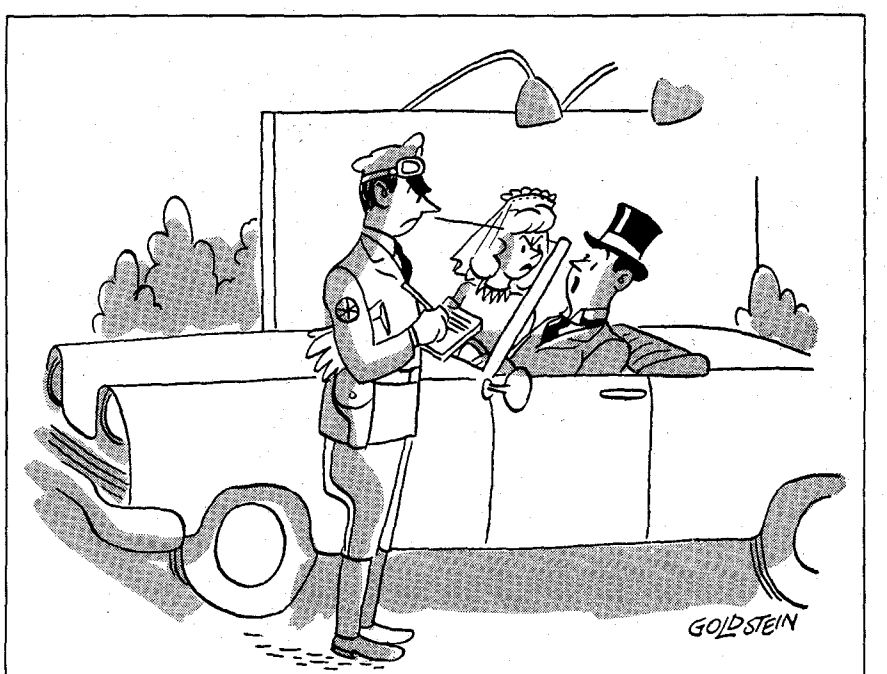
"Bagged the whole kit and b'ilin' of them," echoed the chief marshal.

"Not all," Craig contradicted grimly.

"All but who?" snarled the chief.

"All," said Craig, "but the head man. All but the one we need most to get. All but Pieter Van Rensselaer." The young man spoke with quiet savagery. "All but the King of the Buffs."

It had been, as final reports came in, a complete roundup of the arson ring with the one exception of the man who planned and led its depredations. More than one person in high official or social positions would be appalled to learn that



"This certainly isn't my day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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the impeccable Pieter Van Rensselaer, scion of one of New York's historic families, was the mastermind of a criminal organization. It might even be that powerful influences would rally around him to avert altogether or to minimize his punishment. But murder is a misdeed which even the most potent intervention finds it difficult to minimize.

"The man must be insane," said the commissioner.

"William Tecumseh Peabody thought so, sir," said Craig Batts.

"But cunningly insane," said the chief marshal.

"After many, many years of leading so successfully a double life he must have come to believe himself to be untouchable," the commissioner said. "He must have added megalomania to his other mental quirks. Delusions of grandeur. Belief in his all-powerfulness; his superiority to all other men."

"Giving all laws the horse laugh," said the chief marshal. "He certainly had us all bamboozled."

"May I suggest," said Craig, "that this thing that has happened today will be a terrific shock to his unstable mind? It may send him completely off his rocker. So that there will be no predicting what he may do."

"He's a conspicuous person," said the commissioner. "With all the police force and all the men of this bureau searching for him, he won't be able long to remain at large."

Craig was thinking to himself that Van Rensselaer might not try to hide. He might try to evade for a time. But his mania might concentrate into singleness of purpose. His megalomania might be unable to tolerate that he had been outthought, outmaneuvered, utterly defeated. His attempt to kidnap Craig was sure evidence that he had been watching the young man, was aware that Craig was becoming a danger to him. Now, in this moment of complete debacle, he would realize that it was chiefly through the youthful assistant fire marshal that he had come to his Waterloo.

Would not, then, all his rancor, his frustration and his insane rage settle itself upon Craig Batts? Would he not believe that he was required to revenge himself upon the man who had cast him down from his high estate?

Craig guessed that this would be so. And he was convinced that Pieter Van Rensselaer would not be taken by police or marshals until he had made his try. With a queer exaltation he came to know, or to think he knew, that in the end it would be between Van Rensselaer and himself. Between the son of a murdered father and the man who had committed that murder.

He became conscious that the chief marshal was eying him sharply.

"Assistant Marshal Batts," he said with weary formality, "you look as if you were about to cave in. I feel as if I were about to cave in. When men reach the breaking point there's no remedy but sleep. Your case will be taken up in due time by the commissioner and myself. Meantime we shall all be the better for six hours' sleep." He looked at his watch. It was, incredible as it seemed to all of them, but one o'clock in the afternoon.

"Report here at seven-thirty," he said.

With dragging feet they walked to the elevator and descended to the street. On the subway carrying him to Brooklyn, Craig nodded and jerked erect; lost consciousness for a moment and then snapped awake. At last he reached his destination and all but staggered the few blocks to his apartment, where, strewing his clothing about the floor, he fell upon his bed and was instantly asleep.

It seemed but a minute before he was disturbed by the insistent ringing of the telephone bell. Resentfully he lifted the instrument and put it to his ear.

"Hello," he mumbled.

"Would this," inquired an oleaginous voice, "be Assistant Fire Marshal Batts?"

"Yes," snapped Batts. "What's wanted?"

"This, if you will overlook my, shall we say brashness, in interrupting your siesta, is Soapy Japes."

"And what the devil do you want, Soapy?"

"Sir," Soapy said, "I know my place. I know it is an imposition to make this request of you. But, sir, it is of the first importance.

"There is an individual, sir, of whom you desire information. A friend and companion of my late employer. If, Mr. Batts, you will come here with all possible celerity I will be able to put you in touch with that individual. I say this with all certainty, sir. I would say it to you. I would say it to the commissioner of the fire department. I would tell it to the Marines."

Craig held the instrument glued to his ear for an interval. Then he spoke into the transmitter. "I'm on my way," he said.

He was wide awake. With the efficiency of the trained fireman he dressed himself, repeating over and over Soapy's final words. "I would say it to you. I would say it to the commissioner of the fire department. I would tell it to the Marines."

Adroit old confidence man! Skillful user of words to deceive. Soapy Japes with one phrase had delivered his message.

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"Tell it to the Marines." With those words he had told it to Craig, told him that the telephone message had been sent under duress! Told him that Soapy had delivered his message with a gun against his ribs. The little, preternaturally sober-faced, courageous ex-sharper had taken his life in his hands to transmit a warning.

So Pieter Van Rensselaer was in William Tecumseh Peabody's house! He was waiting there for Craig Batts to walk into his parlor. It was an invitation to the finale.

Craig might have armed himself, but he did not do so. Without doubt Pieter Van Rensselaer would have provided himself with firearms. But Craig did not want to kill the man. His burning desire was to take the man alive, and alive to deliver him up to the law for punishment.

It was his duty to notify headquarters, but he would not do that, because what was imminent was between himself alone and Van Rensselaer. The subway train seemed to crawl, but at last it reached his station. Craig mounted to the street, then strode to the Peabody residence and descended to the area door. Precautions would be useless. Any attempt to effect a secret entrance would be futile. He did not consider it. His thumb pressed the bell. The first instant would be the one of prime peril. If Van Rensselaer did not shoot at once, then the first hurdle would have been surmounted. Craig did not believe the man would shoot at once. He believed the man would give way to the urge to talk; to preen himself; to jeer at his enemy. He would not be contented with a quick killing, but his twisted mind would require that it be embellished with words.

The door swung inward and Soapy Japes stood revealed, pale, eyes staring.

"You—you came anyway," he stammered.

"But thanks, Soapy. I came anyway."

"Step in, my friend," said Van Rensselaer from behind Soapy. "Step into my parlor."

It was Van Rensselaer's voice, but it was not Van Rensselaer's face. The world had suddenly gone fantastic, unreal, for the man was wearing a rubber mask that made his face look as if made from wax and had no relation to anything human.

Craig stepped past Soapy and Van Rensselaer gave back a step.

"Follow me, please," he said in a voice somewhat muffled by the rubber. He giggled. "I know how to make men do my bidding," he said. "I plan. I concoct. I direct. I impose my will." He motioned down the hall with his automatic, allowing Craig to pass him in the narrow way, and then thrusting the muzzle of his gun against Craig's ribs.

They mounted to the kitchen and Van Rensselaer prodded Craig through that room toward the front of the house and into William Tecumseh Peabody's fine library, which was adequately lighted.

"Come here, Mr. Batts," Van Rensselaer ordered. "I will occupy this seat behind my old friend's desk. You stand there in front with both hands flat on the blotter. Now step back a pace. Like that. A very helpless position indeed. You, Soapy, stand there with your nose against the wall. Excellent."

"Why do you wear that mask?" Craig asked. "Not to conceal your identity?"

"Oh, no. I wear it in an antic mood."

"I shouldn't think you would feel very antic, Mr. Van Rensselaer."

"Was Napoleon in despair when he was sent to Elba?"

"It didn't tickle him to death," Craig said.

"It was a mere setback."

"But then," Craig said, "came Waterloo."

"I," said Van Rensselaer, "would have managed better. I shall manage better now. I wouldn't have come to this had it not been for you, Mr. Batts. I shall start over again, but there will be no you to meddle."

Craig fanned the man's vanity with flattery. "For years you fooled everybody. You were wonderful."

"They even gave me a gold badge. The King of the Buffs. I fooled them all. I'll fool them all again."

"I suppose you had a good reason for everything you did? You won't want people to think you did foolish things."

"I did no foolish things. Everything had its reason. Some that seemed unwise were forced upon me by necessity."

"Like, for instance, killing my father?"

"His own fault. In those days I hadn't a perfect organization. I had to do things myself. Your father detected me in the act of doing a thing. He struck me, and, naturally I had to shoot him."

Deceptive Sounds

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Out in the country where we
live,
When dusk turns pastures blue,
It grows so still I'm positive
I hear the falling dew—
So still, that when the first
lights prick
To mark the end of day,
I vow I hear the switches click,
A mile or more away.
Yet nearby shouts of hide-and-
seek
Seem distant as the stars,
And some cow bawling by the
creek,
Sounds far away as Mars.

"Oh, naturally," Craig said. "And, of course, you had to kill William Tecumseh Peabody?"

"He brought it on himself. My good friend. Do you know we were on the same ball team years ago? But he was eccentric, Mr. Batts. He fancied himself to be Harun al Rashid, prowling the streets of Bagdad at night. He prowled too much. It was not so much what he found out that made his removal necessary. It was his supreme insult to me. Fancy, Mr. Batts! He dared to doubt my sanity!" He shrugged his perfectly tailored shoulders. "I am averse to killing people. So I merely removed him. To a place you know of. But he escaped and was going to—to blab, is the *mot juste*, to another old friend and teammate."

"Chief Fogarty?"

"Of whom I was very fond. Indeed I became in some measure his benefactor. A splendid man, sir. Splendid. Of impregnable integrity. But financially a babe in arms. So, because of my great affection, I handled for him his inventions."

"Inventions?"

"To be sure. A very superior mask, for one; patented and moderately profitable. And a beautiful improvement to the fog nozzle. And other gadgets. These made some thousands of dollars for him."

"But those thousands of dollars on deposit might have been misconstrued."

"No indeed. The commissioner was aware of every stage of the transaction. No obloquy could possibly attach."

"But this man Clyde Tupper was trying to blackmail him."

Van Rensselaer giggled again. "Paddy Fogarty was putting it on his eye," he said gleefully. "Setting traps. Until Tupper cast aspersions upon myself. Then Paddy was sorely troubled."

"You make it all very clear," Craig said. "They won't be able to keep a good man down. That should be shouted from the housetops." He ventured to turn his eyes toward Soapy Japes. "Somebody should shout for you. Somebody should scream it at the top of his voice."

Craig, during the colloquy, had edged first one foot and then the other closer to the heavy, ornate desk. He wondered painfully if Soapy would understand his demand or would have courage to obey it. But he had but an instant of doubt. From Soapy's throat came a screech, weird, startling, ululating. The agony of one in torture.

Van Rensselaer's eyes jerked away from Craig. He was startled, frightened, half-paralyzed by the sudden eeriness of it. And in that instant Craig's hands darted to the edge of the desk and he heaved with all his strength. Desk and chair and Pieter Van Rensselaer toppled to the floor with a crash. The man's legs were imprisoned under the heavy piece of furniture, his back was wrenched as it collided with the chair, and his head collided sickeningly with the floor. Like a high diver Craig lunged across the tangle and fastened upon Van Rensselaer's throat. Almost at the same instant the alert Soapy snatched the automatic from where it had fallen to the rug.

But there was no need for further violent action. Van Rensselaer was stunned, *hors de combat*. Craig pulled steel handcuffs from his pocket and snapped them on the dapper aristocrat's wrists, and then hauled him to his feet, where he stood, head swaying and grotesque with its mask of rubber.

"This time," Craig said grimly, "Waterloo came quickly after the landing from Elba."

He thrust Van Rensselaer into an overstuffed chair, where the man slumped, near to unconsciousness. Then he picked up the telephone which had been cast to the floor, and dialed headquarters.

"Assistant Marshal Batts here," he said. "Telephone the chief. I've got handcuffs on Pieter Van Rensselaer. In William Tecumseh Peabody's library. Someone come get him—before I—black out."

He hung up the phone and then dialed again. This time he was calling Uncle Paddy Fogarty's apartment. It was Nora who answered.

"Darlin'," he said; and then repeated, "Darlin'. The game's over, honey. The other team got no runs, no hits, all errors. Uncle Paddy's in the clear, and never was anywhere else. As we both knew. As to you and me, personally, Pumpkin Pie, I stand in need of food and refreshment."

"It will be waiting for you," Nora said.

"And," he said, and the brogue sounded sweet in her ears, "whin I have et and drunk, thin br-race yoursilf, for then comes the wooin' and the courtin' to make all others' efforts alongst that line seem pale an' puny."

"My dear," she replied and her voice was joyous, "what happens when the irresistible wooing collides with an immovable everlastin' love?"

"There befalls a thing," he said softly, "that sets the Little People to caperin' ring around rosy." He paused a moment and said his final word. "But fir-r-rst comes a steak smothered in onions, and mashed praties and steamin' coffee wit' vegetables on the side and pie to follow. I'll be there, my dear, before they've stopped sizzlin' in the pan." THE END

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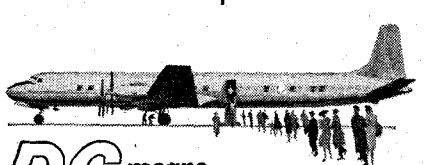

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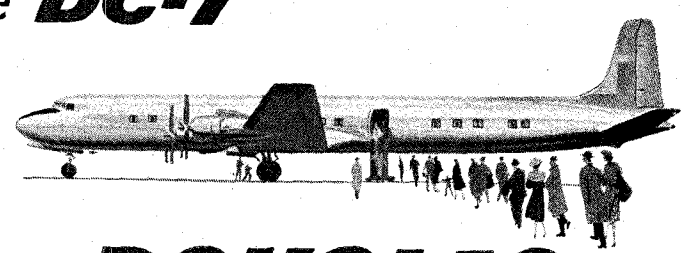

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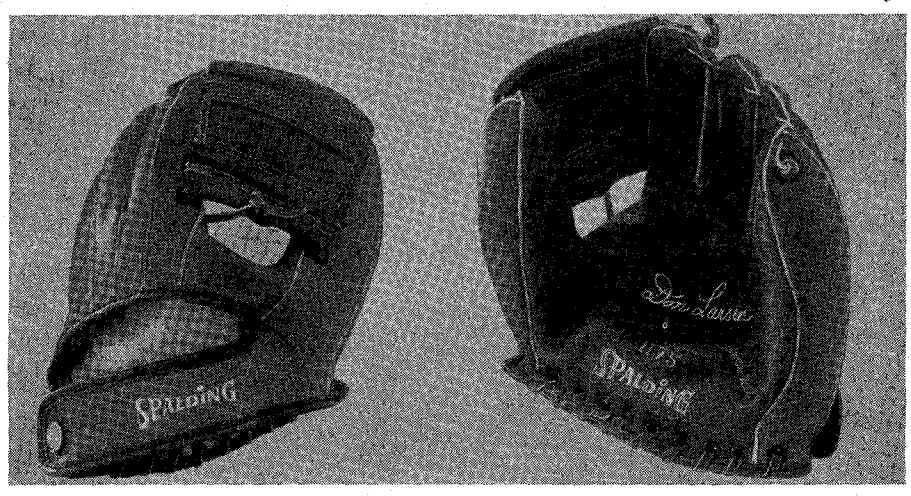

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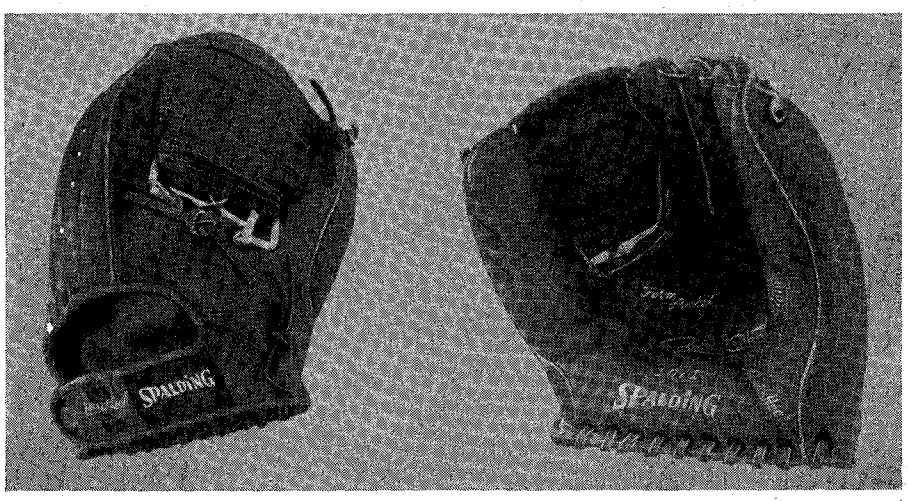

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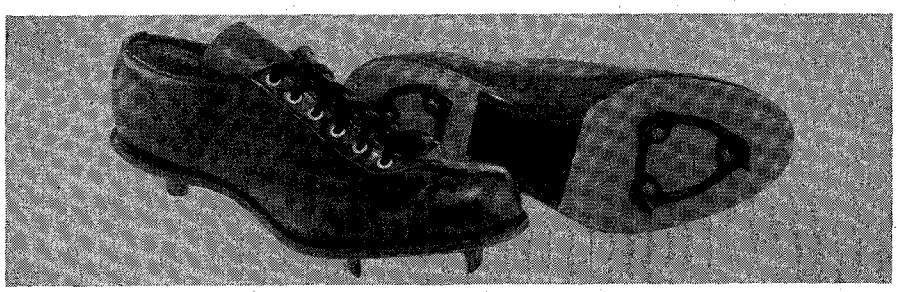

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They Ride the Wild Water

(Continued from Page 39)

when struck on the head by a board in a "lumber pile"—a collision of several riders. He was riding tandem with his fiancée and apparently was so worried about her that he popped up to the surface to look for her instead of staying below until the boards had gone by.

Surfing is practiced by anybody who lives within driving distance of a suitable beach and has seventy-five dollars for a new board or fifty to sixty dollars for a secondhand one. Ten-year-old boys ride side by side with housewives and middle-aged men. Hollywood has taken it up: Bing Crosby's sons are avid riders; actor Peter Lawford shows up regularly; and Darryl Zanuck's daughter rides the waves at several beaches.

The backgrounds of the more famous surfers are as varied as their styles of riding. Matt Kivlin, one of the best surfers in California and Hawaii, is an imaginative builder of modern houses. Quiet Mike Bright, a wiry blond six-footer, is a college student who works summers as a Los Angeles County lifeguard. Internationally famous, Mike has won the Diamond Head race in Hawaii, the twenty-three-mile Santa Catalina Island-to-Manhattan Beach race in California, and one of the longest races ever held in Australia. A dentist is the best-known rider at San Onofre, California, and a dairyman, Conrad Canha, is one of the most distinguished at Waikiki. Of the six-man—actually four men and two women—team sent from Honolulu to the international matches in Peru in March, 1957, only one person, "Rabbit" Kekai, really made his living on the beach—as a beachboy with the Outrigger Canoe Club. The lithe, tanned girls on the team, Ethel Kukea and Betty Heldreich, are representative of the girls who grace most of the surfing beaches. Ethel is a housewife who learned to surf at Malibu, California, then married a Hawaiian and settled in the islands. Her brother, Lorin Peterson, is one of the better-known surfers on the West Coast. Another Californian who migrated to Hawaii, Betty Heldreich, is in partnership with her husband in the business of manufacturing jewelry in Honolulu. She had been at the sport only two and a half years when she made the team.

The sport is popular on the West Coast for two reasons: the proximity to Hawaii, which many people visit who never go East, and the quality of the surf. Visitors to Honolulu brought the art to Redondo Beach, California, in the 1920's, and the Hawaiian influence is still strong among the riders, who use Kanaka slang, build palm huts at their favorite beaches and decorate their boards with Polynesian designs. Size and consistency of the surf are, however, the major reasons for the sport's popularity in California and, to a lesser degree, Oregon, where it is coming up fast. Surfing in the East is largely confined to Hatteras Island, North Carolina, where the waves have some of the characteristics of those of Hawaii, due to the nature of the coastal reefs.

The Western waves are bigger than those on the Atlantic coast because they are built high by steady trade winds blowing onshore day after day and are made even larger by the south-setting California Current and the steep drop of the beaches. The ground, too, is different. There are long, submerged reefs several hundred yards out, running parallel to the beach, that make the sweeping swells hump up steeply. Also, there are reefs off points of land that cause the waves to rise in the same way and peel from the landward end as they sweep in at an angle to the beach.

Waikiki, San Onofre and the shore ... the Club Waikiki at Lima, Peru, are e... amples of the first, and easiest, type ... beach, where the waves come straight ... to the land, peeling off along their cre... simultaneously. Generally, all a rider h... to do at a place like this is take off, sta... up and go straight in. A quick take-... turn is seldom required, nor does o... have to slash right and left to dodge t... break and stay with the hump. At a pla... like San Onofre there is room for a doz... men to take off and ride side by si... straight in to the beach. It's so easy th... newcomers can stand up on the first f... tries. It's still very exciting on big wav... but there's no challenge for an expert. T... thrill can't begin to compare with that ... the ride along a point like Malibu or Ca... pinteria, California, or Bondi Beac... Australia.

These points, with their curving shor... provide the real challenge. They call f... the quickest thought, the fastest footwor... One must maneuver constantly to avo... being wiped out by the wave that is bot... his master and his servant. The wave moves very fast, peeling off the end that first reaches shore as the wall—the steep face of the wave, just ahead of the break—sweeps in at an angle. Only a few men can take off before the break and ride all the way in. They say that if you can surf at a place like Malibu, you can surf anywhere in the world.

No matter where you go, the best ride is usually at high tide just before the break on the second or third wave of a big set, a series of three or four big waves. Swinging in from the open sea, the wall of water humps high on the submerged reef and begins to break with a thunderous roar. Choosing the proper moment, riders waiting at the reef take off just ahead of the break, turn just before they reach the trough, and ride away at an angle of almost twenty degrees to the face of the wave and about two thirds of the way down its front. On these points, the wave loses strength as it peels off at the landward end and builds up speed and power at the other end. It also changes its size and course according to the ground below. Maintaining a balance between these various elemental forces on a slippery, twenty-five-pound sliver of balsa wood is a challenge that keeps even the oldest hands on their mettle.

Between the hump and the break is the fastest and also the most dangerous part of the wave when a group of riders with mixed abilities is aboard. If several men take off together and one loses his nerve or his footing and falls off or runs into another board, the whole group is likely to collide at top speed. The resulting chaos is called a log jam or lumber pile. Everybody falls out of the riding point, and the wave that has been biting at their heels catches up with them and knocks them into the sea—if they haven't already done the sensible thing and dived overboard. The boards plunge into the trough and pop up into the air with dangerous velocity. Experienced hands stay below the surface until the boards have come to rest and the wave has gone on.

Men have drowned as a result of lingering on the surface half a second too long

An old-fashioned grandmother is one who rocks, but doesn't roll. C. W. GAY

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or of coming up before the wave is spent and being knocked unconscious by a board. Jim Carey, an experienced Hawaiian surfer who loved the sport, was knocked out by his own board at Waikiki. Fortunately, his buddy saw what happened. He rescued Jim and brought him to shore. Unconscious for more than thirty minutes, Jim sold his surfboard when he came to. He's been watching the sport from the beach ever since.

Although log jams do have a lethal potential, they are rarely harmful and are taken in stride by all concerned. Undaunted by the sudden immersion, the surfers recover their boards and paddle out to try again.

When they reach the take-off point, they drop their feet in the water, swing their boards around to face the oncoming swells and sit back to wait for a suitable wave. The waiting is relaxed and chatty; the men talk about waves and girls—but mostly waves. A seal pokes his head up and someone barks at him and slaps the water to scare him away. Distorted by the pale green water, skin divers in Martianlike face masks swim grotesquely through the waving brown kelp of the reef, while sea gulls wheel and cry, white against the blue sky, and a hunting pelican closes its wings and plunges into the ocean like a bomb.

While they wait, their attention, of course, is focused out to sea. Each man studies the size and shape of every wave, wondering whether to try it or wait for the next one, which may be bigger.

Although steady winds over great distances and long periods of time build up consistent ground swells, the biggest waves of the year generally appear on hot, windless days toward the end of summer, in August and September. This is the hurricane season in the East. Whether there is any connection between these California swells and the hurricanes is a puzzle for the weather experts to explore.

In the summer, a stiff surface wind ruins the ocean for surfboard riding by breaking the rhythm of the swells into short, choppy whitecaps, but in winter, overcast days with driving wind and rain often provide a splendid surf—for daredevil fanatics hardy enough to go out. Regardless of season, low tide is seldom good anywhere.

The cry of "Outside!" sounds the alarm on any reef. A big one is coming in, and the men tense and get ready. Some, more skeptical than the rest, stand up on their boards to see whether a bigger wall isn't coming in behind the one just spotted.

A long, dark, horizontal shadow sweeps toward them with amazing speed. Behind it is another and still one more, but hardly anyone has eyes for these. Impatient by nature, for most surfers are young in heart and spirit, they almost invariably take off on the first decent wave that comes along. It's on them now. With wild shouts, they kick their boards around to face away from the swell at a ninety-degree angle. If the current sets hard in one direction, they compensate for this by pointing their boards slightly against it. A Malibu take-off, for example, is slightly left. Lying flat or rising to their knees, they paddle slowly inshore, watching the wall of water over their left shoulders as it humps high on the reef.

When it's about ten yards away, they scratch hard, digging deep in the water to give themselves maximum thrust. On a big, fast wave that is very steep, an expert with good balance can catch a ride simply by leaning forward and giving one hard push as he goes over the crest. This trick requires such a delicate sense of balance and timing, however, that few men can pull it off successfully; most people paddle with might and main. Thrusting their arms in, elbow-deep, they drive their boards forward as fast as possible, just as a skier shoves off hard on a downhill run.

Now the wave is on them. It lifts them high above the beach and hurls them down its face with great speed and power. On really big waves it is a terrifying sensation. The whole vast Pacific Ocean swings you high into the air, and you hurtle down in a rocketing plunge that takes your breath away. *Can I take the hook*, you wonder, *or will all this power and mass smash me flat?* Once you've experienced this sensation, it's easy to understand why only a few of the bravest men and women dare ride the big storm surf at places like Makaha, Hawaii, and Redondo Beach, California.

They slam their feet or hands into the water the moment they begin to slide, and whip the boards around until they are running almost parallel to the wall of water. The angle of the ride depends upon local conditions and may vary from almost parallel to the wall to as much as ninety degrees from its face, with speed generally diminishing as the angle increases.

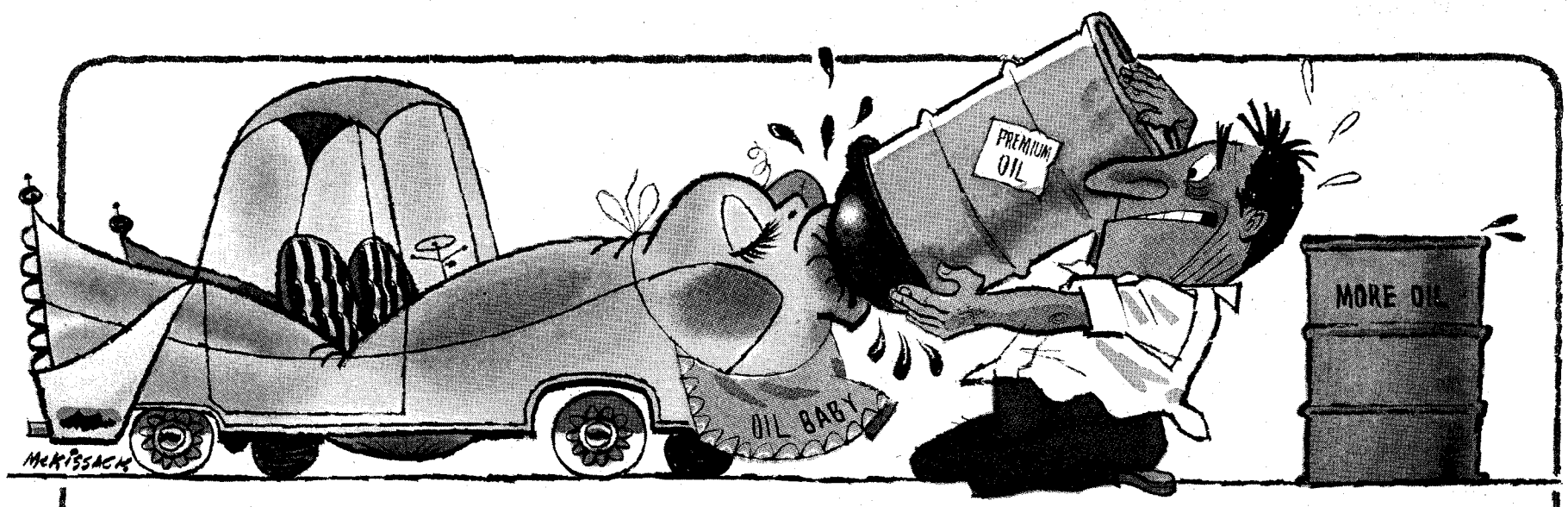
Now the riders are in the wave and riding wild and free. Slashing white trails down the green face of the swell, they spring to their feet with cries of delight, shout back and forth and sometimes hold hands or switch from board to board. A few exhibitionists may even ride in backward or try to stand on their heads, but they are the exceptions and they confine their stunts to smaller waves.

The novice's ride often ends at the beginning, where many of them pearl or nose-dive. Surfing is a very fast sport and unless a man turns the instant he is in the wave, he will plunge straight into the trough. In the space of a second or two his board dives for the bottom, the wave breaks and the hapless and often bewildered surfer is flung out in a violent belly flop. The noses of many beginners' boards are often frayed from constant pearling.

The work of the more experienced hands is by no means over once they are standing and headed in at the proper angle. In fact, it's just begun. Watching the swell ahead and keeping their eyes open for men coming out or taking off who might get in the way, they steer by shifting their weight backward and forward and from side to side or by trailing a foot in the water behind them like a rudder. Experts like Los Angeles County lifeguard Jim Bailey, a dark, curly-haired man in his middle thirties who is one of the few who dare ride the big storm surf at Redondo, can make surprisingly quick turns in this way. They are often necessary in chop, an area close to shore where backwash and cross currents often send up short, jagged waves running counter to the general swell.

The last crisis comes at the beach, when the wave rears back and slams down hard on the sand. Most men stall out at this stage by sitting down or shifting their weight to the stern and letting the wave go by, but some ride through the soup, leap off in eight inches or so of water, and run beside their boards until they are stranded high and dry. This is a spectacular maneuver when properly executed.

As on skis, so on a surfboard: The hard work is going back. After a tingling ride of several hundred yards or a quarter of a mile or more, one must sit down and paddle out against wind, wave and current. While this develops big biceps, broad shoulders and thick chests, it can be very discouraging work. You have to force your way out through thick soup and breaker after breaker, now swallowing



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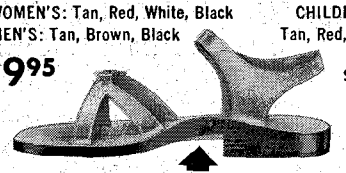

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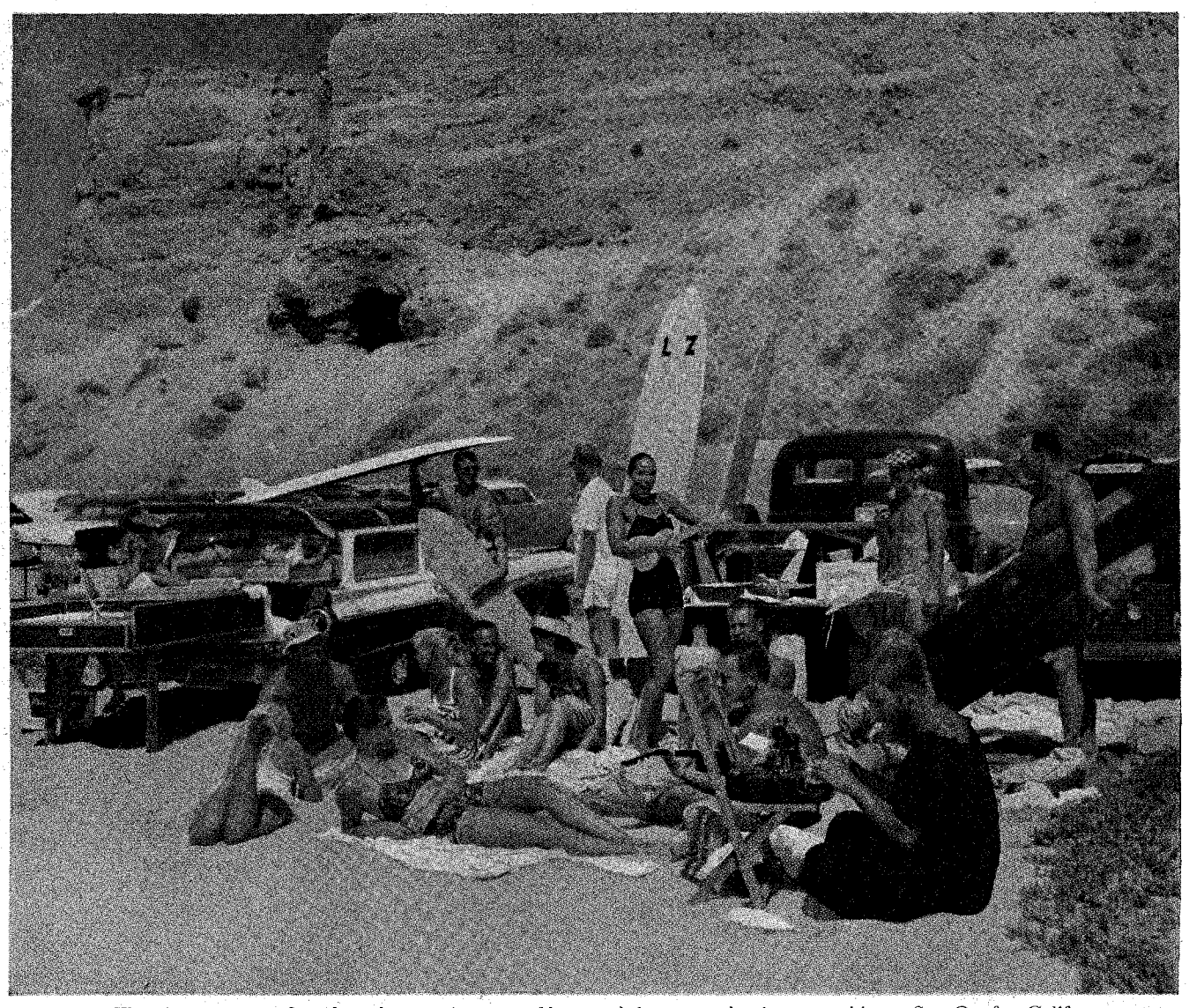

There's more to surfing than the sea: A group of browned devotees relax between rides at San Onofre, Calif.

foam, now losing your balance and falling off, never seeming to gain an inch against the ocean.

Men wiped out near the starting point have the hardest time of all, because that's where the soup is thickest and all the waves are broken. They are also in great danger of being struck by the wild boards of other men wiped out after them. But out they go. Anyone who has ever skied down a mountainside can understand their persistence. The thrill is the same and the speed almost as great.

Like skiing, surfboard riding started as an exclusive sport confined to one locale. Hundreds of years ago, Hawaiian chiefs rode the island waves, restricting the pastime to those of their own kind. Commoners were forbidden to surf anywhere. Riding huge twelve- and fourteen-foot boards of koa and *wiliwili* hardwood, which often weighed over 150 pounds and were good only in big waves, the upper classes staged daring contests of nerve and skill that soon separated the experts from the *malihinis*, or newcomers.

With the extinction of native culture by the white man's civilization, the art of surfing died out almost completely. Establishment of the Hawaiian Islands as a tourist center led to its revival, however, and for many years the sport flourished both as a recreation for the natives and as a tourist attraction, principally at Waikiki. The weight of the boards, however, prevented the spread of the sport until lighter, more maneuverable boards of balsa and plywood, filled with a buoyant foam plastic, were invented in California after World War II.

An even better board, perfected in the early 1950's by several men at Malibu, has helped spread the sport immeasurably. The lightest and most graceful of all, this Malibu board, as it is called, is slim and streamlined, pointed at the bow and almost pointed at the stern, and averages ten feet in length. About two feet wide and three inches thick, the average weight is close to twenty-five pounds.

The Malibu board is the easiest to carry, the least tiring to paddle and the fastest to take off on any wave. It has superseded all others in California and Hawaii and is fast being adopted in Peru, Australia and South Africa.

Demand for surfboards is so great that well-known builders like Hobie Alter, of Dana Point, Greg Noll, of Manhattan Beach, and Velzy & Jacobs, of Venice, California, report that they are all behind in their orders. Every shipment of South American balsa is met at the dock by eager professional and amateur builders. The balsa is glued together in blocks of two-by-fours, carved to shape, covered with glass fiber and waterproofed with a mixture of rosin and a catalyst that hardens like plastic. Boatyards do a brisk business in these materials.

The wildfire popularity of surfing has resulted in crowded waves and parking spaces at suitable beaches when the surf is up. The old-timers long for the days when two or three men could mount a good swell and have it to themselves. Some of the experts find the situation so intolerable that they show up only on days when the surf is exceptionally big. State parks near a beach like San Onofre are so crowded that it is almost impossible to get a campsite on a summer weekend. Movies of the sport, produced by lifeguards Bud Browne and Greg Noll, play to capacity houses at one dollar a head wherever they are shown. They feature sensational shots of the big surf at Makaha and the international surfing matches at Hawaii, Australia and Peru, as well as surfing scenes in California.

Despite the fact that California has more surfboard riders and more good beaches than any other place in the world, Hawaii, where the sport began, is still in a sense the surfing capital. Makaha is the Mecca of the world's riders, the Outrigger Canoe Club at Waikiki their GHQ. The club has upright lockers holding more than 200 boards of all sizes, colors, shapes, ages and weights—in effect, the world's greatest collection of surfboards.

A large number of surfers fly with their boards from California to the islands. A regular commuter is Tommy Zahn, of Los Angeles, winner of several races in Hawaii and California. "The surfers come at all times," an airline spokesman says, "but more particularly during the International Surfing Championships, which are held every winter at Makaha."

The Hawaiian influence has spread all the way to Peru, where one of the best surfing beaches has been rechristened Kon-Tiki, and the Club Waikiki near Lima is a popular haven for thirsty riders. The Peruvians were so impressed by the surfing techniques of the Hawaiian team competing against them in international matches in 1956 that they adopted their methods and bought all their boards.

Wherever you go—Hawaii, Peru, Oregon, California, South Africa, Australia or New Zealand—the setting of the surfing beaches is always lovely. Most of them are still quite wild and open, with a mountain backdrop, and are very satisfying to the riders, who probably would have gone out with the clipper ships or covered wagons a hundred years ago and who now find the sea their only escape from the crowded, fenced-in land. It is their last frontier. Civilization drops behind them when they leave the shore, and the beauty and challenge of the great oceans is all around them. THE END

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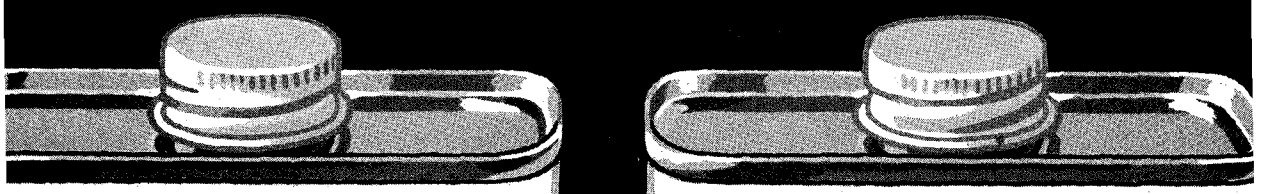

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Bad Little Bad Girl (Continued from Page 33)

at bust and hips and only twenty inches at the waist. Trained as a dancer since she was seven years old, she has what the French call "a corkscrew walk"—which is to say that, like our own M.M., she is as admirable in motion as she is in repose.

But facts and statistics tell us no more about Mademoiselle B.B. than a seismograph tells us about an earthquake. And since her studio cagily refuses to say how much she is paid per picture or how much her pictures gross, financial data don't help us much either. We do know that until a year ago she made a declared 30,000,000 francs—more than $70,000—per film; today she must be making at least twice that. "If she weren't," rasps Monsieur Raoul Lévy, of Iéna Films, who has her under contract, "I would advise her to get out of films." As for her pictures they are sellouts all over Europe, the Middle and Far East. Net earnings in the United States for a single film—And God Created Woman—are running well over $2,000,000.

Now, obviously a petulant young face and a beautiful bottom cannot entirely explain such success. Granted that she has been well handled, there must still be a basic propulsion to explain how she got up there.

There are those who insist that the secret of B.B. is simply and purely that she takes off her clothes. She takes off her clothes in film after film and walks around in her skin with no more self-consciousness than a young animal. According to cameramen and co-workers on the set, she takes off her clothes almost any time, anywhere, in front of almost anybody—for publicity stills, for the movie cameras, because the director tells her to, or just because she happens to feel like it. According to this theory, "B.B.-ism," as it is known in France, is no more and no less than a perpetual celluloid strip tease, and B.B. herself no more than a girl who got used to it.

But to believe that this is all is to fall into a dangerous complacency. Although Bardolatry is not a revolutionary doctrine, it is a dialectically sound combination of two very old and sure-fire appeals, those of the ingénue and the vamp. Certainly the *enfant terrible* is nothing new in French cinema. From Danielle Darrieux to Danielle Delorme, the *enfant terrible* has gamboled and pouted and mugged her way through countless films, wearing her adolescent innocence like a pure-food-and-drug label. Nor is there anything new about the *femme fatale*, that artificial erotic image whose voluptuous movements and artfully offhand nudity have been a trade-mark of French movies for decades. It is in combining the two, mixing innocence and sensuality with an equally liberal hand, that the French professional mythmakers have come up with the film phenomenon that is Brigitte Bardot.

Thus, in the deep cerise prose of the movie critics and analysts, she is "the eternal woman-child" . . . "troubled, earthy and carnal" . . . "the finally discovered Eve of the French cinema." "Still almost of the age to play with dolls," writes The Seventh Art, "Brigitte Bardot is a challenge to every form of feminine seduction." She is "all instinct," "a myth based on eroticism and realism." The Paris weekly Arts goes even farther: "Her youth, her naïveté not only awaken desire . . . (but) what is worse, appeal to a latent sadism, the sadism one feels in seeing purity and innocence scoffed at, abandoned, exposed."

It is nice to see the enemy falling for his own propaganda, but unfortunately for the Monroe faithful, this is not all propaganda. Brigitte *is* a kind of child-woman, in her person as well as in her roles. Her appeal is the sullen, perverse appeal of what Americans used to call "jail bait," and its dualism is apparent just in looking at a photo of her. The long golden hair, the childishly rounded and dimpled chin and malicious, sensual mouth, a body at once slender and over-developed, at once infantile and of astounding sexuality—here is the heady twofold pull of baby-doll, the ripe physical seductiveness of the eternal adolescent. Add to this a certain catlike grace and an equally catlike expressionless stare, and you have the myth of Brigitte Bardot entire, in all its "eroticism and realism."

Like many another twentieth-century myth, this one has been carefully fabricated for the box office, reinforced in film after film and embellished by scrap after scrap of well-timed publicity. The only remarkable thing about it is that Brigitte herself has fallen for it, and by falling for it has made it true. Handed to her ready-made when she was too young and impressionable to see it for what it was, the myth has created the woman. The myth, not the Devil, invented Brigitte Bardot.

And it has invented her so convincingly that it is almost impossible to distinguish between B.B. as a person and B.B. as a series of screen roles. Beginning with her initials—which, pronounced "bébé" in French, mean "baby"—and continuing through her much-publicized love affairs, her childish tantrums and pouts and woolly Teddy bears, her craze for rock 'n' roll, everything about her serves the cult of perpetual immaturity, the spoiled child who just wouldn't grow up.

And yet one has the impression that caged inside all this immature exhibitionism there lurks a confused young girl, a girl who has got so entangled in her own prefabricated screen personality that she doesn't recognize herself any more. Her closest friends, those who knew her as a little girl of fifteen studying classical dancing in Paris and never dreaming of a movie career, describe her as she was then, "an adorable, ravishingly beautiful child, simple and mischievous and charming." And then they add wistfully, "How different she'd be today if it hadn't been for Vadim!"

For, banal as it is, the story of Brigitte Bardot is the story of Pygmalion and Galatea again, of a screen goddess formed and molded and sculpted like a statue, to embody the ideas of one man. That man is Brigitte's former husband and occasional director, a handsome, swarthy young Frenchman of Russian origin named Roger Vadim Plemiannikov. Only recently arrived as a film director, Vadim—as he prefers to be known—is a young man with very positive ideas about himself and his generation. And it is Vadim who purposefully hammered out the Bardot personality and then unveiled it before the public as a symbol not only of sex but of French youth today.

That Brigitte was naïve enough to let herself be manipulated like this is understandable. Born in Paris in 1934, she was only fifteen years old when she first met Vadim. Until then, she had led the easy, thoughtless life of a sheltered little French girl, living with her parents and younger sister Mijanou in a plush, Empire-cluttered apartment in the exclusive Passy district of Paris, attending a private girls' school and taking ballet lessons on the side. Papa Louis Bardot was a wealthy industrialist whose wife and daughters wanted for nothing. Maman Anne-Marie Bardot was a pretty and fashion-conscious bourgeoise who amused herself managing a chic dress shop in Passy and running around in society. Willful and spoiled, precociously aware of her own budding beauty, all that little Brigitte had to do was grow up, expose herself to a minimum of learning and marry within her class.

But, ambitious for her pretty little daughter, Madame Bardot pushed Brigitte into modeling teen-age clothes for some of her *couture* friends, posing for fashion photos as the ideal French schoolgirl. And on May 8, 1950, a photo of Brigitte in a demure plaid dress appeared on the cover of Elle, France's foremost women's magazine. The magazine fell into the hands of Marc Allégret, a top-flight French movie director who had made a reputation by discovering a delicious youngster named Simone Simon in 1934 and who in 1950 was ready to discover another one for a film to be called The Laurels Are Cut. Interested in Brigitte's fresh, bright-eyed beauty, Allégret told his assistant to get in touch with Mademoiselle Bardot.

Allégret's assistant at that moment was Vadim, then an ambitious, dynamic and movie-mad twenty-two-year-old dividing his time among journalism, acting, script writing and odd jobs in movie production. He not only got in touch with Mademoiselle Bardot but within the space of a few weeks he became her boy friend and adviser, endlessly talking films, films, films, expounding his ideas on sex, society and the immorality of their generation.

Although her screen test was not good, and The Laurels Are Cut was never made, Brigitte, with Vadim to urge her on, was now "in the cinema." She gave up her schooling, which had never interested her anyway, got bit parts in two inferior pictures, did very badly in both of them, but, encouraged by Vadim, kept on making auditions and screen tests. Vadim became her fiancé, and as soon as Brigitte was of age, in December of 1952, they were married in a formal church wedding and in a fanfare of newspaper coverage arranged and directed by the bridegroom.

Sweet are the uses of publicity, and Vadim knew all of them, from the slyly dropped hint about nude photos to the two-page picture spread in France's national weekly, Paris-Match. He also knew the drawing power of the one trump Brigitte possessed—her beautifully shaped, childishly seductive body. After a fully clothed one-minute walk-on part he wangled for her in Anatole Litvak's An Act of Love, and a similarly tiny bit in Sacha Guitry's If the Story of Versailles Were Told, in which she was also very bad, the conclusion was obvious. It would have to be Brigitte's figure, not Brigitte, who got the roles.

Three years and ten pictures later, after countless milk baths, strip teases, seductions and near-nude bathing scenes, she was still no more than a starlet with a solid reputation for stripping and not much else. Indecisive and impatient, Brigitte at twenty-one was ready to quit. She had never really chosen a film career in the first place; it had all been Vadim's idea.

But if Brigitte was easily discouraged, Vadim was not. Although admitting that "she didn't really have the vocation of an actress," he kept her to it with an iron determination. He wanted his wife in films, and if he couldn't get her there as an actress, he would get her there as a "personality." Starting with a body whose every curve, every dimple, every skin tone was as familiar to moviegoers as the palms of their own hands, Vadim set himself to composing a myth to go with it.

"I owe everything to Vadim," Brigitte says today. "He alone knew how to guide me, sustain me, console me and teach me to be courageous and stubborn." And again, "He kept telling me that one day I would be Brigitte Bardot, the impossible dream of married men."

For Vadim not only wanted his wife to succeed in the movies, he wanted her to succeed as the figurehead of his own philosophy of "sincere immorality." Now a scenario writer and assistant director, he wrote, adapted and selected roles for her, each one requiring no acting and each one sexier and more audacious than the last. From secondary parts in Marc Allégret's Future Stars and René Clair's Great Maneuvers, she moved up to play the lead in This Crazy Kid, The Light Across the Street, and Please! Mr. Balzac, always childishly provocative, a little wild, and stripped to the barest minimum the censors would allow.

Since not even Vadim had the effrontery to claim that she could act, the slowly building legend let it be known that she

"Shoplifters are driving us nuts these days."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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was not an actress, but a natural phenomenon. "Brigitte does not act—she exists," one of the publicity brochures proclaimed; what her audiences were seeing on the screen was not a talented young actress playing a role, but "the real Bardot, all animality, sensuality and femininity unfolded." Everything was done to convince the public that acting was now old-fashioned and passé. Whereas all previous screen idols had been nothing but silly little artists of make-believe, Brigitte was "authentic." The French philosopher Descartes, father of logical reasoning, would have turned over in his grave.

And then in the spring of 1956 came the big break, for Vadim as well as for Brigitte. Producer Raoul Lévy, of Iéna Films, offered Vadim the chance to write, cast and direct a film of his own, with his wife as star. After six years of working through and under other directors, at last Vadim could express himself, his ideas and his conception of Brigitte exactly as he wanted, in a picture entirely his. That picture was And God Created Woman, one of the most insistently lascivious, sex-obsessed films of all time. And while it established Vadim as a talented young director, it made Brigitte Bardot. With that one film, eroticism became an end in itself, and the myth of "B.B.-ism" was finally achieved.

Unfortunately, one of the first victims of that myth was Brigitte herself, who by this time had come to believe that she was the way Vadim said she was. While the picture was still in the making, on location in the South of France, Brigitte started behaving with the "lucid immorality" Vadim was trying to put on film. Always a headstrong and ill-tempered girl, she pouted and sulked at Vadim, flirted outrageously with her leading man and overplayed the sex scenes in her husband's face. By the time the filming was finished she had walked out—not on the picture, but on Vadim—with the male lead, a handsome young actor named Jean-Louis Trintignant. Vadim had made a star, but he had lost a wife.

The principals of this little contretemps exploited it with such noisy and happy indiscretion that for a time it looked like just another publicity stunt. Brigitte and Vadim vied with each other in explaining themselves to friends and newspapermen, discussing their separation as if it were a cabinet crisis. Even young Trintignant, delicately referred to in the press as "the newly elected of the tender Brigitte," got his say and with touching sincerity explained his position and what he wanted to do for B.B.—how he wanted "to cultivate her, teach her, help her work over her diction, give her a taste for reading and for listening to the recordings of Bach. . . ."

Meanwhile, the film was still the thing. Back in Paris, moving his picture through the censorship, Vadim allowed his rows with the censors to leak to the press like a blown faucet, until all Paris buzzed about Brigitte's conduct on the set and the unprintably realistic love scenes that had reportedly been cut. When And God Created Woman finally opened on the Champs-Élysées in November of 1956, it carried the sought-after streamer: FORBIDDEN TO THOSE UNDER SIXTEEN. It was immediately branded as pornographic, and its success was assured.

But aware that although pornography may be enough, it shouldn't be presented as enough, Vadim insisted on his significance. In a press release written by himself, he called Brigitte "the young girl of today," typical of her generation. In case anyone missed the implications of that, he now attributed the success of his film firstly to Brigitte's physique and then "to her role which allowed her to open herself completely and show what she has within her of anguish, of dynamism, of sexuality, confidence and lack of conscience . . . a person without excuses and entirely free in her sexual behaviour." What he had tried to do, he said, was to show in the person of Brigitte "the psychosis of our postwar generation."

Taking her cue, Brigitte now chimed in, and in a series of ingenuous interviews announced flatly that she was as amoral off screen as Vadim had portrayed her on the screen. Then, like a child repeating a much-rehearsed lesson, she added sweetly, "I must resemble the whole of my generation, and that's why they have adopted me so nicely." Since the film showed Miss Bardot as a lazy, empty-headed, sex-crazed and utterly unscrupulous young animal, the storm that blew up set Vadim and Brigitte just where they wanted to be, on two towering but separate pinnacles of notoriety.

Whenever they could get the floor—in angry letters to the editor, in articles and remonstrations and public-opinion polls—the young people of France vehemently disowned the whole idea. Serious, hard working, struggling with such real problems as their schooling, their jobs, their living quarters and food bills, fully prepared to accept the responsibilities of marital fidelity and family life, the "under thirty" generation no more saw themselves in Bardot's alley-cat antics than they see themselves in the spoiled, self-pitying heroines of Françoise (Bonjour Tristesse) Sagan. Certainly they flocked to look at Mademoiselle B.B.'s glossy and globular charms. But from there to identifying themselves with this prurient nonsense was a long step, and one they refused to take. Yet what did that matter? Vadim believed it—and so did Brigitte.

But did she really? Separated from her dark Svengali, but not from the shadow of his influence, Brigitte went on living out the myth. With some of her profits from And God Created Woman she bought a luxurious modern penthouse apartment in Paris, filled it with record players blaring rock 'n' roll—the Bach recordings had lost out—parakeets and white doves in decorated cages and, of course, her beloved Teddy bears and velvet animals.

Perversely, as if proving something, she even went domestic for a while, ordering a certain *décor*, ripping it out and starting over, sometimes going so far as to fuss around the kitchen. When boy-friend Jean-Louis Trintignant, although a married man, was called up for his military service, the domesticity vanished and so did Jean-Louis. But not without B.B.'s spotlight following him into the wings. "I don't hold anything against Jean-Louis," Brigitte told the press in her thin, little-girl voice. "He was no longer beside me, that's all. And I need a man beside me all the time . . . to console me." Almost immediately there were plenty of them, enough to console her through all the galas, dinners, first nights and late dancing parties she wanted.

While Vadim was off in Venice directing another film, she made two more pictures under contracts with other studios—The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful and The Parisienne—still playing the same old role of Brigitte in various stages of undress. But her behavior on set became more and more capricious, her quarrels more frequent and her tantrums more violent. Alternating between docility and spitefulness, between charm and petulance, she irritated her producers and directors, and alienated her co-workers, broke her contract with one studio and flared with fury when they promptly sued her. Although on reasonably good terms with her family, who continued to indulge her, she bickered with her sister Mijanou and complained to the press that her family had never done anything to help her career and weren't much interested in her films.

Her behavior during the 1957 Cannes Film Festival was typical. On location only twenty miles away in Nice, she sulkily refused all of the festival's invitations to appear. She who had hung around previous festivals in a sun tan and a wisp of Bikini, throwing herself at the producers and pushing her near-naked figure in front of every camera in sight, now not only disdained the people who had helped her, she paid them back. She waited until her own export publicity outfit, Unifrance, was giving its biggest reception and then threw a rival "B.B." party to get the entire festival press to leave Cannes and come to her. Then, as soon as the cameras were set up around her, wearing a malicious little smile of triumph she posed and strutted and posed.

As nervous crisis succeeded nervous crisis, her publicity hounds barked that she was in ill health and badly needed rest. But her ill health was skin trouble brought on by her tantrums, and the only reason she couldn't rest was that there wasn't time for rest between her films, her love affairs and the cha-cha-cha and the mambo.

When she went to Spain in the summer of 1957 to make The Night Heaven Fell under the direction of Vadim, Vadim was there with his new "wife," a very pretty and obviously pregnant Danish girl named Anita Stroyberg, and Brigitte picked up with an incredibly handsome, patent-leather Mexican actor. Still, despite the oppressive heat and B.B.'s flaunting walkouts and scenes, the film was finally made. But so late that by this time (November), she was already in default to director Claude Autant-Lara in Paris, who had signed her to play opposite Jean Gabin in a picture entitled In Case of Emergency.

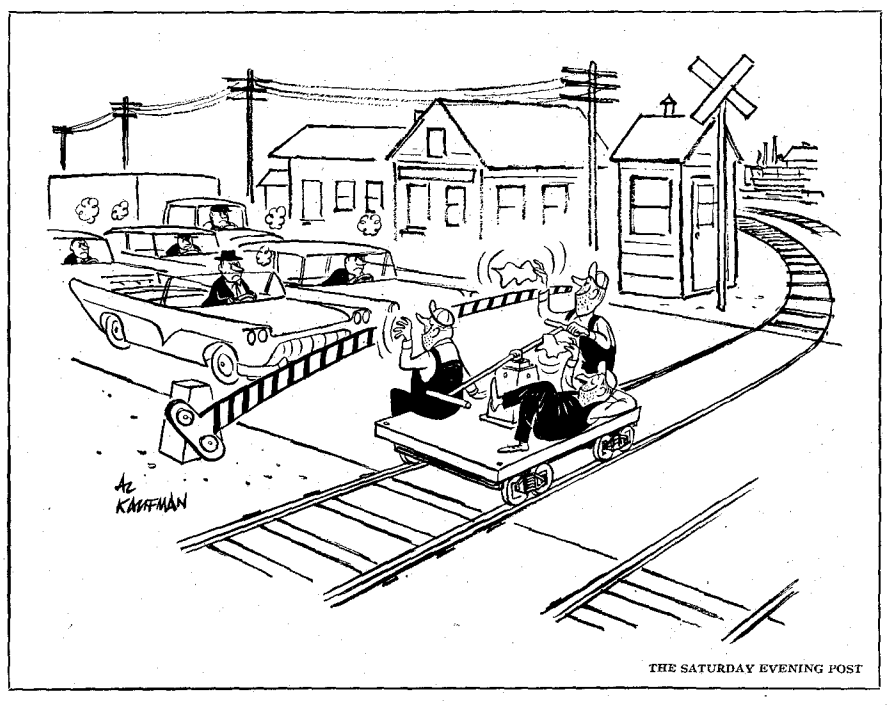
On December 6, 1957, the First Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine pronounced the divorce—by mutual consent—of film star Brigitte Bardot and film director Roger Vadim Plemiannikov, and Brigitte was legally free. But free to do what? To go on living the legend of "B.B.-ism," or at last to take stock of herself and of what she really wants out of life?

Back in Paris, in that big overdraped apartment, exhausted from the last film and with no heart for the next one, unhappy about the last boy friend and not yet happy with the next, she has begun to have serious bouts of self-doubt and self-pity. With the rock 'n' roll records screaming, the Teddy bears strewn all over the apartment, she will stare into her mirror, make up her face for the hundredth time, announce that she is ugly, that she wants to eat, that she doesn't want to eat, that she loves being a film star, that she hates being a film star, that she is bored with herself and with life. A walking tangle of complexes, she frets and worries, as she does everything else, semipublicly—about her lack of ability as an actress; about her ears, which stick out; about her boredom; and above all about her complexion, which breaks into a first-class case of eczema whenever she has one of her fits of nerves. In February, when she flounced off the set of In Case of Emergency in a flood of tears, the Paris newspapers announced that she had taken an overdose of sleeping tablets, and she was packed off to Italy "to forget," accompanied by the faithful Mijanou and a pack of photographers in full cry.

Today, surrounded but solitary, adored and detested, she is at the peak of her renown. She is under contract with Columbia Pictures until 1960, has started a new film for Pathé and M-G-M titled The Woman and the Clown, and next fall is scheduled to do Paris by Night with Frank Sinatra. Yet at twenty-three, with twenty-three films behind her, she still seems strangely adrift. She has played coy about going to Hollywood, which has reputedly offered her as much as $250,000 per picture, not so much out of bargaining shrewdness as out of sheer laziness. She has done the same with Ed Sullivan, who has supposedly offered her $50,000 for three television appearances on the Ed Sullivan show. All she wants to do, according to her own agent, is "stay in France, have fun, and work as little as possible," preferably making only one picture a year. For this no one can blame her.

But then why the complexes, the fits of temper and dejection, the perverse and childish oscillation between charm and cruelty, between egotism and inferiority? Perhaps because through the smoke screen of the Bardot legend, her bourgeois good sense occasionally reasserts itself and she sees herself as she is—alone, embarked on the long road Vadim set her on, and now without guidance, without loyalty, without love. Perhaps, also, because somewhere at bottom she realizes that although a celluloid juvenile delinquent can go on being delinquent, she cannot count on remaining eternally juvenile.

THE END



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The Indispensable Mr. Pinto

(Continued from Page 31)

sharp Roman profile, his Olympian gaze, his well-trimmed goatee and his lordly manner, Pinto has left his overwhelming imprint, through the years, on the impressionable minds of several hundred thousand tourists from every part of the United States. To them, his tall, erect and slightly pear-shaped figure remains—along with Capitol, St. Peter's, Catacombs and Colosseum—one of the landmarks of the Eternal City.

Now seventy-one years old, Pinto shrugs off his age as a mere technicality, hardly worth mentioning. He is on duty—which means on his feet—from shortly before 8:00 A.M. until 9:30 in the evening, with a two-hour break for lunch and siesta. He handles, during rush hours, a customer a minute. No one has ever seen him yawn, and when he strides across the lobby, majestic in his long, gray redingote, you'd put him down as fiftyish, no more. Out on the street, his fellow Romans, impressed with his great dignity, invariably spot in him the man of parts—bank president, ambassador or nobleman.

The stage on which he acts provides him with the proper setting. Taking up a whole, honey-colored block on Rome's broad, fashionable Via Veneto, the Excelsior, with room for some 600 guests, is Italy's largest hotel. No fewer than 25,000 Americans check in here every year—forming, during the summer months, more than four fifths of the hotel's entire clientele. And thousands more make Via Veneto itself the fulcrum of their Roman holiday, sipping cool drinks under gay beach umbrellas while watching the parade of roving males, tight-skirted Roman beauties and tall, white-uniformed policemen.

Drifting in from the sunny street, you find yourself in a cool outer lobby, with the reception desk and the cashier's cage on the right, and Pinto in position on your left, between the entrance and the elevators. Standing, with his three helpers, on a slightly raised platform behind an eighteen-foot-long desk of carved mahogany, he makes his presence felt throughout the humming hall—imposing, as it were, a sense of order in what might otherwise turn into swirling anarchy.

What is his business? Originally the stanch guardian of the gate and keeper of your room key, the European hall porter—or concierge—now has as many functions as you care to give him. There's little in your previous experience to compare him to. Although some of the fancier American hotels have reasonable copies functioning in the manner of the European archetype, the true, or full-fledged, hall porter is rarely found outside his native habitat. Of course, there are reception clerks, back home, and tall men by the door to hail a cab, and, possibly, a sympathetic bartender willing to listen to your troubles. But all of these combined would be no match for the omnipotent, omniscient Mr. Pinto, who has received your mail and answered calls for you days before you showed up, who is at your beck and call while you are here, and who will hover over you long after your departure. "Most tourists feel protected by the hall porter," says Pinto, a perspicacious student of the human soul.

However, as you watch him during one of his more hectic quarter hours, "protection" hardly seems the word. What he is doing there comes closer to a sporting proposition: a player tossing back ball after well-aimed ball at an incredibly fast rate. Although his three assistants wear the gaudier livery, agleam with silver braid and buttons in contrast to the chief's plain gray, guests tend to bypass them. The man they want is Pinto, and there may be some twelve or fifteen clients pressing in on him, entreating him in half a dozen tongues.

"We've got three days in Rome. What should we see?" "How much for these five picture post cards?" "I'd like a late appointment for a shampoo and set." "Is there a diner on that train?" "Just cancel those three airplane tickets to Los Angeles." "What should my youngster take for his upset stomach?" "My wife and I would like to see the Pope." "And how about that tour to Capri and Pompeii?" "Please have the Rome Daily American

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Saving Account

By Irene Warsaw

I keep all my pencils, no
matter how small.
I save lengths of string on a
big, lumpy ball.
I fold wrapping paper and
stow it in bales,
Collect rubber bands and
all sizes of nails.
I store nuts and bolts,
slightly beat, in their box
And hang on to keys which
don't fit any locks.
Glass jars and old blotters,
I'm happy to see 'em
All stashed in the nooks of
my bulging museum.
I'm thrifty that way, and I
stoutly refuse
To throw away something I
might want to use;
But I CANNOT hang on to,
save, stow, store or stash
Cash.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

sent to my room every morning." "Where can I buy silk by the yard?" "The service here is terrible." "I wish you'd tell us where to get a decent meal." "Is there a night club in this town?" "Would you lay on a car to Florence in the morning?" "I can't find my suitcase, Mr. Pinto!" "What did the Romans build the Colosseum for?"

Unruffled, Pinto faces the great wave of urgency that comes at him across the desk. Absolute calm is a hall porter's stuff of life—Alberto Pinto does not know what tranquilizers are. Letting his three assistants handle such elementary chores as putting ink into your pen, he tries to solve more complicated problems on the spot. There are four telephones behind the desk, and every few minutes you'll see him wheel around to call this or that ticket agent, airline, railroad office, without so much as looking up a number. His private network of strategically placed acquaintances covers all Italy and much of Europe. And if your maiden aunt is stuck at the French border because she left her passport on her bedside table, two or three calls from Pinto, likely as not, will bail her out.

"One never says 'no' to a client," he explains. "One says, 'Now, let me see.' If it's impossible, I usually find it can be done."

The golden-keys insignia he pins to his lapels—his afternoon pair is of solid gold, the gift of an Italian duke—to him stand for professional integrity. True, you may hear about a concierge, now and then, whose practices do not conform with the high standards of the brotherhood; but, almost every time, it is the malefactor's watchful colleagues who, through their powerful professional organization, make sure that he is stripped of his insignia and banished from his post. Nearly as bad as a corrupt or crooked hall porter, says Pinto, is one who is "working for a tip." Obsequiousness should be foreign to his make-up—when Mr. Pinto wishes you "Good morning," he means to wish you a good morning. It is the human substance of his work, the give-and-take which frequently strikes sparks of true affection, that keeps Pinto going. He loves his job, and nothing makes him prouder than the arrival of a total stranger demanding the same kind of service papa got twenty years ago.

"Arriving at the desk for the day's business," he recently remarked, "is much like sitting down to a good dinner with a splendid appetite."

All men are equal before Pinto. While he admits to being "different people" with different nationalities—he'll swap a joke with an American, but never with an Englishman—he is unimpressed with rank. The flustered little lady harrying him six times a day with time-consuming nothings meets with the same air-cooled urbanity as the platinum-headed starlet who swears she has lost an earring or the Big Name who wants to fly to Brussels in an hour. "Coming to me with all their little problems," he sums up, "they are no longer what they think they are. They are nothing but themselves."

Pinto believes that travelers, being away from home, are subject to anxiety. They are on unfamiliar ground, faced with a whole set of uncertainties which have the power to give fright as well as pleasure. Excitable and scared, the tourist will attach an almost magical importance to familiar objects. The disappearance of a suitcase is apt to shipwreck him completely. Pinto, who in his role of Chief of Service directs the flow of luggage in and out—about 1000 pieces on a busy day—knows he is handling dynamite. He has, over the years, worked out a virtually foolproof system by which his underlings, from the Excelsior doorman to the luggage porters, track every valise through the hotel's long inner passages. And should your yellow bag, in spite of all precautions, be placed in the wrong bus, the chances are that Pinto's own sharp eye has registered the blunder, and he himself will, with a sympathetic cluck, restore to you that precious blend of symbol and reality that holds your other pair of shoes, your guidebook, your spare glasses and your sleeping pills.

Tense folk are talkative. Existing for no one but you as long as you can bend his ear, Pinto considers listening a vital aspect of his job. What are conditions like, say, in Nairobi? Only a week ago, you'll find, Pinto listened to somebody just back from there, and he can bring you up to date. By the same token, Pinto knows what store, what restaurant is going up or down, and whether this week's English-speaking movie is worth seeing. This vast reservoir of fresh intelligence, backed by his firsthand knowledge of so many countries, their good and bad hotels, their currency and customs regulations, their climate and their roads, makes him an ever-bubbling fount of information, unrivaled in the specialized, commercial world we live in.

Good hall porters, Pinto believes, are born, not made. What school could teach you how to be a personality? He himself has come up through the ranks, which is the usual procedure. Born into Rome's modest white-collar class—his father was administrator for one of Italy's aristocratic families—he has no more than seven years of formal schooling to his name. When thirteen years of age, he started work, and got his first small mouthful of diplomacy as errand boy for the Uruguayan minister to Italy. Sporting a natty blue-and-silver livery, he ran his errands up and down Rome's seven hills, familiarizing himself with the faces, titles and addresses on the upper social level. When, two years later, his employer left, he recommended the well-mannered youngster to a downtown hotel, which took him on as page boy. "No salary," Pinto recalls, "and one free afternoon a week if I could get permission."

It is, to modern ears, a painful tale of harsh taskmasters, meager fare, long, grueling hours. Alberto's average workday began with cleaning chores at 5:30 A.M., and ended fifteen hours later. At night he went to school to study languages. He got ahead. The next stops were hotels in Northern Italy, in Sicily, in one or two German resort towns. Waiting at table was, by now, his specialty—largely because waiters have the advantage of an international exchange service which makes it easy to move across borders and study, on the spot, the habits of the upper classes. While still in his late teens, he served in a small London boardinghouse, thence graduated to the Carlton, and finally to the Savoy. "It was not to make money, but to learn," he says. "Once you have worked in London your career is well in hand."

Because they speak the best French in Touraine, Alberto took a waiter's job at the Hôtel de l'Univers in Tours—one of the whistle stops of the champagne-and-caviar crowd whose headquarters, in the nice days before the first World War, were the Riviera and Maxim's, St. Petersburg and Biarritz. After a few more jobs like this, Alberto, barely twenty-one, found his first berth as maître d'hôtel in the most fashionable place in Sicily.

As a result of his well-managed odyssey, Pinto today speaks fluent English, French and German, and some Spanish. He can shine boots and serve at table. He knows what goes into what fancy dish on your French menu, and you can trust him to select the proper vintage Burgundy. He excels as a pastry cook. And he can size you up across a crowded lobby and, by the time you have approached, he knows where you have gone to school and where you buy your neckties.

This kind of all-round polish and accomplishment, combined with pleasant manners and a decorative exterior, spells "hall porter" to a hotel man. Pinto wore his first golden keys in Rome, then moved to a hotel in Naples. But it was not until the summer of 1921, when he conducted his first season at the Venice Lido, that he ascended to the heights of his profession—officiating at the smart Lido Excelsior, amidst the beautiful and rich whose standard retinue included governess and maid, valet and secretary. At last, Alberto Pinto felt mysteriously at home. He was to hold his summer job through twenty golden seasons, growing in stature until he became a European institution.

And so we find him, hopefully behind the desk of Rome's Excelsior, in the drab winter months of 1947. The huge hotel, which had engaged him in 1941, had just emerged from years of requisitioning, first by the Germans, then by the Americans, whom it had served as residence for field-grade officers and visiting civilians. The moment

(Continued on Page 98)

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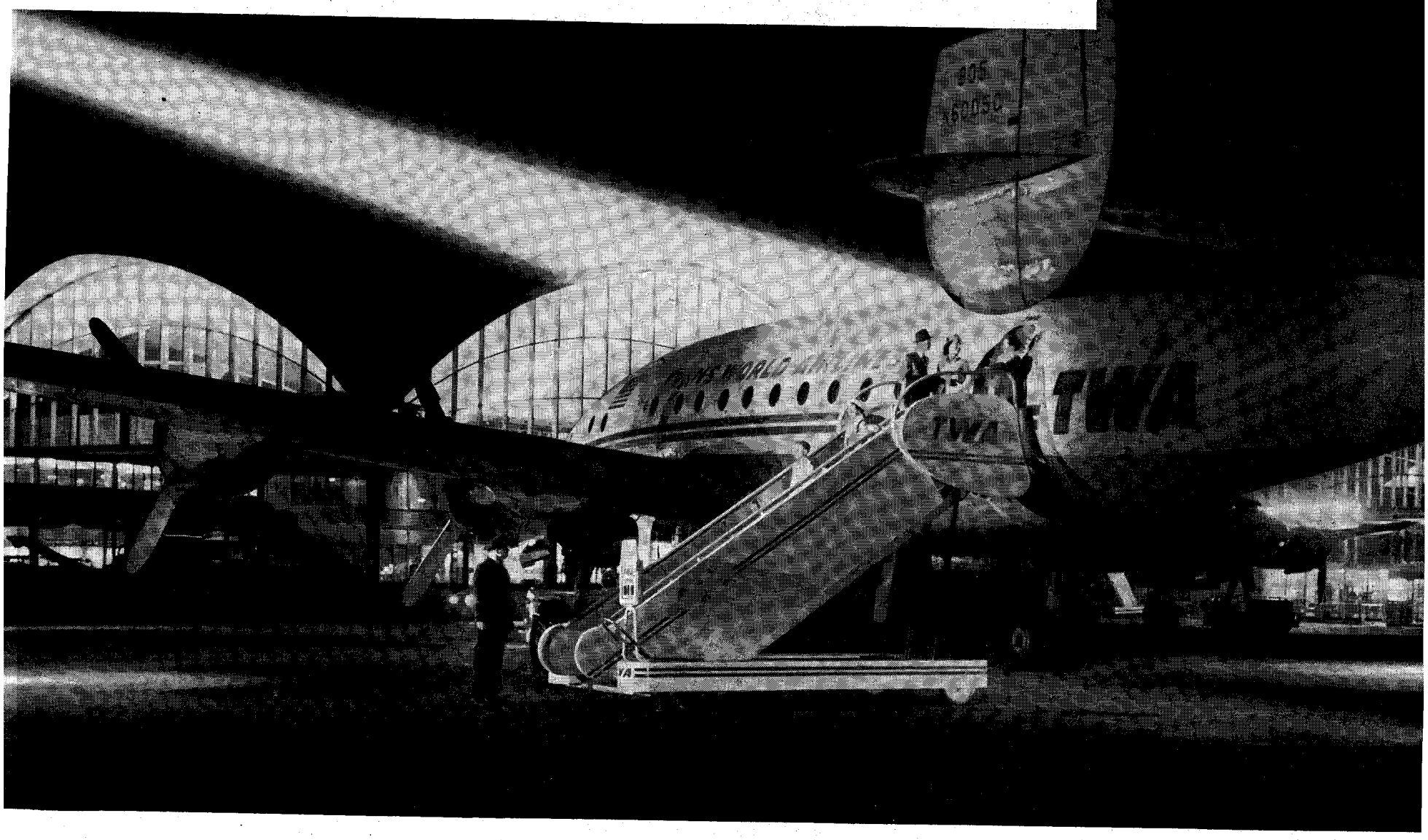

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(*Continued from Page 96*) seemed propitious—with easy airplane travel and low steamship fares, the transatlantic tourist business was picking up momentum. Fat years were in the offing. Behind his desk, Pinto was ready for the great American stampede.

Of all the jobs available in the guest-lodging business, the hall porter's is looked upon as the most enviable. Unlike the man who owns the place, he has no stake in it. His stock in trade is what he is himself. And, if he has the stuff, his capital will bear rich dividends—successful hall porters are upper-bracket money earners. Until not long ago, in fact, they used to buy their jobs in many parts of the Old World, much as one buys a shooting-gallery concession at a fair. And though, today, they are paid a salary, it is understood that it will buy their bread, but not what's on it.

Alberto Pinto's income is, in fact, the subject of some animated speculation around Rome—with everybody telling you that it must be a round, delicious figure. How much? Let us see. The 18 per cent "service" charge Excelsior guests find on their room bill does not, as the naïve American believes, mean "service." It covers the entire monthly pay of the hotel's 400-odd employees, and only when the individual quota drops below a guaranteed minimum—a rare occurrence even during the slack winter months—does the hotel make up the difference. Pinto's share, under this arrangement, works out at about 100,000 lire—$160—a month. This is his wage—a modest pedestal on which to rest his miscellaneous earnings.

Tips, first. Two separate bills, under the local system, wait for each guest as he checks out—the Excelsior's own, made out by the cashier, and Mr. Pinto's. The latter document, a simple sheet of notepaper, enumerates, in handwritten Italian, the debts you have incurred: postage for letters mailed, newspapers sent up to your room, airplane and train tickets, and so forth. It does not list the agonizing minutes spent in attempts to capture the last sleeper on a crowded night train or the strategic planning that went into your tour up the Italian Boot. There is no fee for services like these. How much to tip? Alberto Pinto's smile, as you proffer, one, three, fifteen or twenty dollars, won't tell you whether you have hit it right; he's too much of a gentleman to have more than one "thank you."

The average tip—Americans are, on the whole, poor tippers—comes to about three dollars. However, tips are only half the story. You have heard that Italians are fine tailors, and you ask Pinto for a good address. He calls Rome's leading tailoring establishment, a block away, and, as his protégé, you'll get prompt service. Or, with your wedding anniversary approaching, you are interested in some knickknacks—Pinto directs you to a famous jeweler's, a diamond's throw from the Spanish Steps. From Borsalino hats to ladies' slippers, from antique furniture to modern glassware, Pinto knows where. And while his sponsorship saves the suspicion-ridden tourist from being overcharged, the honored merchant—who knows the value of a dollar-spending clientele—will find a way to show his gratitude: Pinto's commission ranges from 1 per cent, paid by some travel agencies on railroad tickets, to 10 and even 20 per cent granted him by stores, car-hire firms and sight-seeing concerns.

Off on a shopping spree, and loath to tote large bundles of unwieldy lire, the tourist soon begins to coast on Pinto's credit. "Send it to the hotel; the hall porter will pay you." A summer suit, a pair of earrings, three pairs of ladies' shoes—Pinto will manage to produce cash on delivery. The cash drawer behind his desk, to which he has the only key, contains about a million lire—$1600—of his own, and tidal movements in and out are violent. Although the story that American dime-store heiress Barbara Hutton once asked him to buy her an airplane, only to sell it the next day, remains apocryphal, the business of chartering an airplane or setting up an African safari gives Pinto no more pause than the more modest order of furnishing a car with driver for a ride to Paris. Pinto does not recall which of his many worldly clients built up the largest overdraft—was it old William Randolph Hearst, or the late Aga Khan?—but guests who owe him upward of $1000 are by no means exceptional.

There will be losses, to be sure. No one reminds you, as you settle your account for room and board, that one more bill is ready for you at the hall porter's desk, and—every now and then, it happens—guests do skip town with or without malice aforethought. But if he finds himself one or two thousand dollars short at year's end, such trifles do not worry Pinto. Losses are written off as "overhead"—just like the many little bribes paid out on your behalf and unbeknownst to you to Pinto's cronies in booking offices and travel bureaus. And if your whole account comes to no more than, say, a dollar—newspapers, picture post cards, stamps—Pinto is apt to tell you that there is no bill.

But a good hall porter, like a successful surgeon, acquires, through the years, a solid following of outpatients. Not all of Pinto's clients are Excelsiorites. Americans living in Italy, members of Rome's fast-moving movie colony, local executives who can't be bothered with red tape, the blue bloods who drop in for an *aperitivo* at the Excelsior bar—all of them like to think of Pinto as their very own. Old friends in Paris, Lima or Chicago, loyal to the grave, may cable Pinto a request to look after a cousin passing through, to send a box of chocolates to an old flame or to pick up a trunk at the Rome airport and have it shipped to Cannes. One estimate puts Pinto's list of private clients at somewhere near a thousand. As for the management, it does not mind. What's good for Pinto is good for the stockholders, and every little service rendered will spell "Excelsior" in the end.

Now, it is worth remembering, in totting up his annual turnover, that Pinto's business is operated as a partnership. Whether you hand your contribution to him or to one of his understudies, it goes into the kitty. All money earned by one of the four men behind the desk belongs to the whole team. Pinto knows his three hand-picked junior partners—de Giorgio, Ricci and Falsini—as one knows one's own family; here, there and everywhere he has worked with them throughout the years, and they look up to him with deep professional respect. When, at the end of every month, Pinto distributes 60 per cent of the take among them, keeping 40 per cent himself, nobody grumbles. This is a line of work where you are either field marshal or unknown soldier.

Pinto's share of the pot, by informed estimates, may run to some $2000 in a busy month, making an annual total of approximately $20,000. While this is a large income anywhere, in Italy it staggers the imagination. The prime minister makes about one third of this amount, and few executives earn more. Pinto, to his Italian friends, is a rich man—*un ricco.*

He has used his hard-gained wealth, as any good Italian would, to raise a family and give his children a hand up. When still a promising young waiter, he married Anna Gatti, the daughter of a Milanese maître d'hôtel. Of their three sons, the eldest is a partner in a travel agency, the second a physician, the third a bank employee; their only daughter works in a relief agency. A little crop of grandchildren is growing up.

Alberto and his wife live in a neat, four-room apartment in a modern suburb, crammed with the trophies and remembrances of half a century of hall-portering. Being entitled to free room and board at the hotel, Pinto does not come home during the day, but lunches lightly in the employees' canteen, then takes a siesta in his quiet inside room at the Excelsior. Letting a two-man night team step behind the desk when work is finished, he drives himself home in his little Fiat, partakes of a square meal and a carafe of wine, and settles down with a good book. What does he read? Biography and history—the kind of literature any elder statesman might relax with.

Three years ago, the hall porters of Italy unanimously picked Alberto Pinto for president of their professional organization, which, with about 500 members, is now the strongest national group in Europe's "Golden Keys" Association. For Pinto, there could be no sweeter honor than the applause of his peers. On top of his profession and his form, he goes on doing the impossible for his demanding clients, cocking a disapproving eyebrow when they refer to him as "the most influential man in Rome, next to the Pope." THE END

NEXT WEEK

OUR FIRST MAN IN OUTER SPACE

Why the Pilot of the X-15 Expects to Come Down Alive

TV's No. 1 Band Leader:

I Call on Lawrence Welk

By PETE MARTIN

In Color:

GOLD RUSH EVERY WEEKEND

California's Sunday Prospectors

June: The Perfect Month

Cooling Off in North Carolina

Fiction:

FRAME-UP FOR MURDER

A New Nero Wolfe Mystery

By REX STOUT

BOTTS TAKES THE BAIT

By WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

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For the Sake of Love (Continued from Page 26)

appointed Protector of the Royal Pachyderm Herd. It's one of the few titles I can confer without the prime minister's consent."

"You didn't give it to him, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, I did," he answered shortly. "I'm not going to antagonize Nicobar over something that doesn't matter."

"Why does he want the silly old title?" the queen persisted. "He's a tank man. He doesn't know anything about elephants, does he?"

The king blew a sour note on his saxophone. "Not a thing. I can't see what's in it for him except control of the permits to timber companies for the right to select a few elephants from the annual *keddah*." He glanced at Lumbini, frowning a little.

The queen ignored the warning. "There must be something else. Think hard now!" She fanned a mosquito from the baby's plump wrist. "What about the ivory? He collects it, doesn't he?"

"Yes, but only carved ivory. Mostly old Chinese stuff, very valuable." The king shrugged. "The trivial income from tusks wouldn't arouse Nicobar's voracious appetite."

"Then it's power," Sawan concluded. "Already the prime minister's uneasy. He has the police and air force, but Nicobar's got the army and navy, and with elections due this year every gun's a ballot." She

---

A doctor can't persuade a woman to go on a diet half as fast as last year's bathing suit can.

HOMER PHILLIPS

---

mused, wrinkling her brow in concentration. "The common people are very fond of you, you know, and it's their sons who carry the guns."

"True," the king agreed, "Nicobar's always trying to look like a buddy of mine."

"And this puts him in charge of the sacred white elephants," the queen went on triumphantly, "so he'll be riding with you in the ceremonial processions to the temples at New Year, before thousands of the devout. That could make all the difference."

They were silent a moment, turning over their thoughts. Then the queen said the thing that had been left unsaid, "And if Nicobar is P.M., what's left for him to want but the crown?"

The king's face was stiff with disapproval, but the queen was undaunted. She giggled a little at his retreat into dignity. "Honestly, hasn't he ever hinted he'd like to try it on just for size?" she teased.

"Hardly!"

"He covets it, you know."

The king ignored this remark but the queen could not be deflected. "You're still the Lord of Life," she pointed out. "If he didn't have a head, he couldn't use a crown." And she nibbled a piece of fudge, tilting her face at the handsome young king.

Lumbini finished her story, and Apul laughed. "What did the king say then?"

"Oh, he told her he was a constitutional monarch who believed in the rule of law, and then he blew a screech on the saxophone that awakened the baby, and I left."

"And here you are!" Apul capered with joy.

Lumbini did not respond. "I haven't told you the worst, but maybe I'd better." She shivered. "I reminded General Nicobar that I was your fiancée, and he said, 'That young man is too short to be reaching for the top banana.' What can he do to you, lover boy?"

Colonel Apul was unimpressed. "Dark eyes, you're talking woman talk." He shook her gently. "I'm the best tank man in the country. The general needs me. After all, he who controls the tanks controls the capital. Let's forget this nonsense."

He whirled her gaily across the floor. He didn't feel the first polite tap on his shoulder. He did feel the second tap, however. It came at the base of his skull from the hard edge of a muscular hand. Apul made a crash landing on one knee, carrying Miss Lumbini down with him.

"General Nicobar requests pleasure of dance with Miss Lumbini," announced the unsmiling bouncer of the Club Papaya.

"Ja-a-a-a-a," agreed Colonel Apul fuzzily, trying to get his eyes back into focus. The sight of General Nicobar sitting fatly at a nearby table and looking at him significantly brought him to his feet. He saluted as smartly as he was able.

The general acknowledged him with a floppy wrist and waddled over to Miss Lumbini. "Dance!" he ordered, and drew her in tightly against his uniform buttons. Although his thick torso bobbled and leaped and bounced, his agile feet anticipated every elusive move of his frightened victim.

When the music stopped, the general led Lumbini to his table, now gala with roses, a magnum of champagne and a cold turkey decorated with tiny paper flags representing the United Nations. The general saluted solemnly and sat down. Two large Coromandel screens, plus some palms in tubs, hastily assembled, created the illusion of a private dining room.

Colonel Apul sat in a dazed quandary at his own table and less and less frequently saw the general walk Miss Lumbini unsteadily around the floor. Sometime after midnight a waiter brought a message and a note: "General say thank you, go now! He take Miss Lumbini home." The note ordered him to leave for the yearly tank maneuvers at Ta Mak in the morning.

Apul went only as far as the general's car. He dismissed the escort officer and took his seat beside the driver. Nicobar was too befuddled to notice the change, but Lumbini leaned against Apul gratefully as he stood holding the door for her, before she ran lightly ahead of him to her house.

That was Tuesday. On Thursday morning General Nicobar was reclining in a long rattan chair at headquarters, sipping ginger ale through a plastic straw, when the intercommunications system reported:

"Miss Lumbini leaving west gate of Royal Palace in sport car."

The general grunted and his eyes flipped open.

"Colonel Apul on maneuvers at Ta Mak."

The general closed his eyes and smiled seraphically.

"Miss Lumbini driving south, speed over sixty kilometers."

The general snorted, his complacent smile shattered.

"Correction: whereabouts Colonel Apul unknown."

The general sat up heavily and exclaimed, "*Maa chao woei!*" which meant "Dammit!"

A half hour later there was a further report: "Tracer on Colonel Apul places him Bird's (*Continued on Page 102*)

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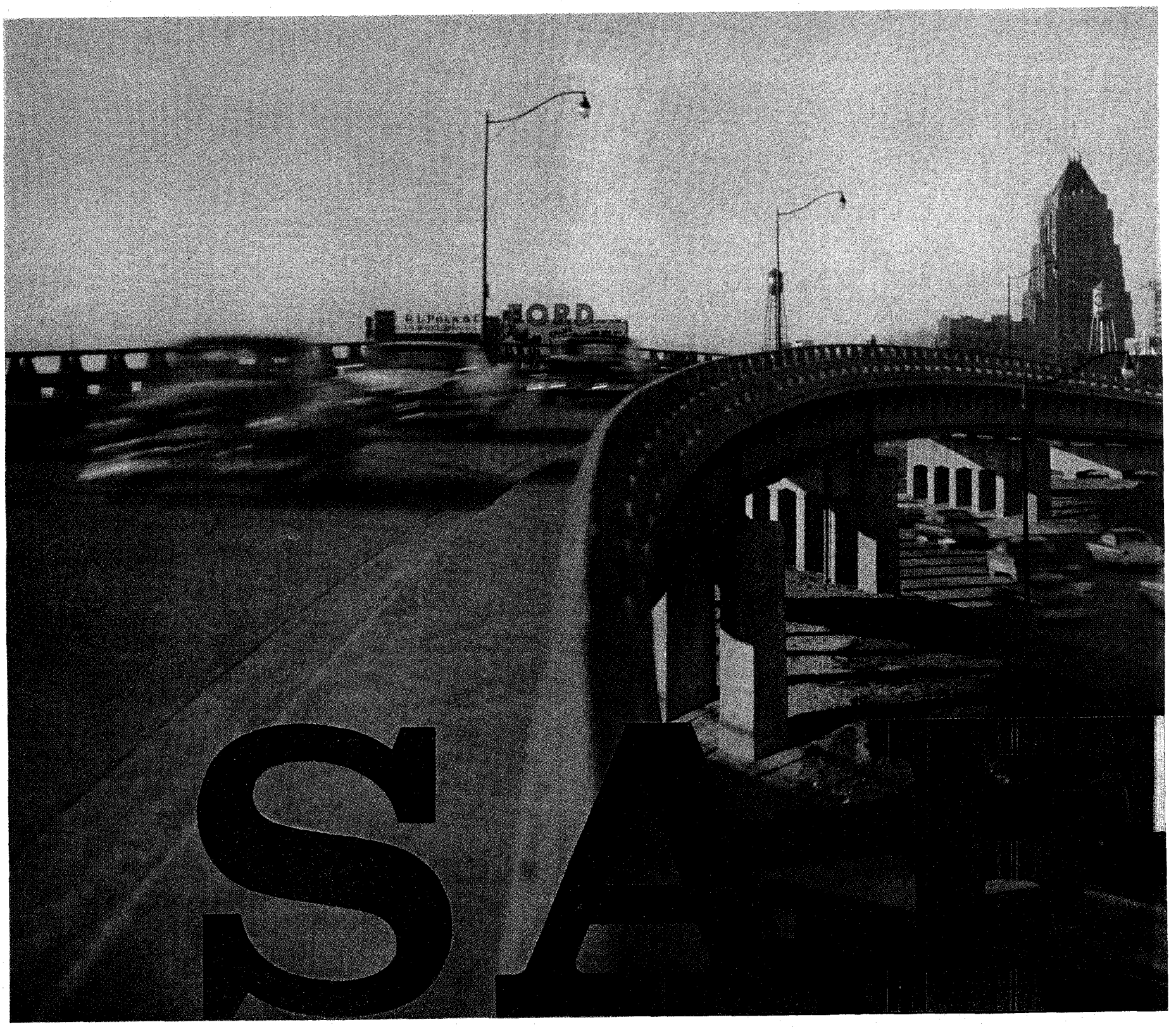

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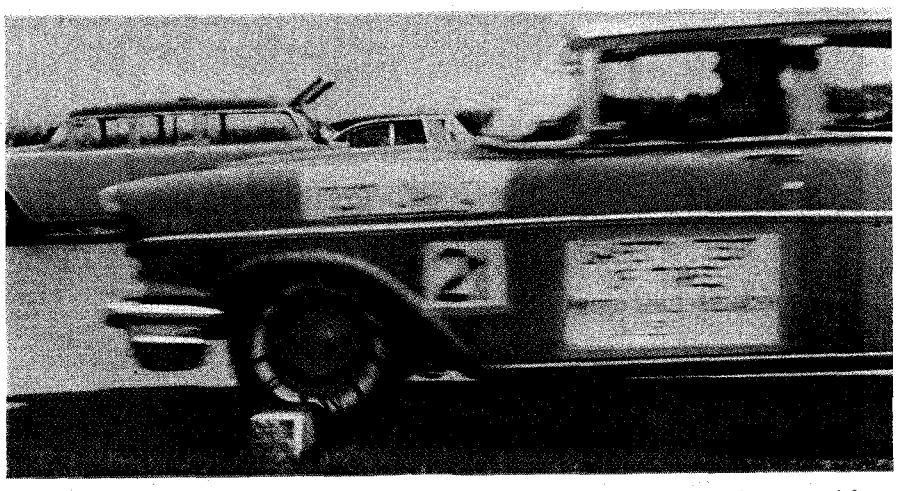

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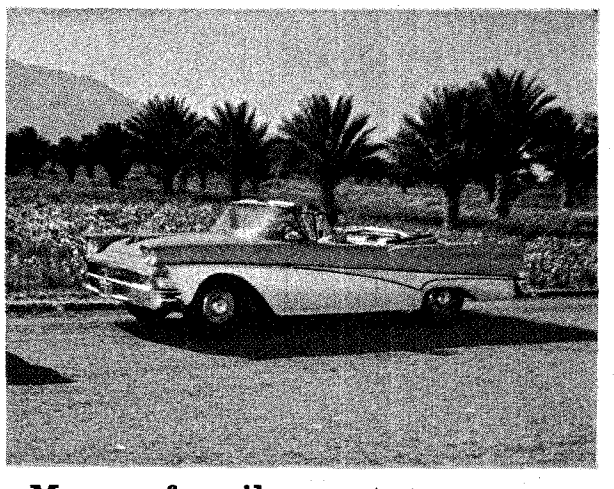

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(*Continued from Page 99*) Nest Bay in swim trunks, jogging south toward fishing village on Pagoda Beach."

"Huh!" grunted General Nicobar in perplexity, and poured himself a stiff double Scotch. "Uh-huh!" shouted the general and reversed the intercom switch. "Inform coast-guard cutter Sea Serpent stand by to take me off Shark Point at fifteen hundred hours!"

He trotted downstairs to his car, and four motorcycle police fanned out ahead of him, scattering pedestrians, pedicabs and motorcars in happy abandon.

The car radio crackled into speech: "Miss Lumbini speeding toward Bird's Nest Bay." Ten minutes later it added: "Colonel Apul chartered fishing junk at Pagoda Beach."

General Nicobar yawned and closed his eyes until the stopping of the car at Shark Point aroused him.

Miss Lumbini stopped briefly at the Summer Palace on Dragon's Tooth Bay. When she left, the tiny erect figure of the Princess Dowager Moradok was seated stiffly beside her. The princess was the late King Chandrabhanu's only full sister. Behind them in the princess' car rode her lady in waiting and her maid. They left the cars in a clump of palm trees near the Pagoda Beach coffee shop. The princess dowager proceeded toward the shop, under a parasol held by her lady in waiting, with the dignity of one about to lay a wreath at a shrine. They sat down at a table, and Lumbini said "Hi!" to a dark corner.

"Hi!" said the dark corner, and Apul came out into the light. He saluted the king's aunt with great respect.

The princess dowager inclined her head graciously and said, "You may kiss her if you are Colonel Apul. You may not if you are General Nicobar." She sniffed. "I don't know who or what you are in that costume!" Then she rose and walked to the front of the shop. "That's the king's command," she added over her shoulder.

Apul grinned widely. He sniffed Lumbini's cheek in a kiss and sat down. "We don't have much time," he said in a low voice, leaning toward her. "Fatso Nicobar has agents everywhere. We can't dodge him for long. Let me say what I have to say quickly, and we can discuss the angles later on the junk." She nodded, and he went on, "You'll need the king's permission to marry. Let's ask him to help us, so we can be married at once."

"Yes, let's!" she agreed, and put her hands over his. Then she shuddered. "But what chance has a canary like me against Tiger Nicobar when even the Lord of Life has to appease him? And he has seventeen wives already!" she wailed.

"Ask the king tomorrow!" he urged.

"Tomorrow!" she promised.

A light breeze against the square sail of the fishing junk carried them quickly offshore to the quiet blue of the ocean. The sky was bland and empty overhead, except for a two-engined plane cruising lazily along the coast. Enormous sea nettles floated by the junk like large, transparent umbrellas, and flying fish leaped in graceful arcs, escaping unseen pursuers. Then the drone of the plane drifted away, leaving no sound but the lap of the waves.

Apul and Lumbini lay on rugs under an awning, developing their plans. The princess and her lady in waiting sat on the opposite side of the deck, playing pinochle beneath a wide beach umbrella. After several lazy hours the aroma of cooking aroused them.

"I feel so safe out here that I'm actually hungry," Lumbini marveled.

The cook himself served the country-style Chinese food. He had disappeared forward, and they had begun to eat, when the chorus of Frangipani Flower came to their ears.

"My own song!" Lumbini exclaimed, pleased. "The perfect touch!"

Apul lunged around the awning. A coil of rope from the Sea Serpent caught him in the face, knocking him to the deck. He rose, his face smarting, to salute a scowling General Nicobar, whose aides, ranged discreetly behind him, scarcely bothered to suppress their sniggers. Lumbini hurried around the awning as though to make a curtain speech, but no words came.

The general's little pig eyes were grim. "You, Colonel Apul, report back to Ta Mak as Major Apul!"

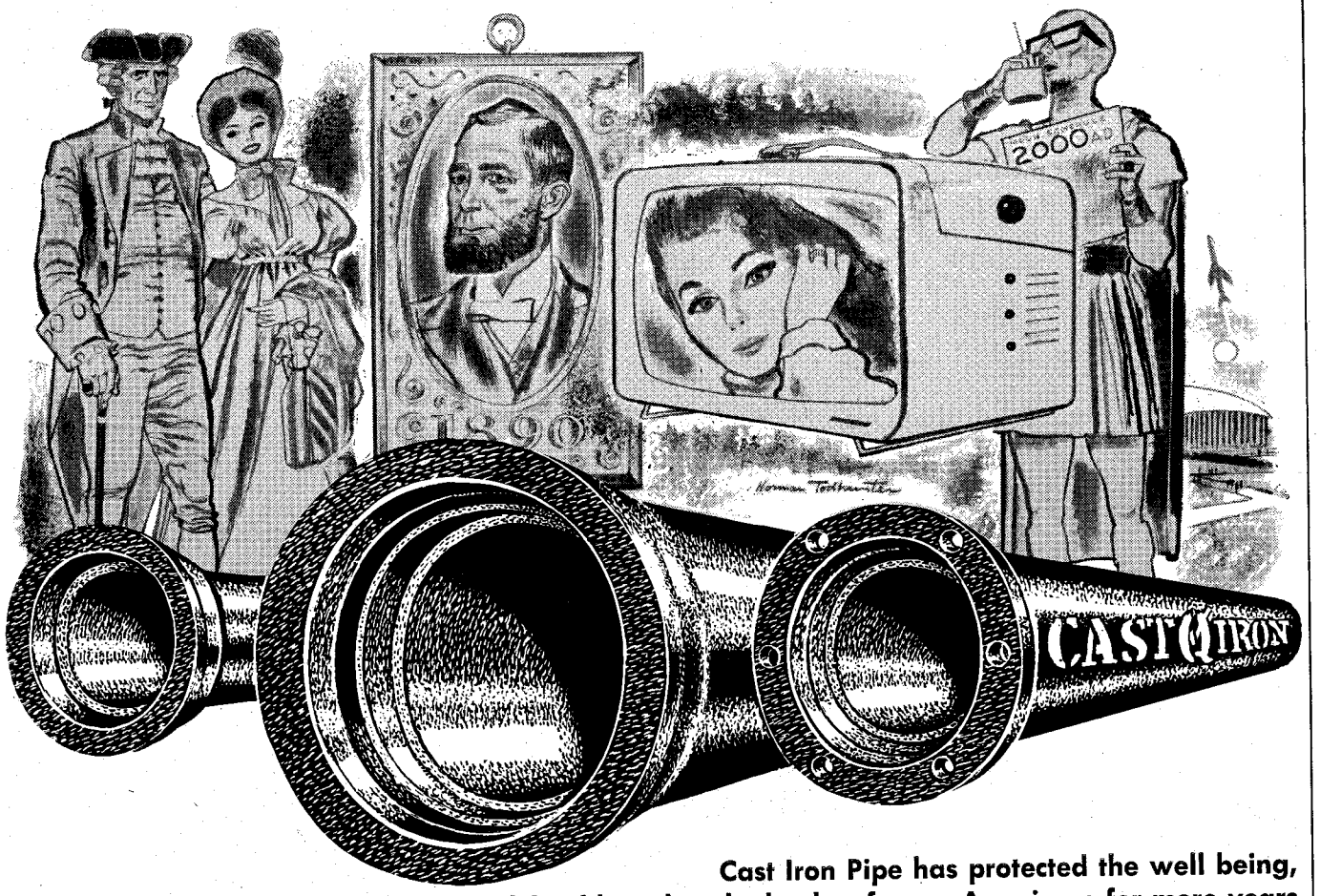
Apul saluted in helpless fury.

The general's eyes widened in a smile as he turned to Lumbini. "Come aboard, mouse," he cooed, "and we'll have a good dinner with music and champagne, your favorites."

She held back, but he twitched her on board. "Sit down, mouse," he simpered, and tumbled her forward into a deck chair. She buried her face in a pillow to hide the sudden tears, then dried them against its rough cotton cover.

"How lovely you look, Lumbini!" he mocked her. "Your eyes are shining with pleasure at seeing me!"

The Princess Dowager Moradok chose this moment to emerge from under her umbrella. Although she stood less than five feet high and weighed hardly ninety pounds, she was an impressive figure. Her gray hair was cut in an old-fashioned brush. The black eyes were imperious. Her blouse, scarf, tubular ankle-length



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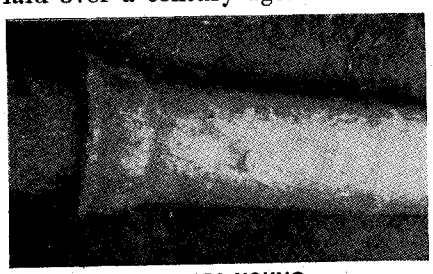

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skirt, buckled shoes, gloves and bag were all lavender. Opening a lavender parasol, she walked daintily across the deck, and with the help of an alert sailor boarded the Sea Serpent, ignoring the astounded looks and respectful salutes of the general's aides. She did not ignore the general's own paralysis of good manners, but stared at him coldly until he saluted with deference.

"We accept your invitation to dinner," she announced with hauteur, "as I do not enjoy Chinese food. You may send an aide to drive Miss Lumbini's car to Bangoon, since we are pleased to return to the capital on your ship." She swept forward toward the general's dining saloon. "Come along, Lumbini!" she ordered crisply. "Perhaps the general's champagne is superior to his manner of offering it."

Apul went through the next day in a fog that matched the weather itself. The monsoon rains were ready to be lifted in by strong winds from the southwest, but as yet there was no wind at all. Trees stood lifeless in the still air. General Nicobar was due in four days. Since their contest was now overt, Apul realized that yesterday's plan was impractical. Further, he knew the general's ruthlessness toward those who opposed him, and needed to devise quickly some judolike defense through which his own puny strength could be multiplied by the general's weight; but how?

When Apul's spirits were low, his remedy was to go hunting. He had friends in Ta Mak village—country people who knew nothing of General Nicobar's vindictive anger. So the next morning he set out at the first streak of light with a double-barreled twelve-gauge shotgun, one side loaded for jungle fowl and the other with slugs for a chance strike at a tiger or seladang. Near the village he picked up two shadowy figures—Mr. Big, the village chief; and his son-in-law, Mr. Rabbit.

Mr. Big led the way along a path that brought them over a ridge and dropped away sharply into a valley. The sounds rising to their ears were deceptively domestic. Chickens clucked, roosters crowed and a bull bellowed after a cow. But these were wild game—the jungle fowl tricky as pheasant; the bull, a seladang, more dangerous than a she-tiger with cubs. Apul's spirits lifted at the challenge.

Twenty minutes of swift descent brought them to the valley floor and unexpectedly into the presence of an enormous elephant feeding on a stand of tall grass. His eyes were rheumy like a drunkard's, the lower lids drooping sadly. The skin on the great skull sagged with age. The elephant showed no interest in them, but Mr. Big grunted with pleasure and, dropping to his knees, saluted the ancient one.

"Friend of yours?" asked Apul.

"Chang Toi-lang," explained Mr. Big. "The Master of the Ta Mak Royal Forest visits His Excellency once a year, and I come myself on high holy days with a tray of peeled sugar cane."

The elephant moved slowly backward a dozen feet.

"He goes in reverse!" Apul exclaimed.

"But of course. And you have never heard of him? His Excellency was once the war elephant of the Lord of Life, Milinda the First."

Apul explained his ignorance. "We fight with tanks now," he said.

"Ah, yes," Mr. Big agreed politely. "I sometimes forget that the past is so long ago. It was the present king's father, King Chandrabhanu the Third, who decreed that Chang Toi-lang should graze unmolested in this forest. That was twenty-five years ago, when he began to walk backward. It was the length of his tusks, you see. He could no longer hold them clear of the ground."

The great elephant was taller by eighteen inches than any Apul had ever seen. His tusks also were unique, seeming to be jointed and fluted like bamboo.

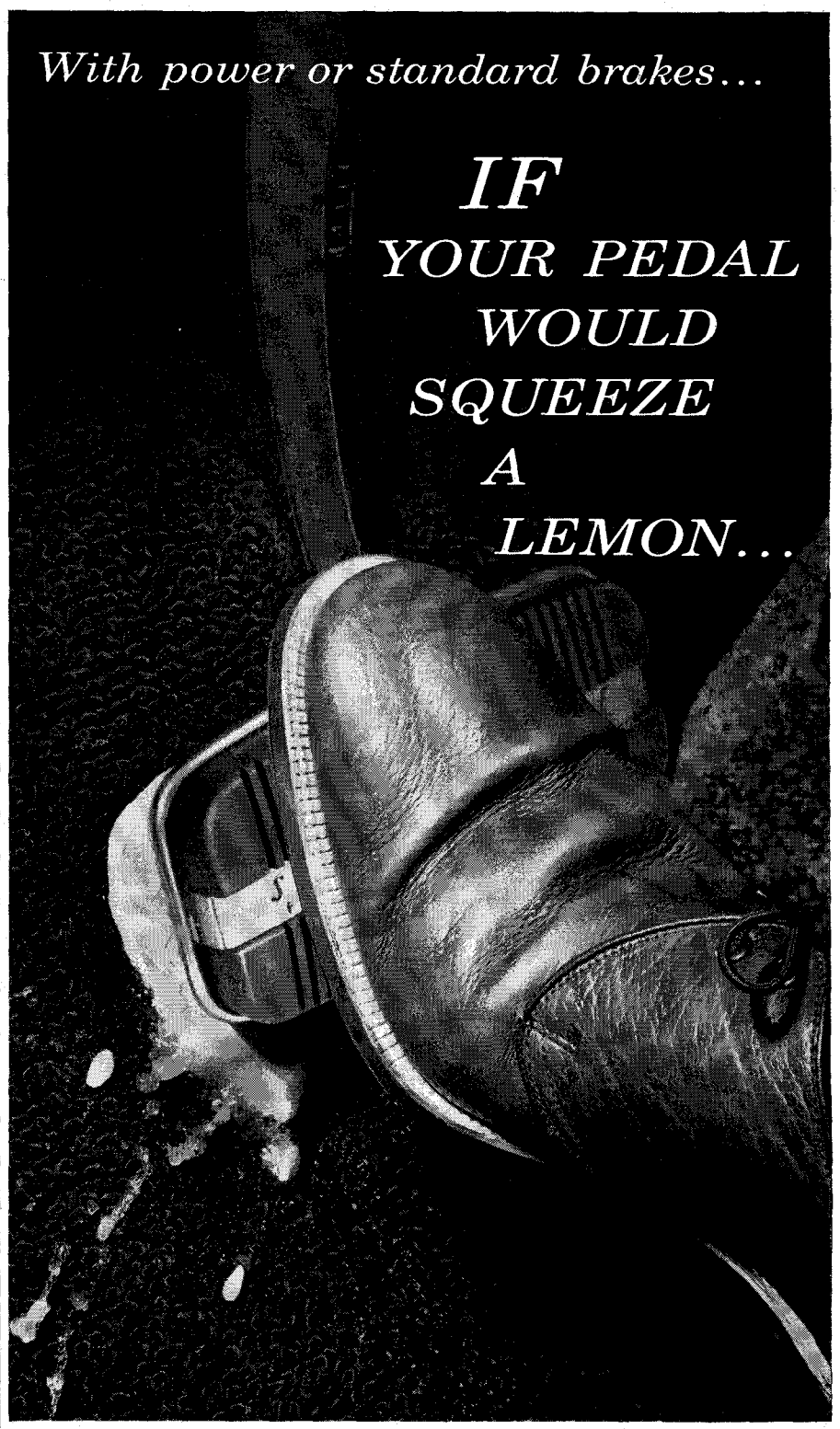
"They're as perfect as though designed by the angelic artist who created Angkor Wat," Apul said.

"Yes," the old chief agreed. "The Forest Master told me that the Lord of Life planned to mount them on either side of the throne when Chang died, but the Lord of Life died first. His Excellency is a hundred years old," he added, "and looks ill, I regret to say."

The elephant burped hugely and Apul laughed. "His (*Continued on Page 105*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It says 'Help! I am marooned on an island!'"



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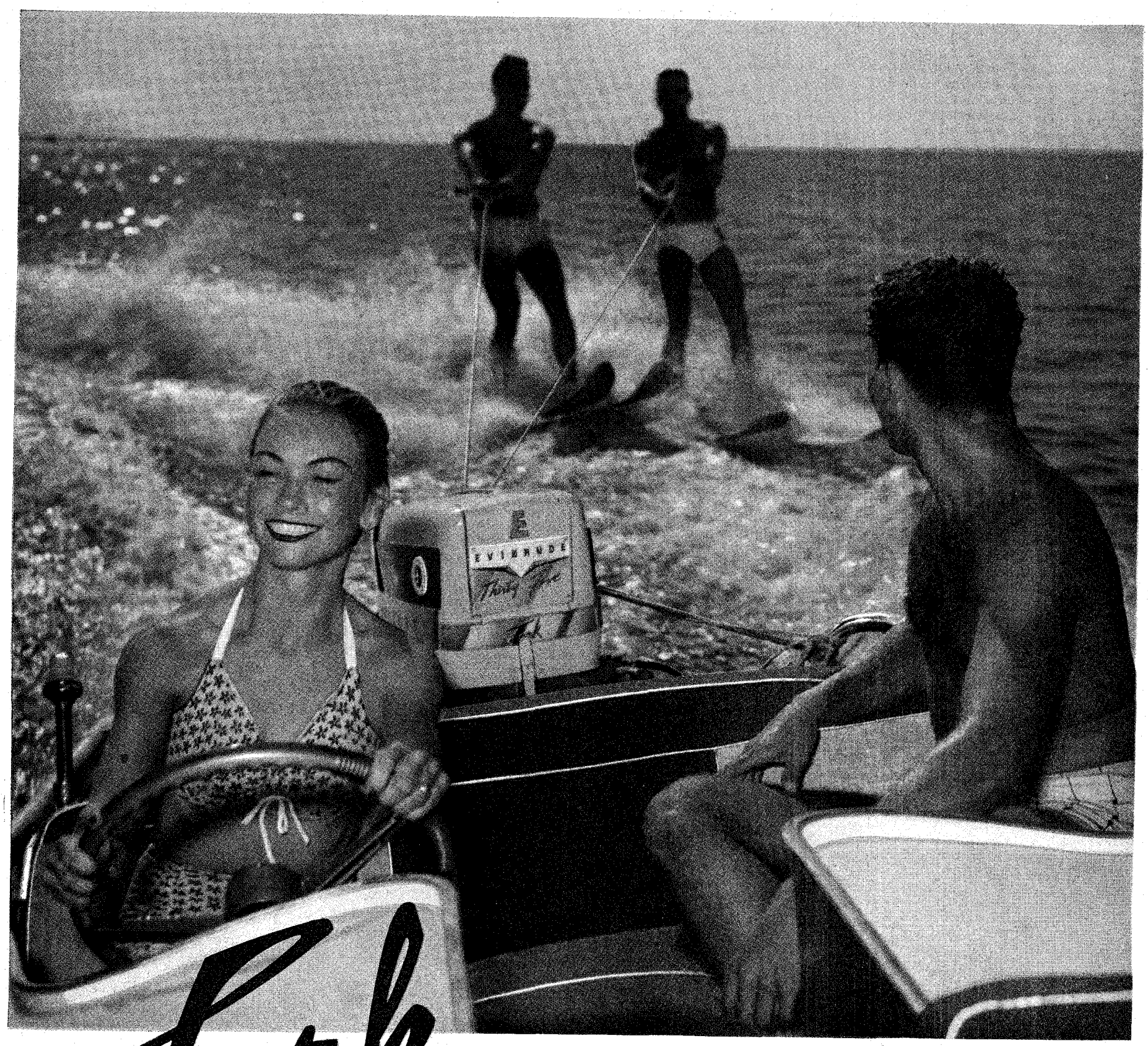

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(*Continued from Page 103*) stomach rumbles like a Bangoon water drain. What will become of him?"

Mr. Big closed his eyes sadly. "I am an old man, but I have never seen a dead elephant in the jungle. They vanish before the monsoon. His Excellency will be standing in a gully with his tail to the blast, and a rush of water will knock him off his feet and tumble him down the gully, and he will belong to the world of spirits. What the eaters of dead flesh do not devour, the ants will, and the precious ivory will disappear into the river muck."

At that moment a child of an idea was born to Apul. It seemed at first cry to be full of promise. In the unequal contest with Nicobar he would inevitably lose unless he could win the king's support against the general. But how to persuade the king to act was the problem, for Nicobar was dangerous, and the king owed Apul nothing. Perhaps he could insure old Chang a few peaceful months and a quiet death, and perhaps when the end came he could retrieve the precious ivory for the king, who was devoted to the memory of his grandfather and would surely be grateful. Apul could then claim Lumbini as his reward.

It was not easy to persuade Mr. Big that he and his villagers should assist in guiding the uncertain steps of Chang Toi-lang closer to the village. "We dare not interfere with His Excellency any more than with the Lord of Life," he objected dubiously.

Apul explained that the deed was an act of merit and that it would also be counted a service to the king, who would certainly wish his grandfather's favorite war elephant cared for if he knew the animal's condition. Mr. Big reluctantly agreed and sent Rabbit for help. Under the chief's supervision, Chang Toi-lang, grumbling to himself, walked ponderously backward toward Ta Mak. A half mile from the village, near the edge of the jungle, the procession stopped. A small stream, easily reached by a bullock-cart track, would provide daily bathing. Grass was cut and piled under a cinnamon tree, and, huffing grumpily to himself, the elephant began slowly to feed.

General Nicobar arrived on schedule and lost no time in bringing Apul to heel. This he accomplished by appointing the major his aide. Apul carried the general's briefcase, which was full of money for strategic disbursements to loyal followers; also the general's gold cigarette case with his portrait in enamel on the cover; the general's gold lighter with music-box element that played Home, Sweet Home every time it flashed into action; and the general's umbrella with ivory handle, which had to be held over him when he stood in the sun.

The general himself never carried anything heavier than a chip on the shoulder and a gold-tipped swagger stick set with a ten-carat diamond. He tossed endless insults at Apul, inciting him to rebellious act or word, but Apul performed his tasks grimly, fighting for time. He had written Lumbini asking her to report to the king what he was having done for old Chang.

Maneuvers began on the third day, and behemoth tanks clanked and charged. The general asked Apul's advice on every command; then altered the commands. "A year in American tank school can't make a tiger out of a buffalo," Nicobar explained condescendingly to his staff. They all laughed heartily, and passed around Apul to windward, as if he were a pile of fish rotting in the sun.

On the fourth day, Nicobar inquired solicitously, "And what about the use of tanks in light jungle, major? Does your American training lead you to believe that they can be used effectively?"

Apul sensed that a trap was being baited. How light might light jungle be, and how effective is effective? His reply was carefully ambiguous, "Yes, sir, so long as the tanks remained maneuverable."

"Is that so, major? Now I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll take some tanks and you can show us how to maneuver in jungle."

Nicobar and Apul started off in separate tanks, but side by side, with other tanks and staff cars following. They went through bamboo thickets interspersed with patches of open ground to the fringes of the jungle, where the general waved Apul ahead. Apul swung his tank back and forth to avoid the trees and heavy vines that had draped themselves like huge reptiles from tree to tree. Denser growth forced him onto a cart track, thankful that he knew of its existence. A little farther on, the track plunged into a gully so deep that his head was level with the jungle floor, in and out, back and forth, then around a sharp bend. There Apul jerked to a stop only a few feet short of a large elephant's rear. It was Chang Toi-lang, and Rabbit was standing near his head. An uproar of commands moved back along the tank column as the monsters ground to a halt.

The elephant showed no interest beyond flapping his ears slowly. His dim eyes winked rheumily.

"Major Apul!" roared General Nicobar. "Remove that elephant!"

"Yes, sir," said Apul, and turned to Rabbit for help, but the man had vanished into the jungle.

"Major," shouted the general, "I said, get that elephant out of the way!"

"Yes, sir," said the major. He climbed down from his tank, examined the narrowness of the defile, the rear end of Chang, and went around to the elephant's head. The impasse was complete.

There was a sound of bellowing, of heavy panting and scrambling, and Nicobar appeared around the lead tank. "What's the matter with you, major? Can't you even drive an elephant out of the way?"

"No, sir, I can't, sir; not this elephant. You see, sir ——"

"You're incompetent, major! That's what you are, incompetent!"

But Apul persisted. "We'll have to withdraw. You see, sir ——"

"Get out of the way, you fool!" shouted Nicobar in contempt, and, drawing his automatic, shot once, then again, and again. The elephant switched its tail as at a fly, but moved not at all.

"Sir," Apul protested in distress, "you couldn't move this elephant forward with a tank shell. You see, sir ——"

The general's face went purple with fury. "Is that so, major?" he asked with ominous softness. "I'll just show you that I don't take insubordination from either man or beast. Load a shell!" he screamed at the crew of the lead tank. All sound ceased along the line of tanks, and Apul's tortured voice rang clear.

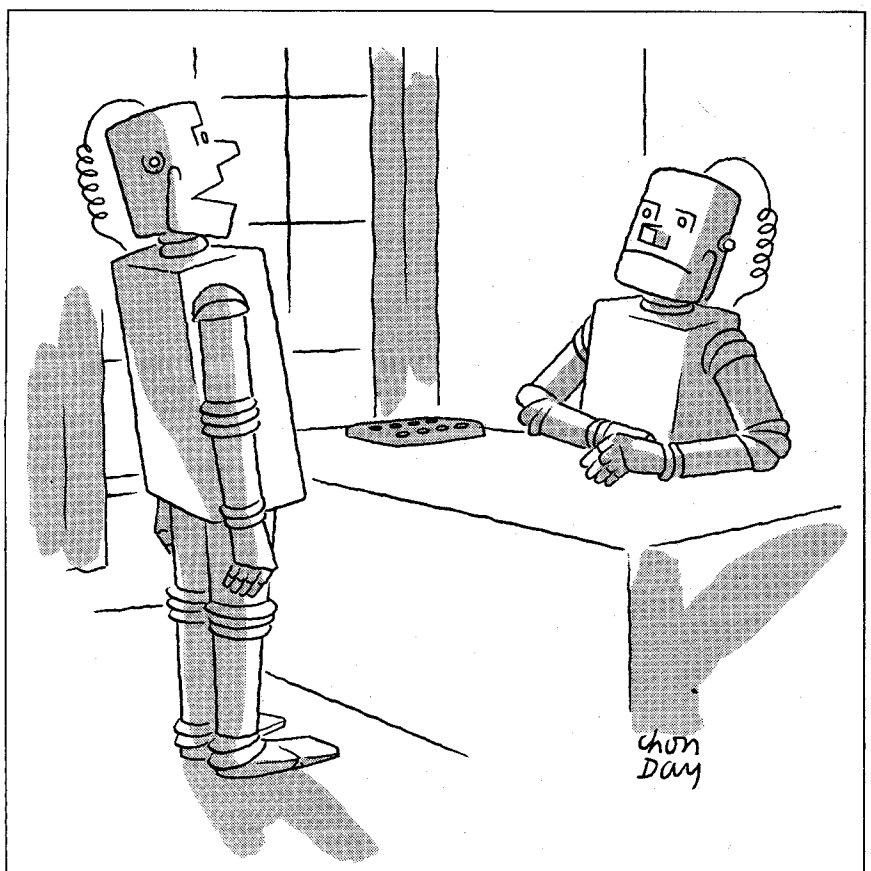
"But, sir, elephants are under the protection of the Crown and can be killed only by permit when they've been destructive of property or person, and this special elephant ——"

The general cut him short again. "I know the law, major, and I'm also aware of the fact that I'm Protector of the Royal Pachyderm Herd, with authority to grant such permits. I now declare this elephant a menace to Ta Mak village and obstructive of maneuvers vital to national security. Does that satisfy you, major?"

The crew finished loading the shell. It was a 75-mm. shell, three inches in diameter and twenty-six inches long. At the general's command, the tanks backed up, the shell was fired and the elephant collapsed against the side of the gully as if in sleep.

Apul was stunned by the death of his plan and by the needless brutality of old Chang's demise. Nicobar examined Apul with satisfaction. "Squeamish for a soldier, aren't you, major?"

General Nicobar climbed around his victim. His eyes widened with pleasure when he saw the tusks. "Aha! This is my lucky day! These tusks will mount up well." His small mean eyes sought out Apul. "Major, I'm making you responsible for them. Take them to Bangoon and have them mounted by the best



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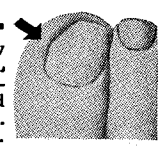

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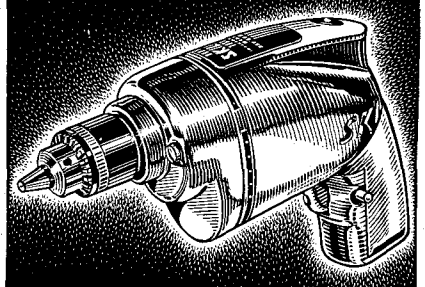

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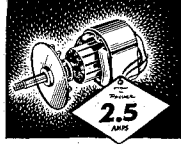

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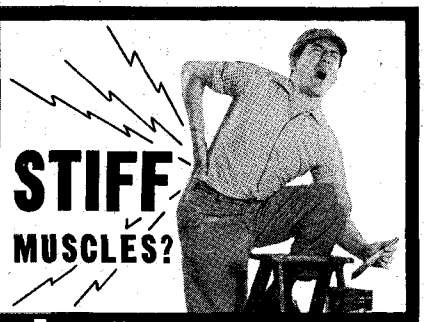

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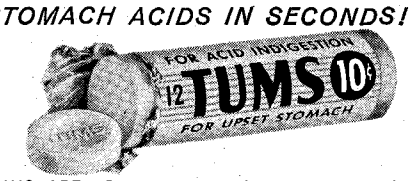

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craftsmen, and see that they do a good job! Oh, and have umbrella stands made of the legs, and be sure to have the toenails polished!"

"Yes, sir," said Apul disconsolately.

The next day the major, eight army privates, two tusks and four potential umbrella stands rode in an army lorry to Bangoon. Apul thought at a furious pace all the way. Before they reached the capital his now-dead plan had been reborn in a new and more dazzling incarnation. He went directly to the Department of Fine Arts to consult Professor Indra, the only artist left in the kingdom capable of creating designs in classic style without perspective, like the murals in the Shwe Bangoon Pagoda.

For three days Apul and Professor Indra sat under a giant bo tree outside the National Art Gallery while the professor sketched designs. In the meantime Apul moved with caution to involve the king in his plan. He talked to Lumbini daily on the telephone at the palace of the princess dowager, but was careful to avoid seeing her openly. Alarmed by the boldness of his proposed move against Nicobar, she warned him anxiously, "In felling a tree, don't crush yourself." The general had gone on from Ta Mak to a meeting of the BLEATO Conference in Singapore, and so, unwittingly, provided Apul with time.

The design finally selected had the base of a Buddhist stupa to represent Mount Meru, and rising from it a half-open lotus whose petals would grip the tusks. Apul took the design to a master cabinetmaker and had the pedestals fashioned of rosewood inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

The inlay was a pattern of open lotus flowers in scallops around the base, and among the flowers exquisite Apsarases, heavenly dancing girls, bare-breasted in traditional dance postures. The tusks themselves needed only cleaning and buffing. Their tips were crowned the last eight inches in twenty-two-carat gold.

The general had made one of his aides responsible for keeping track of progress, and Apul telephoned him for an appointment. The general invited Miss Lumbini and the princess dowager to lunch in his office dining room, and they were having coffee when the receptionist buzzed to say that Major Apul had arrived. When the major was permitted to enter, the general was severely military. Eight army privates carried the tusks and umbrella stands. Apul bowed to the princess dowager and Lumbini, and saluted the general.

"Sir," he began, "I have taken great care to accomplish your command, and I hope you will be proud of the finished work of art." He went on to review the symbolism of the design and to expatiate on the quality of the workmanship, concluding, "If you should wish to display them to your friends, I am at your command."

The general was overtaken with surprise. He had expected resistance to his order and had received, instead, superlative service. For the time being he was captivated. His small feet in high-heeled mosquito boots skipped around the tusks as he admired them from all sides.

"Apul," he said condescendingly, "keep this up and you'll make colonel again. I'm so impressed with these tusks I'm going to give a reception as you suggest. Let me think. Next Thursday, yes—two hundred guests—no, make it three hundred. You take care of it."

The arrangements were as perfect as the tusks themselves. In Lumbini's invitation Apul slipped a note ending: "Act quickly or we're forever lost. Have courage, my love!"

The guest list grew to four hundred, and the reception became an event including important people in the armed services, business and political worlds, and leading scholars and artists. His majesty's Royal Troubadours played and Miss Lumbini sang, standing like a doll in the arch of the towering tusks. It was a party to talk about. There were many letters of congratulations, and even a letter from the king:

". . . numerous favorable reports on the magnificent proportions of the tusks, but equally on the unique design conceived by Professor Indra. It would give us pleasure to examine the work of art."

The communication pleased Nicobar, but it also troubled him. Custom demanded that when the Lord of Life expressed interest in a subject's possessions, the objects admired must promptly be offered to the king. Nicobar recalled with a shudder how the first Milinda had once walked through the mansion of a nobleman he hated, admiring everything he saw, and so left the victim possessed of nothing. But the old ways were passing. The king usually said only, "Thank you, no; I was just admiring."

A week later, Nicobar sat impatiently in the king's reception hall, the tusks towering beside him. His impatience was magnified by the sound of hot music from the Troubadours, sweetened occasionally by the throaty voice of Miss Lumbini. The general finished his eighth cup of Chinese tea, mopped drops of perspiration from his broad nose, and closed his eyes. The music stopped. There was applause and laughter.

The doors were swung open, and a page approached to say, "His majesty will receive you now, sir."

The king was sitting on a dais slightly above his Troubadours, facing a small stage. He was dressed in a white polo shirt open at the throat, shorts and tennis shoes over white woolen socks. The orchestra wore royal-blue silk uniforms, and Miss Lumbini stood on stage in a sheath of gold silk, draped to the floor and slit to the knee. The king snapped his baton against his left hand.

"Good afternoon, general. We were just running through the numbers of my new show. I wanted to get some audience reaction." He waved his baton toward thirty or so pages and household servants seated on the floor. The general noted Major Apul in the front row with two of the king's aides, and the Princess Moradok on a chair.

"Your majesty," Nicobar began formally, "I am honored by your interest in these tusks. It is a privilege to present them for your examination and—ah—retention, if you find them worthy."

The king stepped from the dais and studied the intricate workmanship of the pedestals with care. He ran his fingers over the ivory, bending to study the point where it rose from the petals of the carved lotus flowers. When he straightened up he frowned. After he returned to the dais, his face was unexpectedly thoughtful.

He closed his eyes a moment before saying in a cold voice, "Tell me about the tusks, general."

Nicobar elaborated on his encounter with the elephant, emphasizing that it had been a vicious animal, destructive to person and property, and had been a serious hazard to the maneuvers. As he talked, the king, still frowning, tapped his baton against his left hand in a quick hard tattoo. When the story was finished, he summoned a page with a sharp downward movement of the hand, and ordered the page to request her majesty's presence. A second page was dispatched for a volume of records in the library.

It was not a gay young playwright who sat now upon the dais. It was a man

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Although the burglar who broke into Susie's home was masked, she insisted she could identify him by his eyes and forehead. When a suspect was brought to trial, the judge directed that he be masked like the robber in order to test Susie's identification of him. His attorney objected strenuously.

"This amounts to forcing him to testify against himself," the attorney contended. "You're forcing him to use his own body as evidence for his prosecution. Not since the signing of the Magna Charta has a prisoner been compelled to testify against himself."

"Nonsense," the prosecutor replied. "He's not testifying; Susie is. Actually, masking your client may be giving him a break."

If you were the judge, would you permit the enforced masking?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The masking was allowed, and the defendant was convicted. The court ruled that while a defendant cannot be compelled to speak out against himself, he can be required to let people look at him. Otherwise, it pointed out, police could not even line up suspects for identification.

Based upon a 1956 Colorado decision.

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whose ancestors had ruled for a thousand years and who knew his royal prerogatives. There was tense silence in the room, except for the uneasy creaking of Nicobar's shoes, until the queen arrived.

"Sawan," the king said quietly, "General Nicobar has presented me with these tusks. How do you like them?"

"They're beautiful!" she answered with enthusiasm. "Are they special?"

"They're unique! There has never been another pair like them. . . . General, we accept."

Nicobar struggled to look pleased, and failed. Furthermore, the undertow of some current he could not yet understand chilled and tugged at his thoughts. His own ancestors had learned subservience to the Lord of Life, whose will had controlled their destinies, and their voices spoke in his blood. Before he could summon the words required by the occasion, the king's voice cracked like the cut of a lash, "But before you leave, general, examine the tusks closely at the base between the lotus petals. You'll find there, carved on each, the letters 'MR,' my grandfather's cipher, which occurs on all his choicer possessions."

Nicobar began to sweat heavily. With shaking hands he put on his glasses and knelt to examine the tusks. The cipher was there, small but unmistakable. As the implications of what he had done struck the general with their full force, he tottered to his feet and heard the king saying, "General, these tusks belonged to Chang Toi-lang, my grandfather's favorite steed, on whose behalf my father issued a proclamation twenty-five years ago. Let me read it to you:

"'I, Chandrabhanu the Third, do hereby order and decree that Chang Toi-lang be permitted to graze unmolested for the duration of his natural life in the Royal Forest of Ta Mak, at such places as he may select, even in the adjoining paddy fields of the villagers where the succulent rice is grown that is our staff of life, any damage to be reimbursed from the Royal Treasury. Persons hindering or otherwise molesting said elephant shall incur the royal disfavor and be subject to the confiscation of their property, their lives shall be forfeit, and their families to the fourth generation shall become cutters of grass for the royal elephants.'

"Furthermore, general," the king went on coldly, "old Chang was too senile even in musth to maraud and destroy as you claim. We were uneasy about your intentions when you first sought the appointment of Protector of the Royal Pachyderm Herd, but it did not occur to us that you would wantonly destroy an elephant of great sentimental value to us in order to possess yourself of his tusks. You are aware also, general, of the traditional penalty for expropriating royal property, which even the constitution has not altered?"

Nicobar had turned green and was swaying a little on his feet. Involuntarily his hands had gone up to his throat.

The king shook his head. "Only symbolically, general," he said. "Your resignation will suffice. You may go."

General Nicobar was speechless. He walked backward to the door and vanished into the midst of waiting guards. *Like old Chang*, Apul thought. *May the general never walk forward again!*

"Major, our gratitude," the king said. He turned in the direction of the tusks and raised his palms high in salaam. "Thank you also, friend of my father's father."

He seated himself again and looked at Apul. "There's one thing that puzzles me," he continued thoughtfully. "I seem to remember that as a very small boy my grandfather told me he was waiting to initial the tusks until Chang died. He had great respect for the elephant and believed Chang would resent initialing if done before his death. My grandfather thought of Chang as a fellow king who had saved his life on many occasions, and he would do nothing to affront another monarch who was also his friend and ally. So?"

Apul grinned. "Your majesty, when I was a student in the American tank school I learned several American proverbs. I might explain that Americans have many quaint sayings. One of them goes like this: 'Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies!'"

"So!" said the king, the grimness of his face melting into amusement. "Then I'm doubly grateful."

The queen laughed and passed a plate of fudge. Lumbini linked her arm lovingly in Apul's.

"You two had better leave the country on your honeymoon," the king remarked. "Old Nicobar may be walking backwards for the time being, but he still has tusks. . . . I've got it! You may represent me at the Broadway opening of Mango Moon. I'll give you the trip for a wedding present. And Hollywood has been asking me to send technical advisers for Gambol in the Sun, which they're starting to film month after next. That should take care of you for a while."

The Keeper of Records for the Royal Pachyderm Herd dropped a tear as he completed his most famous entry: "Chang Toi-lang, born in the Year of the Rat, died in the Year of the Great Dragon, aged one hundred years, one month and one day."

THE END

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Day of Daring (Continued from Page 41)

and the man wouldn't dare fight back. Cooky was a god until a man was full, and then he was just a man, on regular merits—and he had none that appealed to men, women or children—until dawn found a cowboy hungry again.

Tonight the troubadour sang of their rage and misery. He began from the beginning, when they left the ranch and started out to round up these horses. Charles sat on the rim of the firelight, legs tucked like a tailor's, and listened, and felt something in him rhyme to the music and adventure. After all, that was why he was here. Often, in Boston, they had called him "Charley, the family's folly"—although he was not supposed to know that. He had come out here to be a hero, wondering all the time if it was possible. A deep yearning had carried him to the ranges and ranches, but when ramrods of outfits saw him they discouraged him, until finally he lied and said he could cook.

He was a glob of a man, with deep fawnlike eyes, a poor clumsiness, a look of pleading and ineffectuality about him. He was the kind of man who could be pitied, but never really liked. Therefore he was embarrassing to everyone. Nothing about him shone or glistened; he was ill-favored, in gesture, voice and body; he seemed to be made of gruel and timidity; he was like a fat, longing dog. He needed too much, so no one wanted to give him anything. For a long time now he had been cooking for different outfits, and he had not poisoned a man yet with his brand of work. He had learned that fierce riders demand only that it be enough.

Now the bronc peeler was strumming and singing, and the men had their bedding rolls down and were stretched on them, and the nighthawk, the wrangler who took care of the *remuda* of work horses until dawn, sometimes answered back, with a long clear call to the music from the dark of the plain.

The peeler sang of the trek to this part of the range; of the cowboys moving out on the grass, and the gates opening, and the long range ahead with the mesas sided in black rock staring down; and of the wagon broken into a lope, with the chuck, the wood and the bedding rolls moving out; and he told of the *remuda* of saddle horses, three hundred strong, coming behind, the wranglers controlling them.

Once in his narrative of song he mentioned the cook, and Charles felt an ache in his chest. He liked it very much that the peeler included him in the ballad, but he wished it were more heroic.

And Cooky come, with a lot of fuss,
With possumwood slung under his bus.
With rolls on top and meat inside,
Cooky come, and with him we'll abide,
Till the last crumb is ate and done
And we got the range fine and won.
Then, old Cooky, the cowboys'll have fun.

The song went on to illustrate the rugged labor and final failure of the day, and when it was over the cowboys were willing to go to sleep. But the ramrod, Ted McGovern, would not let them. He demanded more coffee from the Cooky, and sat cross-legged by the fire. He was taller than any man there when he stood up, and he was much taller than they when he sat down with them. He had a waist so long that his belt could have been anywhere. His lips were a slash, with humor and anger running along them. His eyes were so blue that he made men blink.

Ted was everything that Charles had ever wanted to be. He rode like the devil, smiled like an angel and fought like the innocent and the damned. He always seemed right, and no man said he was wrong. No man wanted to.

Ted said, "Tomorrow we get those horses. Now, I'm not warning anybody, just the horses; but I don't mean to be made a fool of, on this range or any other."

The men nodded, but none knew what to say. A few years back, if they had had a horse problem like this, they would have shot them down with rifles. After all, there was no sense in letting wild horses run around and interfere with the cattle and maybe ruin the roundup, and horses could do it, running in with the cattle or ahead or behind them. But now horses were worth money; the settlers in the North and the Army paid good prices for them, and only a fool would shoot them down and let them lie there for the wolves.

Ted said, "I'm sayin' to every man, we get those horses tomorrow. There's no time left. We got to start roundup, and we can't mess with this chore. I'm sayin' that to every man."

It sounded impressive to Charles, but that was because he liked to hear impressive things that he would like to utter himself. But he had not lost his sight or perception, regardless of the distance from here to the year he had spent at Harvard, and he could tell that the cowboys didn't like the bitter pills, or orders, that Ted was serving them.

Then, standing with the huge mottled coffeepot, Charles ventured to say something and said, "Ted, if a man could ride point on that big herd ——"

There was a silence so large that the crackling of the small flames left in the fire sounded like explosions. And the peeler ran one laughing chord on his guitar, and then men's faces pulled in derision and exasperation.

Ted sucked his breath and cigarette and said, "Now the Cooky tells us how to do it! Cooky, ride point on the herd? Ride in front of that herd? Kill yourself? Now, Cooky, why don't you do it?"

They all laughed.

"I only meant," said Charles, "that they have to be pointed in, and they sure follow—and a man might do it."

Then they all laughed and things were simpler and easier again, after their long, frustrated work, and they took it out on Cooky. And the peeler strummed and sang:

Old Cooky, he's a case,
Tells the cowboys how to race.
How to pull the long herd in,
How to fill the mustang bin.
But, Cooky, he is fat and small,
And he limps like all beat all,
But he tells us, out of place,
So let's give Cooky his pie in the face.

A hearty round of laughter greeted the last line. And everyone but Charles was relieved of a burden. Ted called, "Let's hit those rolls!" And the men stretched out under grinning stars and soon all of them were sleeping the sleep of those who have sweated and eaten and realized that, in spite of everything, there was a bigger fool in the world than any of them.

But once again Charles was alone. He lay still on his roll and thought about horses—wild horses—and he wished to liken himself to them. When there was any of the wild blood in a horse, the horse could be broken, just as could a young man in Boston. But something more remained, something that could never be taken from the horse, and Charles figured that a human being could be far more courageous if something made it necessary for him to be—something like his honor, or his country, or a woman he had to protect.

But a horse—yes, one could be broken, but it might high-life, or pitch, every day of the world before it would go simply out on the range beneath a rider and do its appointed work. And then there were horses, he knew, that would somehow evade the gate of the corral when they were driven in, and this could be by chance or by enterprise on the part of the horses. And if this happened, and the horses, no matter how broken or trained, ran free, they would become outlaws, grinding down their hoofs on the wild stones, rather than return to the corrals and the uses of man. And Charles knew that in one case fifty mares had gone over a cliff rather than halt and be captured.

Persistent was the wild blood in the Western horses, and persistent was the admiration of Charles. He wanted to feel that wild blood was in him also, the blood that had come down to him in his New England heritage. The blood of men who had forsaken the land to sail on ships at sea for years at a time, in the midst of all kinds of dangers—pirates, the weather and the sea itself—and despite the loneliness and privation of a life that carried them to countries never imagined by the people on land.

Charles saw the plain as the sea. To untold limits it went; to unknown adventures. And there was danger on the plain, also, as on the wastes of the sea. And Charles thought he was seeking his birthright on the plain. He had tried to go to sea, but the ships had rejected him; they made him wallow and vomit, and everyone laughed as usual. So, instead, he had come here where it was said the best and the hardiest men came to live a new, tough life. And he had even learned in secret to ride, although his lame leg bespoke his suffering in the learning.

Yes, he knew that a horse that had evaded its corral became an outlaw in the sight of men who wanted to use him, but he had sympathy for the outlaws. He would be as they; he wanted to be free too. He wanted to evade the corral of the things people felt about him. He wanted to be free, even of his opinions of himself.

It was a star-pointed dawn. Charles awoke first, as was his duty. Around him, on the floor of this particular world, the cowboys slept in their rolls. And nearby the night animals hushed, fearing the gleam of the sun. From afar he heard the stamp of the *remuda*, and then he heard the canter of a cowboy against the crisp walls of first morning. The nighthawk was coming in for his grand appeasement of having breakfast first. Then, as coffee and steak and bread were steaming, Charles waked the wranglers, who would go out and loop the horses for the cowboys. And then, finally, the cowboys got up, breathed deep and despairingly of the sharp morning and looked at the hard eye of the red dawn. Then with laughter they washed in a bucket and strode to the happy fraternity of the circle of the cook, the wagon, the flame and the food.

Like an oblong of rakish sticks, the chuck wagon stood against the purple of the sky. Morning broke on its embellishments, the sacks and pothooks and pans; and morning diminished the majesty of the fire, for all the morning became fire. The wranglers finished their coffee and went out to rope horses for the men, taking orders as they went, seeming not to listen, but knowing all the time what horse was required as a cowboy called out, through his steak or coffee, "Estanso," or "Bitty," or "Pint," and the wranglers could rope any of these out of the herd and produce them for the saddles of the cowboys.

Then Charles cleaned up. Pans and cups in the hot water that had been boiled on the fire. Leftovers in the Dutch oven, for anyone who came in and could convince him he needed something—and for possible travelers. Then arrangements for the big noon meal. Pork this time, from the barrel; new bread, potatoes and preserves. All this—then waiting and dreaming; looking toward the rocks and mesas; looking and dreaming.

Well, one could dream only so long, and then it wasn't good any more. He had known that when he awoke this morning. The gibes of the men had set in him like thorns in his blankets all through the night.

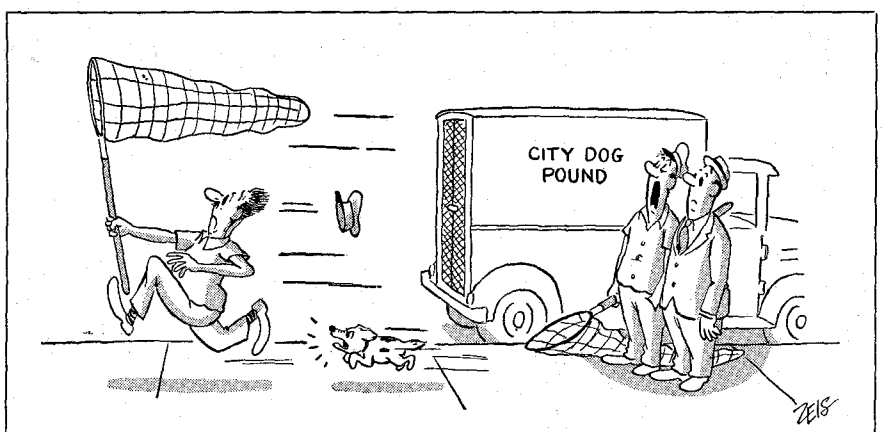
One of the wranglers, the one who was caring for the afternoon herd, had lingered and now begged an extra cup of coffee. Charles gave it to him. The wrangler, named Joe, squatted and drank and smoked and watched Charles through slanted sun-bleached eyes. "Hey, Cooky," he said, "that's a fine idea, riding point on them horses. Now, I agree with you, and I'm against those men that laughed about it."

Charles knew he was being hoorawed, but he didn't let on. But he shook. He would have liked to dump a heap of hot coals on the wrangler's black, sweat-scorched hat.

"Cooky," said Joe, "you wasn't thinkin' you could go out and do thet, were you?"

Charles looked up so fast that his neck cracked. And then he knew for the first time that his deepest secrets were visible and pathetic.

At noon the cowboys were spirited, hopeful and hungry. They came to dinner in relays, (*Continued on Page 110*)



"I don't think Wilson's cut out for this job."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 108*) groups of them running the mustangs while others ate and changed mounts. Before the day was over, the mounts would have been changed several times. Only fresh, strong horses could haze the broncs from the rocks and canyons and run them over the plain.

They were strong from only half a day's work, and were hopeful of the outcome—hope springing from the vigorous work in the hell of brush and stone and the dangers of wild slopes. They had the hungry strength of mounted men, and Charles felt more earthbound than ever, more lumbering.

Now they were all kind to him, letting some of their famished cheer spill over on him. "Cooky, a man has rid point on broncs, that's the truth, but not on no herd like this!"

And the peeler said, "Dear Cooky, you ain't got no malice for that song, have you?"

They were generous, although it was an easy matter for them, and Charles was grateful, so he pampered them. When Ted was ready to saddle his fresh mount, he patted his belly and said, "Whup, who's goin' to help McGovern get in the saddle?"

They rode off with a shout, the fresh horses springing for the hills, and Charles watched them, feeling the sag of his belly as if it were the sag of his very soul. He watched them out of sight. He would never ride with them. If he ever rode, like a man, he would have to do it for himself.

The dream resumed, sweetly. The afternoon was gentle, and Charles' work was done for a while. He was smoking and watching the day, and waiting for the excitement when the cowboys would have the herd running for the corrals in the blind trap.

Then he saw the wrangler, Joe, nearby, his *remuda* safe and quiet, resting for work to come. Charles waved idly, and then his arm crooked with sudden, brutal, irresistible decision, thrown upward by his compulsion for manhood and success, even if it killed him to get it; and the wrangler answered his invitation, as any wrangler would.

It all seemed so simple. Charles was quietly amazed. He invited the wrangler to leftovers and coffee, an honor in the afternoon and one that would never be refused.

Charles had some pies laid out, ready for the oven, and the wrangler looked at them with anticipatory longing. Charles said, "Sit down, sit down," and the wrangler curled around his blue-clad knees. Charles gave him hot coffee and a plate of curled dark steak and three hard biscuits. The wrangler's flat chest expanded with pleasure, and he went to the grub.

Charles moved away as for a casual stroll, but behind the few cottonwoods he picked up his whale line, blanket and saddle. He went toward the *remuda*, on the dry bank of the stream sheltered by the trees. He came to the cropping *remuda* and laid down his blanket and saddle. He uncurled his line, made his loop and clumsily started it turning a little. His thick fingers were shaking, and the motion went into the twirl of the rope. He looked for the horse he wanted and found it easily. And this was one thing good and perhaps prophetic?

It was a bronze horse, muscular and spirited. Its eyes turned to all directions with the whites showing. Its muscles held it erect but easy, as if it could kick or run with equal facility. Charles had practiced roping. When no one was around, he would take his line and capture anything about him—a calf, a stump, a stone. Now he limped and twirled and threw—and caught—and the horse stood erect in surprise and came down, four square and wall-eyed, waiting with muscular poise, and the sun broke on his flanks like a flight of arrows. Charles drew himself to the horse as if he were a fisherman, one that went to the fish rather than bring it to himself with skill or force. He slipped to the animal and stood trembling by its side. The horse did not high-life, cry or break; it stared equally troubled at the rotund man who had taken it. Charles led, and the stallion followed stiff-jointed, uneager and waiting. But a curious luster was about them both in the afternoon sun—on the bronze of the horse and the shy intensity of the small, fat man.

Under the trees, Charles saddled up and mounted. The horse lifted under him restively and moved to left and right, and there was a crackling of stone and sand. Then the horse waited level, submissive under the slender shade of the trees beside the trickle of the stream.

The Everlasting Surge

By S. Omar Barker

No ocean wave forgives the shore
That hurls it back. It evermore
Returns to batter and assault
The rigid rock that bids it halt.

Something there is in man as brave
And stubborn as the salty wave
Which vows no rockbound arrogance
Can bar its ultimate advance.

Timidly at first, Charles rode west, toward the rimrocks. The horse picked its way idly. It did not combat him. The late wind came spooking down the plain, picking grains of sand. Flicks broke on Charles' face and made the horse turn his head, but over-all the wind was kind. They walked and trotted to the rimrocks and hid among them.

Charles felt the motions of the strong horse beneath him, and it was a strength that he could appreciate too much. He knew that death lived in the loins and withers of the powerful horse; death for him, Charles Madison. This truly was a horse, one that could carry him out on the plain before the wild ones rushing. This was a horse that could hurl him across the plain, with the pounding dust of the hundreds of others behind him. This was a horse that could throw him into the bone hoofs pounding over the short grass and the sand. And he felt the hoofs striking his body, into his groin, into his eyes, his mouth. He had imagination, and it showed him pictures of his failure and his agony.

There was a vibration in the earth. Charles knew that the long, hard day's work of the cowboys was coming to a climax. Once again the herd was being hazed toward the corral. The vibration was an unsteady tremor under him, and his mount lifted his head and raced his eyes around. Charles' stomach felt empty, as if nothing had been inside it since its beginning, nothing but the sinking emptiness of fear.

I am afraid, he thought gently. He had suspected he was a coward, as well as inept, but it had never been proved to him. He had never been in a situation where he needed courage and where he found pure fear instead. He had been nervous before, unsure, but he had never before felt the inner staining of the juices of fear. He had never before wanted to die merely because he was so afraid of dying or being hurt.

The earth vibrated. Not a muscle in Charles' body seemed to have strength. His muscles felt as if they were pulp. His heart felt like a dying bird. His spirit cowered.

The rocks erupted with flying forms. Fantasy swept onto the plain, led by a black female demon with flying small hoofs and a frantic courage that could turn the herd and shatter it once again to the hills. Glistening, the herd swept on, and there seemed to be a red haze around it as it went. Its beauty was such that Charles trembled, and his mount felt the lunging passion of its kind and stamped.

Ho! He was riding! His fierce horse had reacted and Charles was riding. But he did not break the stride with the bitter bit. And the curve of the mustangs was forging toward him. Thunder over the earth, and the charge of horses and the seethe of their run. Ho!

Ho! Charles' heart seemed to burst. He seemed to feel the blood running down inside his skin. A clear, clean wetness in him. The blood filled him and was the drumming of the horses in the sun-filled world of the afternoon.

He met the leader. It seemed their eyes met, Charles thought, in a challenge. And he forced her aside with his brusque bronze mount and was in the lead in the pell-mell toward the wings of the hidden corrals.

In a stream, on the plain, a thousand wild horses were running, and Charles was riding at the point. He had heard that the wilder the horses, the more tractable they could be under the influence of their leader, and it seemed to be true. *I can take them anywhere*, he thought; anywhere, in the fire of afternoon on the plain toward the silver-green wings of the blind corral.

He tested, in the headiness of his power. He swung to the left, and the long band fled after him in a sweep, pulling its dust cloud after it. And he swung in a long arc to the right, and the whipping colors of the horses followed in a graceful renunciation of independence. And he started a half circle, and the horses followed. And then he became humble in his power and went directly forward, toward the corral.

As he rode, he knew he had dreamed and had sought the answer to his dream, and in his fashion he had found it. And then he had known he was a coward, and unworthy of his dreams for himself. And then he had found courage and known power, and power had made him humble. And now he had the responsibility of all these things, of self-knowledge, of courage gained, and of humility. These could suffer now, he knew. All this he had found could now suffer. And he had to make a choice.

If he broke at the wings of the corral, he would scatter the herd, just as the black mare had. But if he led them inside, he knew it might be over for him. A thousand wild horses would break into the blind behind him, and he might not be capable of getting over the fence at the end before the milling stampede settled and rested in the dusty blaze of its own turmoil.

There it was, ahead. Even he would not have known it for what it was unless he had seen it built. It seemed to be merely a wide, then diminishing green vista—an excellent place for hazed horses to run forward. The black mare pulled abreast of him, shied a little, and part of the herd moved with her. But Charles nudged her again, and she ran beside him, with sweat dark on her and her eyes rolling.

He had to decide and he did. It was simpler than he had thought.

He owed himself to the bravery he had found. Where it led him he would have to go. And with the "yip" of the cowboy that he had heard and admired and never dared to utter, he led the thousand wild horses into the wings of the blind trap—on and on during the mile. Ho!

Ho! Crashing against the wire and wood of the fence and going down. It was only a moment thereafter, but he knew that courage could kill you, and he laughed, regretting nothing.

But Ted, the ramrod, and a few others had ridden along the south wing of the trap, and saw Cooky ride inside. With a healthy oath, Ted had vaulted over the fence from the saddle when he saw Charles toppling. Shouting, lashing with the quirt, Ted protected Cooky's head, straddling him and battling the confused mass of horses. The horses milled, paced, stamped, withdrew from the rear fence, returned more softly, and withdrew again and, at last, the passive fatalism of captured horses, whether thrown or hobbled or placed in an enclosure, slipped around them like a myriad of halters on the spirit. And the stinging dust began to settle around their unshod hoofs.

"Cooky? Cooky?" said Ted. There was no answer. But others were there now, and Cooky was lifted high over the fence and taken to the area of his own fire that was dimming with inattention.

There was a gathering around him that he would have loved if he could have seen it. Joe said, "He daid?"

The peeler looked, felt, sighed and said, "No, he ain't."

Two cowboys whooped. Ted said, "A little respect there, you!"

They showed respect. No one attempted to take Cooky's place at the fire; no one sneaked a piece of bread. They stretched Charles out on a deep layer of blankets, and kept him perhaps too warm, with other contributed blankets on top. They washed away the bloody streaks on his face and arms. They waited, silent, under the stars to see if, finally, he would give them the privilege of coming back to them.

Charles stirred. They gathered around him. Ted started to smile when he saw Charles try to sit up. "Boys," Ted said, "a *man's* startin' to awake." And with a hoarse voice of sudden love and understanding, he cried, "And what else would you expect?"

Charles had heard it, and it did something. His hurt and wounds were flung down beneath the wonder of acceptance and meant little. He sat upright and laughed when Joe said affectionately, "O.K., cowboy. We've waited long enough. Where's the bait?"

Staggering to the laughter of the tough cowboys, none of whom had escaped broken heads and arms at one time or another, Charles put together the big meal.

And then it was the quiet time, dim under the stars, and the peeler strummed his night-misted guitar.

Old Cooky, he's a man,
He's a man, he's a man;
Old Cooky, he's a man,
Who makes us blush like hell!

THE END

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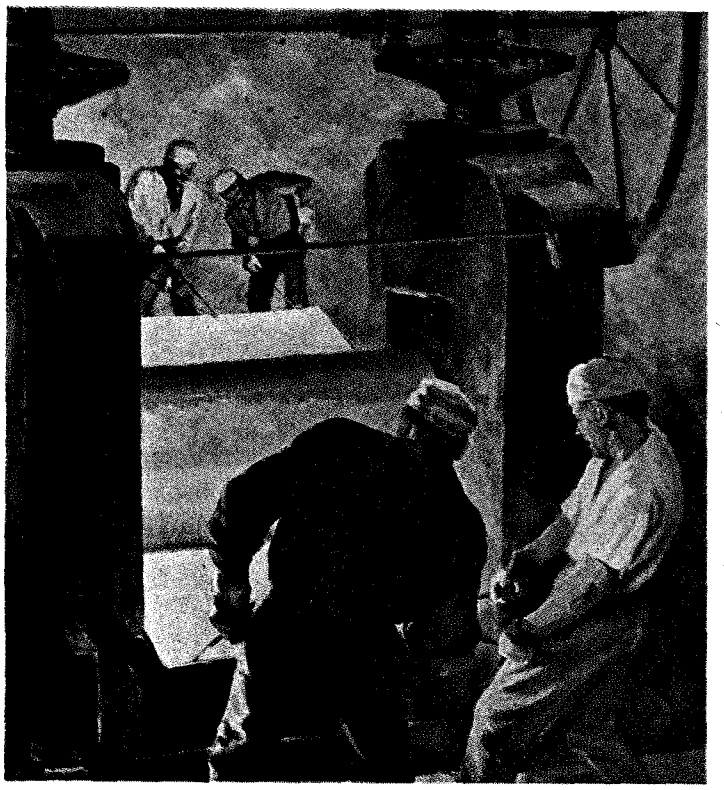

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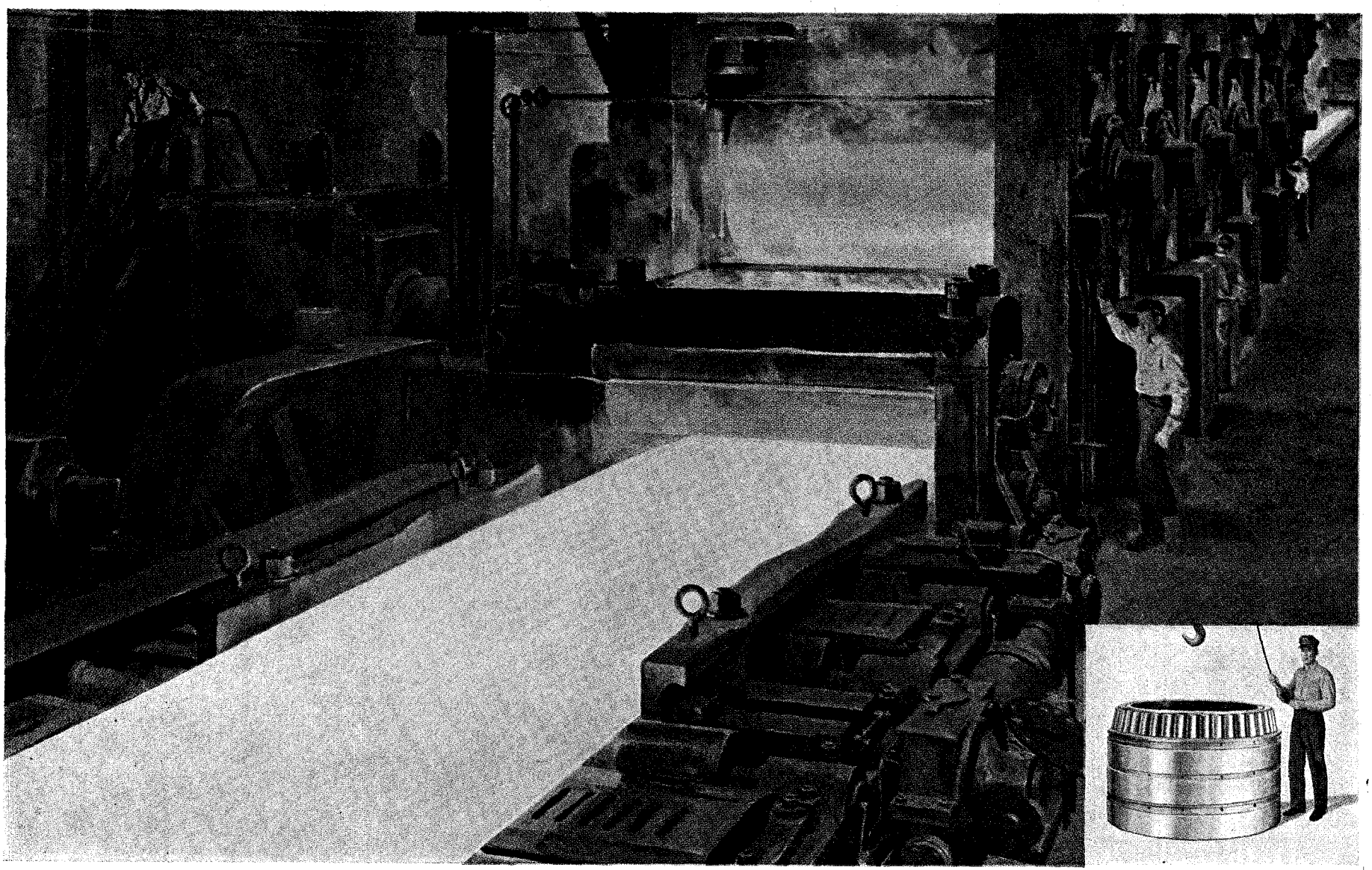

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Death Dive

(Continued from Page 30)

American citizen he'd been forced to decline the San Nicolas commission urged upon him by President Adolfo Escobedo—and he stood six-feet-three in his brush cut. He was, Glasby thought with a sigh, a most attractive man. Glasby himself was small and limp, with an ulcer and a nagging wife.

"Whitey," Glasby said, frowning up at his caller, "what is this with you and girls, anyway? A man like you—did some female give you a rough time?"

"It may surprise you in this age of the dominant female," Whitey muttered, "but there are still men who prefer the selfish, egotistical, unfettered life of the despised bachelor. What I mean, not every guy is cut out to dry the dishes."

"Is that all? For a long time I thought ——"

"What do you mean, 'Is that all'? It's a man-size 'all.' You think about it."

"Don't think I haven't," Glasby sighed. "Look, Whitey. There's a girl at the Papagayo who wants to go to this party in the worst way. A newspaperwoman, travel writer, something like that. She was in here the other day asking a lot of questions I couldn't or wouldn't answer. Not bad looking. Not dumb either. She mentioned this party, asked if there was any way that she could get to it. I told her no, not without an invitation. You know Bernardo at the Papagayo, don't you?"

"I know him."

"Go on over there. You have to have a girl."

Whitey Blanchard had come in from the airfield by cab. Now he crossed the plaza on foot to the Papagayo. It was a small, pleasantly old hotel hiding behind an ancient wrought-iron fence, across the street from the National Palace. If the palace resembled an enormous wedding cake—and it did—the Papagayo seemed a cozy hide-out for a honeymoon.

Whitey strolled into the hotel's little self-service bar, mixed himself a rum-soda, signed a chit and carried his drink into the back-yard garden, where a maid was setting tables for lunch. There were no guests in sight. As he relaxed on a comfortable wooden chair painted red to match the hibiscus, the maid glanced at him with interest. Girls usually did. Then Bernardo Moncada, the Papagayo's plump little proprietor, came into the garden and saw him.

"You will have lunch with me!" Bernardo said, beaming.

"Depends," Whitey said. "Look, *amigo*. I'm told you have an American girl here."

"We do, indeed."

"Good looking?"

"Good looking!" Bernardo lifted his gaze to the sky above the mango branches. "When she walks in here, every man in the place turns his head to look. The sighs are like a high wind in the palm trees!"

"I'll bet," Whitey said dryly. "You suppose you could manage to introduce me?"

"But of course!"

"I'll stay for lunch then."

The Papagayo's other guests were halfway through their meal when the girl came into the garden. She wore a black skirt and a sensibly cool-looking white blouse, and Bernardo was right: every male head in the garden turned toward her. She seemed not to notice, but went straight to her usual table and sat down.

Whitey Blanchard pushed himself out of the red chair, staring, just as the little proprietor reached his side.

Bernardo put a hand on his arm. "Come!" he said, beaming.

Whitey walked to the table like a robot with rusty joints. He halted there and the girl looked up at him. Bernardo said happily, "Miss Middleton, I have the honor to present ——"

Miss Middleton remembered her manners and put out her hand. Whitey touched it. They were still staring at each other. They were both pale. Bernardo dashed after some chairs, and Whitey sat down.

Bernardo sat too. "You should know, Miss Middleton," he said, "that our Mr. Blanchard is a very important man here. He is the head of our air force."

A little color had returned to the girl's face. She looked at Whitey with interest. "Is this true?"

"It's true," Whitey said.

"In Korea," Bernardo went on, with gestures, "Mr. Blanchard was a great man, a hero. There was a movie made about him."

"Be quiet, Bernardo," Whitey said.

"I've seen the movie," Miss Middleton said.

"Then you know ——" Bernardo began.

"Yes, I know. I'm a newspaperwoman, Señor Moncada. I have been for several years." Miss Middleton's color was all back now; the shock had passed. She gazed at Whitey curiously. "I didn't know you were in San Nicolas, Whitey."

"That makes us even. I didn't know you were."

There followed a moment of awkward silence during which, as though by prearrangement, they both turned to look at Bernardo. The little proprietor rose with a mechanical smile and excused himself. The silence continued while the serving girl brought soup and salads, by which time Whitey had studied every feature of Ann Middleton's face from the softness of her half-apart lips to the puzzling hint of smoke in her eyes. He was able to say then, with a frown, "You haven't changed much, Ann."

"The alterations don't show, maybe. Yours do, a little. You look like a man with problems."

"One problem. Nothing earth-shaking." Whitey gave the soup his attention for a moment, then looked up again. "I have to find a girl to take to Batéta's party. Glasby, at the embassy, said you wanted to go.

"Why must you have a girl?"

"So Batéta can take her away from me. Why do you want to go?"

"I'm after a story."

"What story?"

"This sugar-mill thing in Maleza," she said with a shrug. "Who's behind it? Why the high-pressure promotion to entice American money? But that will keep, Whitey." She leaned toward him. "What have you been doing all this time?"

Whitey shrugged too. "Not much."

"That isn't what I've heard. I've heard you were flying in South America, mixed up in a revolution, searching for a lost mine or something in Peru ——"

"You amaze me."

"Do I make you nervous too? Or do you always tap spoons on tables now?"

Whitey scowled at the spoon and put it down. "Suppose we skip the recent life history of Whitey Blanchard, beachcomber, and eat lunch," he said grimly.

They ate without much talk. Over the coffee Whitey looked at her again. "You really want to go to this party?" he demanded suddenly.

"Yes, Whitey."

"I'm not sure I ought to take you. A good-looking gal like you—it could be rough."

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"I've heard."

"You get too snoopy about that sugar mill, it could even be dangerous."

"What do you know about the sugar mill, Whitey?"

"In San Nicolas you seldom know; you just have hunches. This has all the signs of a sucker trap for outside money, and it's big."

"I'll be careful, Whitey."

"Have it your way." He heaved a sigh and stood up, going around the table to pull back her chair. "See you about eight, then. Be smart and wear your armor."

She didn't wear armor; she wore an evening gown that gave Whitey a moment of panic. He had forgotten what Ann Middleton looked like in an evening gown. This one was a sheath affair, sleek and white, that left a lot of territory unprotected—territory certain to arouse General Emilio Batéta's notorious explorer instinct. Whitey debated the wisdom of advising her to change to something less provocative, but, with an inward groan, decided he had no right. With misgivings he put her into his car.

"I hope you know what you're doing," he muttered.

She laughed at him—a bright, excited laugh that played a tune on his memories. "Relax, Whitey. I learned about men quite a while ago."

"Not about men like Batéta, you didn't."

"He has more than the usual two hands, you mean?"

Whitey let it go.

The American Club was tucked among mountainside mahoganies high above the heat of the city, and Whitey enjoyed dancing with Ann Middleton while he had her. He didn't have her long. As soon as he introduced her to Batéta—which, of course, he had to—she was gone for good.

He spent the rest of the evening moving woodenly about the floor with other women in his arms, trying to keep a watchful eye on his lost property. With more than a hundred persons present and the champagne corks popping like firecrackers at a fiesta, it wasn't easy.

Batéta, he saw, was drinking a lot. Nothing unusual about that; the man was built like a barrel and had been heard to remark happily, at affairs such as this, that he liked to hear himself gurgle when he danced. But as the evening dragged on—and "dragged" was Whitey's word for it—the general danced less and imbibed more. It seemed to Whitey that the girl in the white sheath was drinking a lot too. He was a little surprised when, brushing against her at the bar where she had gone for refills, he caught her breath on his face and found it pure as spring water.

"What the devil are you up to?" he muttered. "You want to be found floating in the bay tomorrow?"

She didn't have a chance to answer him. The orchestra had struck up a meringue and the general was lurching toward them. Emilio Batéta was a great one for meringues.

Short of dragging Ann Middleton out of the place, there was absolutely no way Whitey could put the brakes on what she was doing. She was over twenty-one and, he presumed, of sound mind. He could only grit his teeth and wait for the explosion.

It didn't come. At three in the morning, with most of the guests just waiting for Batéta to fall down or go home, so they could go home themselves, Ann led the general over to him. Whitey peered into Batéta's face and thought it remarkable that a man so drunk could still stand up. The general managed it by swaying slowly from side to side, adjusting his center of gravity while grinning an idiot grin.

"Whitey," Ann said sweetly, "General Batéta has offered to drive me home. Do you mind?"

Whitey stared at her. The white dress was a bit damp, but showed no signs of wear and tear. He looked again at the general. A mere push would discourage him if he got ideas. There was no danger.

Whitey thought of the all but vertical road to the city, but there was no danger on that score, either, because Batéta's chauffeur, not the general himself, would be at the wheel. He shrugged, mumbled the usual formalities and departed.

When he got home he had a drink himself—his first real one of the evening—and sat on his veranda steps and gazed at the airfield just below, empty under the

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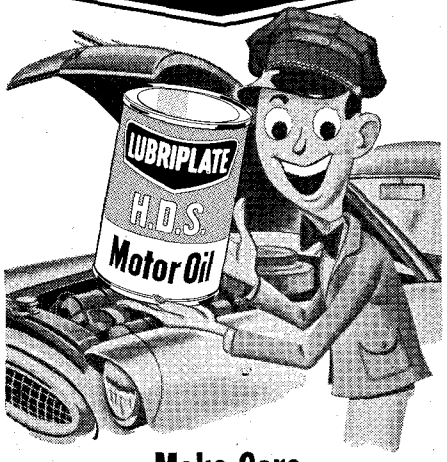

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stars. The drink and the solitude seemed to help a little.

What was the matter with him, anyway? He'd done Ann a favor, hadn't he? He was in solid with the general. What was he riled about? Mission accomplished, he thought. Account closed. Forget it.

At ten o'clock that morning he walked into the Papagayo and asked Bernardo Moncada where she was.

The plump little proprietor wagged his head. "She is not here. She has left."

"Left! You mean she didn't come back last night?"

"She came back. Oh, yes. But this morning after breakfast, she obtained a jeep from a rental agency and departed. Where she was going she would not say, or when she would be back."

"A jeep," Whitey muttered.

"It is odd, no? Where in San Nicolas—in any part of San Nicolas that she would wish to go to—does one need a jeep?"

"What did she take with her?"

"A suitcase, her tape recorder, her camera bag."

Whitey walked the floor with an enormous scowl and thought about it. He stopped pacing and put a hand on Bernardo's shoulder. "When she gets back, call me. Will you do that, *amigo?*"

"The moment I see her," Bernardo promised.

There was no phone call—not that day or the rest of the week. Whitey's office at the airfield was small for pacing, but he made it do. His bungalow was not much better, but he worked out a passable route along the veranda. When the waiting became unbearable, which it did at least twice a day, he snatched up the phone and called the hotel.

The answer was always the same. "She has not returned, *señor*. There has been no message."

When Paul Glasby arrived at the embassy on Saturday morning, Whitey was doing his pacing in the embassy driveway. Whitey grabbed the official's arm. "Got to talk to you," he muttered. "Right now!"

They went into Glasby's office. Whitey shut the door and stood with his knuckles on the polished mahogany desk. "What do you know about this sugar-mill deal?" he demanded.

Glasby frowned. To anyone else the frown would have said quite plainly, *There are things we don't discuss here*, but Whitey frowned back in a demanding way and waited. Glasby at last sighed and said, "What's your trouble now, boy?"

"Is the deal crooked or isn't it?"

"What possible reason can you have ——"

"I have one, believe me. Answer the question, will you?"

Glasby constructed a church and steeple with his pale hands and studied his creation unhappily. He said after a long silence, "We don't know whether it's crooked or not. Even the ambassador doesn't know."

"But you think ——"

"We think it probably is, yes. Some very big money has been sucked in, despite our discreet warnings that the men in the front window are only dummies."

"Who are the boys in the back room, Paul?"

Glasby looked trapped. "If this ever gets out ——"

"You know me better."

"Very well, but for heaven's sake treat it with respect. There's only one boy in the back room, as you put it."

"Batéta?"

"Not Batéta. Rafael Escobedo, the president's brother."

"I see." Whitey slowly nodded. "But Batéta is in it somewhere. He has to be."

"Maybe," Glasby said wearily. "A lot of people probably know more about it than we do. We aren't even sure it's crooked. A sugar mill in the Maleza region seems logical enough, with all the cane that grows there, and the mill is actually being built. You figure the gimmick, if there is one." He collapsed his church and steeple and peered up at Whitey with bird tracks around his eyes. "Why do you say Batéta must be in on it?"

"He got drunk at the party Monday night and told Miss Middleton something that sent her hot-footing out of town with cameras and a tape recorder."

"Oh, Lord," Glasby said, turning pale.

"I guess," Whitey said, "I'd better fly down to Maleza for an airfield inspection or something. I should have done it days ago."

There was still a chance he would not be too late, Whitey told himself. Ann had left the capital Tuesday morning. She would have stopped that night in the town of Ciénaga at the foot of the mountains and spent most of Wednesday crossing the 9000-foot cordillera, an eighty-mile nightmare that took six hours or more. In Maleza she would have had to rest her nerves after the drive and then find her way around a strange town. Thursday morning was the earliest she could have begun doing whatever it was she had gone there to do.

But this was Saturday. He gnawed his lower lip and stepped harder on the accelerator, scattering barefoot pedestrians and charcoal-laden donkeys on his way to the airfield. By now, in a sleepy town like Maleza, a lot of tongues could be wagging. Ann wouldn't be mistaken for a tourist. Tourists never went there.

He drove straight onto the airfield, ordered his plane made ready, and was told he was wanted in the operations building. Two strangers stood waiting by the desk at the end of the long, iron-roofed shed. One silently handed him a crisp white paper.

It bore the president's seal and signature. It instructed him to fly Señor Escobar and Señor Mendez, the bearers, to Maleza at once. Escobar and Mendez, both swarthy and poker-faced and wearing dark-gray business suits, gazed at him expectantly as he finished reading it. Each carried a briefcase.

"No other luggage?" Whitey asked.

"No other luggage."

"Good. Let's go." It was a break. Now he would not have to explain an "inspection trip."

His plane was in front of the hangar, bouncing flecks of sunlight off its silver sides as the prop turned—a little non-military job that his air-force boys had rebuilt from a wreck as part of their training. It was just big enough. He hurried the briefcase toters into it.

A beautiful morning for flying. The capital with its colored roofs, busy streets and wedding-cake National Palace slipped back underneath to make way for sprawling fields of cane, the winding golden road to the south, the country towns that thinned out into villages. In an hour he was over Ciénaga, where Ann Middleton must have stopped for the night—an hour by plane, twelve hours over the golden road which, when traveled on wheels, lost its magic in a dreary succession of ruts, boulders and unbridged streams. Then the mountains.

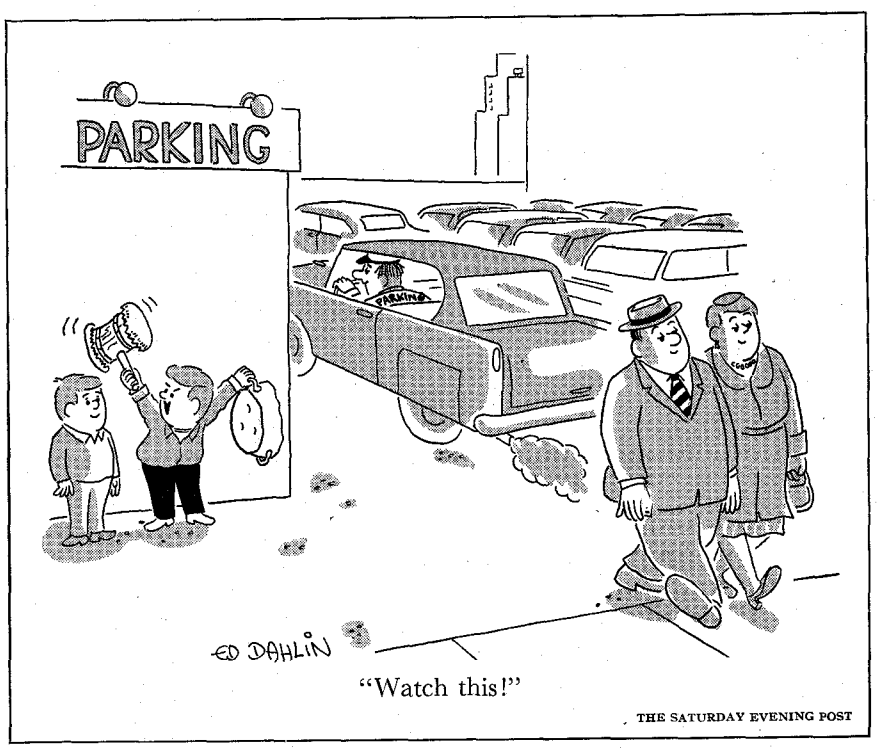
Even from the air they were awesome, and he wondered if Ann had been scared, driving through them. They had a joke in the capital about this mountain highway. It was the only thing in San Nicolas more dangerous than the capital traffic, they said. He could see it wriggling up below him, a yellow thread some kitten had got tired of playing with and left all in loops and snarls. He crossed the top of the cordillera only a few hundred feet above it and felt he could reach down and run a finger along the half-mile stretch they called Dead Man's Leap, where the road's outer edge fell sheer for three thousand feet. He could make out the river at the bottom; a big river, which, from this height, and from the road, was only a shining silver thread.

The mountain winds bounced the plane around. He glanced at his passengers, saw they were having trouble, and turned toward the sea. The briefcase boys weakly smiled their gratitude. At a thousand feet he followed the mangrove swamps to the coral strip at the island's western tip. The town itself was still four miles away. The military, alerted by radio, had sent out a car.

"Drop me at the hotel," Whitey said to the driver. "Then take these gentlemen where they want to go." It should have been the other way round, and he wondered whether they would call him for it. He was ready with an argument.

Mendez said, "We go to the hotel too."

(*Continued on Page 116*)



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(*Continued from Page 114*) The two were silent on the way in. Whitey, beside the driver, chewed his lip and tried to curb his impatience. The road was a string of holes. Yoked pigs argued the right of way. When the car clattered into town at last, Whitey was up the steps of the shabby little hotel before the others had their doors open.

The proprietress, in the kitchen, made a clucking sound of sympathy and shook her head. "*Señor*, the American lady has gone."

"Gone! Where? When?"

"Back to the capital in her jeep, *señor*. She left only an hour ago."

Whitey collected a breath and held it while his thoughts cleared, then let it go. The sound of its going was a sigh of relief. Ann Middleton was safe, then. She'd got what she had come for, and nothing had happened. He strolled outside, feeling light in the shoulders.

The car was still at the curb. On the sidewalk beside it, the two briefcase boys were talking to a small, gesticulating stranger. At sight of Whitey, the one called Escobar turned and climbed the steps, flapping his hands.

"*Señor*, it seems the man we came here to see is no longer here in Maleza. We must go back to Ciénaga." He made a sad face. "Everything is upside down in this country, no?"

"You want me to fly you to Ciénaga? Now?"

"If you please."

It was all right with Whitey. At Ciénaga he could invent an excuse to hang around until Ann arrived over the road. Maybe he could even find someone to chauffeur the jeep on to the capital, so she might ride back with him in the plane. He and the briefcase twins climbed into the car again. He wondered what their business was.

He followed the road this time, searching it for signs of Ann's jeep, but there were a hundred places on that road where massed treetops or overhanging cliffs could hide a car. With the mountains behind him, he set the plane down on the Ciénaga strip, a dusty field outside the town. A pickup truck stood by the field shack.

His passengers climbed out and made for the truck at a fast trot. The driver, leaning against it with a cigarette drooping from his mouth, straightened and stepped aside. They climbed in. Escobar took the wheel and the pickup growled away in a cloud of dust. The driver put his hands into his pockets and indifferently gazed after it.

Whitey strolled over. "Where are they off to in such a hurry?"

The driver glanced at him, shrugged, and walked away without an answer.

Odd, Whitey thought. Someone at Maleza must have telephoned. Probably the excited little man at the hotel. Well, it was none of his business. He walked over to the iron-roofed shack at the edge of the field, where an air-force sergeant, the only man on duty, lounged in the shade on a tipped-back chair, blowing flies away from his nose. It would be some time before Ann turned up. She had a six-hour drive from Maleza and had left there only an hour or so before he had. He went into the hut, brought out a chair, placed it in the shade alongside the sergeant's and sat down. He offered the sergeant a cigarette.

"*Gracias, señor.*"

Whitey worked his lighter. "How's the road over the mountains, sergeant? Bad as usual?"

"Worse, *señor*. A jeep can get through. Nothing else."

Time passed. Waves of heat rose from the baked airfield. The sun blazed on the plane. Flies buzzed and small green lizards played tag in the dust. Whitey wondered if he should walk into town, for something to do. He decided against it. He looked up at the mountains. Maybe he could see her coming.

He touched the sergeant's shoulder. "Do you have a pair of binoculars inside?"

"Hanging on the wall, *señor*. Help yourself."

Whitey found them and strolled across the field for a clear view. The lenses brought the cordillera leaping toward him; he could see clearly the high-up yellow scar called Dead Man's Leap and the vertical cliff face below with its long white landslide streaks. He saw something else, this side of the Leap, and held the glasses on a moving object three quarters of the way to the top. He could almost hear the growl of its tortured engine as it clawed its way up behind a screen of trees and boulders.

Through a gap in the screen he saw the thing clearly for a moment, and his hands tightened on the glasses. He strode back to the shack and shook the sergeant awake.

"I thought you said only a jeep could get over that road to Maleza!"

The sergeant blinked. "So I did, *señor*."

"Take a look."

The sergeant held the glasses to his eyes. Under them his mouth formed a frown. "They must be crazy," he muttered. "No vehicle that size can pass Dead Man's Leap."

Whitey swore under his breath—at himself for his stupidity—and made for the plane at a gallop.

He saw it all when he finished climbing and could look down on it from his vast loneliness in the throbbing blue sky. The curving half-mile thread of road along the cliff face. The truck blocking the Ciénaga end of it, empty now and hidden behind a fang of rock. Ann Middleton's little jeep towing a lizard tail of white dust up the other side. Ann looked up, and he saw the flash of a white arm as she waved. Just a friendly wave. She couldn't know that the man in the sky was Whitey Blanchard. He flapped a frantic hand to warn her as best he could, then concentrated on the men who meant to destroy her.

They were climbing the cliff above the hidden truck, grabbing at brush and boulders in their haste. They knew he was over them, but were no longer pausing to look up; there wasn't time. He saw them reach the top of the cliff, long and flat like a stone table, sixty feet above the thread of road; saw them race along it, bent double, as though by crouching they could hide from him. The jeep had stopped climbing and leveled off for its perilous passage along the Leap.

There was a taste of salt on Whitey's tongue. He saw the two men gathering up rocks and staggering to the edge with them. He saw what he would have to do to stop them, and wiped the back of a hand across his brow and it came away wet. He made a 180-degree turn and the two men were hidden from him while he came around, and when he saw them again, they had boulders enough piled at the brink to start a slide.

Only a slide wouldn't be necessary. Those rocks, bounding down the cliff onto the jeep, would either knock it off the road or frighten its driver into a burst of speed to escape the bombardment; and any burst of speed on that stretch, with the concealed truck blocking the outlet, would be suicidal.

He nosed the plane into a dive and remembered the lovely, civilized way he and Ann had said good-by to each other two years ago. He began talking to himself, but couldn't hear what he was saying. The roar of the engine filled his ears and the high thin whistle of the mountain wind made his face ache. He remembered the farewell words and the calm handshake and his long, lonely walk down Maple Street with the suitcase pulling at his arm muscles.

"Annie, baby," he said, but couldn't hear that either.

He saw how close he must come to the cliff top to do any good, and wondered if he could do it. It had to be so close, so nearly an eraser wiping a blackboard, that the two men would jump instead of throwing themselves flat. An inch too low and it would be curtains for Whitey Blanchard. Too high, and he might as well be back in the capital talking big about the independence of the male, because there wouldn't be time to come around for another try.

"Annie, baby," his lips said again, and the flat, shining rock rushed up at him and the two men leaped to their feet in panic.

His prop would have torn them to pieces if they hadn't jumped, and there was nowhere to jump but over the edge. His wheels kissed the stone they'd been doing their grotesque dance of terror on; he felt the gentle upward nudge and a shock of fear that was like ice water flung in his face. Then he was past, clear, in the sky again, turning on a wing tip and looking down, and the men were straw dummies still tumbling down the cliff. One struck the outside edge of the road and bounced over, and the other cleared it and simply kept on falling. The jeep had stopped.

We did it, Annie. We did it.

He brought the plane around in a walk, wagging his wings as he flew alongside the road. She was still at the wheel, but he saw her face plainly, first the fright on it and then the recognition. He came around again, lingering in the sky until she had discovered the truck—with the keys still in it, thank heaven—and backed it down out of the way. Then, watching her worm the jeep on past it, into the clear, he knew she'd be all right, and wagged his wings and went away from there. When the jeep rolled onto the Ciénaga airfield a lifetime of waiting later, she stepped out of it straight into his arms.

"Whitey," was all she could say. "Hang onto me, Whitey."

He held her at arms' length and looked into her face and remembered the big fat foolish words he had used in Glasby's office, and thought, *You dope, Blanchard; you dope*. He drew her to him again and put his lips hungrily against hers, and found her mouth warm and responsive, and it was like drowning, or the way drowning was supposed to be, with the past rushing by between them.

He was meeting her for the first time in a New York hotel, telling her he was fed up with publicity and for Pete's sake leave him alone and go write about someone else; what Whitey Blanchard needed was a job, not press clippings. He was taking her to lunch and telling her what she wanted to know, and then to dinner and dancing and shows, and buying a ring, and walking down the aisle with her while the organ thundered and he figured he must be dreaming, it had all happened so fast. He was carrying her into the cottage on Maple Street while she said, "Huh! Think you can scare me with your muscles, don't you?"

Then the picture darkened. He was finding out what heroes were worth in a dog-eat-dog world of dollar signs—they were worth darned little—and how terrific Ann was at her job, how much money she made. He was throwing up his own stupid jobs, one after another, in angry determination to catch up to her, which was impossible, and walking the streets, snarling at people, and slamming around the house on Maple Street until he felt caged and began snarling at her. And then, at five o'clock of a cold wet morning, he was throwing things into a suitcase while she stood in her pajamas by the end of the bed, saying, "I won't stop you, Whitey. I'm only your wife, not your jailer."

He said now, "We'd better get your things and clear out of here, Annie." The sergeant by the shack was staring.

"You're taking me to the capital, Whitey?"

"Unh-unh." He wagged his head. "We'll go to San Marlo and take our chance on the red tape. You're a marked woman in this country." Loaded with her camera bag, suitcase and recorder, he walked her to the plane. "What do they want you for? You got proof the sugar-mill deal is crooked?"

She had proof, she said. Batéta, at the party, had told her what the president's brother was up to. Batéta would like to be president himself, and an exposé of this sugar-mill scandal by the American press would give him the opportunity by blowing Escobedo right out of the palace.

"With thousands of acres of cane in the valley, the people do need a mill," she said. "The gimmick is that agents of the president's brother have been secretly buying up the land, so he can refuse to supply the cane at a price the corporation can afford. When they throw in the towel, he'll buy their nice new mill for pennies. I've got photos of land-sale documents and taped statements from dozens of peasant owners who sold out. It's political dynamite, with so much outside money involved."

"You need someone to look after you."

"That I do."

"A guy with muscles, no matter how dumb in the head," Whitey said. "A husband, maybe. You could use a husband?"

She shook her head, gazing up at him. "I've got a husband, Whitey."

Whitey turned to stone.

"He's a louse," Ann said, "but I love him. I guess I always will. That's why I never got a divorce when he wrote and told me to." She squeezed his arm. "Did you think you were rid of me, Whitey?"

"I—I ——" Whitey stood by the plane with his mouth twitching. "I was on the move. A lot of mail never caught up with me. I figured ——"

"You never were much for figures, Whitey," his wife said, "but you're a whiz at other things. You know that now? Nobody ever said you had to dry dishes or push the basket in a supermarket. This is all kinds of a world, Whitey."

"Sure," Whitey mumbled. "Sure."

Ann kissed him and climbed into the plane. "You coming?" she said. "Or do I just sit here and twiddle my thumbs, not knowing what to do without you?"

THE END

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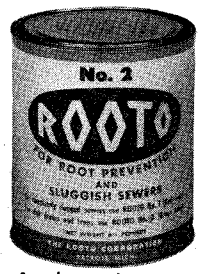

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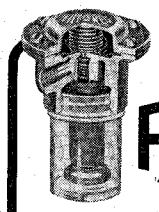

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Conquering Lady

(Continued from Page 37)

but a solution was no more apparent than the day the problem had begun to reveal itself shortly after the general had retired.

The general, born Timothy Oliphant Tobias Jones, had always, understandably, signed his name T.O.T. Jones. He had, during his active career, become known as Old T.O.T.—not because of age, but because he was an artilleryman, and T.O.T. in artillery parlance came to mean Time-On-Target, or, as more freely translated by those who had served under the general, "The-Old-Man-wants-all-the-damn-artillery-on-the-damn-target-at-the-same-damn-time-right-now-dammit!"

Stocky and physically powerful on retirement, the general had assumed command of his family, bought a pleasant home not far from Fort Bragg in North Carolina, and settled down to a routine of issuing his orders for the day at breakfast, playing golf on the Fort Bragg course, and bringing home promising young officers for Abbie to select a husband from.

The irresistible force of the general had begun to nudge at Abbie's immovable determination to live her own life that April morning when Cabot Tyler, III, stopped by. The general had departed for Fort Bragg when Cabot drove up in a foreign convertible.

Sara Jones answered the door chimes. Prepared for a door-to-door salesman at that hour, Sara was taken slightly aback on seeing some eight thousand dollars' worth of automobile at the curb and a tall, lean and pleasantly smiling young man in Ivy League tailoring standing, cap in hand, in the doorway.

"Is this the home of General Jones?" he inquired in the modulated tone and accent that identify Harvard graduates.

The wife of a major general develops flexibility. Sara smiled cordially. "Yes, it is. But the general isn't in. He's playing golf. Is there anything ——"

"Well, no —— I mean, it was just one of those ideas, stopping in. I'm driving back to New England from Florida, and I thought that perhaps I could patch things up with the general. You see, I was his jeep driver in Korea and—well, things didn't always go just right."

"Oh, dear! Well, I'm sure—that is—I mean, Mr. ——"

"Tyler. Cabot Tyler." He grinned. "I gather the general has never referred to me. I didn't know he had developed quite that strong a complex about me. It's probably just as well that he isn't here. But would you give him a message?"

"Of course! But do come in! Abbie, my daughter, and I are just having a coffee break."

An hour and some cups of coffee later, Cabot was certain that he had never met a more attractive hostess than Sara Jones nor a girl as friendly and lovely as Abbie Jones. He realized that he felt completely, comfortably and somehow excitingly at home.

"I just couldn't seem to win," Cabot explained. "First there was that field we drove across. We hit a land mine. The general claimed I should have seen it. Then there was a pool of water across a road. It was six feet deep. Another time the road was blocked by refugees. When I stopped, they loaded on. The general had to hold a pig in his lap." Cabot sighed. "But the last was the worst. When I drove out on the dock to the transport that was to bring us home, the photographers asked the general to stand up in the jeep and told me to back around for a better shot. I was watching the general when the jeep backed into the guardrail and jolted the general off into the harbor. The only thing that saved me from court-martial was seeing the only flash bulb that went off and tossing that photographer and his camera into the harbor."

Abbie grinned. "With Pops you give thanks for small favors."

Another thing Cabot did not realize was that in their apparently casual conversation both Sara and Abbie had skillfully cross-examined him. They had learned that he was a bachelor, the surviving heir of a long line of distinguished Boston lawyers, and that he was returning to Boston after closing a substantial Florida real-estate-development contract for a Boston client.

Cabot rose regretfully. "I'm afraid I'll have to get along. Please give the general my respects. I rather liked him, you know."

Mother and daughter looked at each other after Cabot had gone.

Abbie's eyes sparkled. "To like Pops after all that is proof of a really forgiving nature. Pops must have really sounded off!" Abbie held up a hand with outspread fingers. "You know something, darling?" she said, ticking off on her fingers. "He's wealthy, he's good looking, he's just old enough, he's a bachelor, he couldn't be bossy if he tried, but he can act in a crisis—and he does something to my feet!"

"So you let him break off contact!" Sara sniffed.

"But I didn't! His type is bound to write a bread-and-butter note! Besides, I have his license number!"

The note arrived as predicted. Abbie replied, enclosing a color photo taken when she had received a golf trophy a year before. Abbie updated the event so she could enclose the photo. The breeze molded her attire pleasingly to her body. It was a carefully worded and loaded letter. Cabot replied, saying that if she happened to be around Tandem Harbor, Maine, during July, he would like to show her off on the local golf course. He enclosed a snapshot of the cabin sloop on which he would spend his vacation there. Did Abbie like sailing?

Abbie wrote that she would love to go sailing on such a beautiful boat and that she and Sara might just possibly get to Tandem Harbor if there was a place they could stay a few days. Cabot replied that he had made immediate inquiries and there was a charming cottage on the very shore of Tandem Harbor available during July. By return mail Abbie asked Cabot to reserve the cottage. "We've never been to Maine," Abbie concluded. "We think it's terribly exciting and are looking forward to coming. Sincerely, Abbie."

"Do you have any idea how 'terribly exciting' it's going to be when your father finds out about all this?" Sara asked her daughter.

Abbie fixed her mother with lovely blue, urgent eyes. "Pops is not to come with us or to know why we're going! I've simply got to be sure about Cabot before we report front and center."

"That," Sara murmured, "will be when you find out what T.O.T. really means! Can't you just see your father looking at his ex-jeep driver and ——"

"If we get that far," Abbie said firmly, "we'll make the rest of the way."

"Which brings up an interesting point," Sara said. "How do we get that far?"

Abbie grinned. "Just wave the cape properly, darling!"

"Me and my big mouth!" Sara muttered. "And don't you 'darling' me! Do you know what this is going to cost? Besides all other expenses, I'll have to let

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your father buy that sports car so we can have the sedan!"

Abbie embraced and kissed her mother. "What price for maybe a man who can pay bills and always be around to keep my feet warm!"

Sara felt the time was propitious a few days later when the general came home and complacently announced he had knocked another point off his score.

"How nice, dear," Sara said. "The Army-Navy Journal came today. It's on the patio. I'll fetch you a drink there."

She let him sip and read for a while before going out and sitting down in a nearby chair. She said casually, "Tobey, do you realize that Sitting Bull is dead?"

The general regarded his wife. "Yes, my dear, I am quite aware of it."

"So Abbie and I could take a trip this summer without danger of being ambushed and scalped."

An eyebrow rose into the general's forehead. "Eh? A trip? You and Abbie? Alone?"

"Yes, dear. We're big girls now." She smiled sweetly. "We've been rather tied down, darling, with you away so much in the car."

"And exactly how would I get around if you took the car on a trip?"

Sara waved the cape. "I've been going over the budget. I think we can swing that sports car you had in mind."

A gleam came into the general's eyes. Then he frowned. "No! Impossible! Get any distance from the post and you're surrounded by civilians!"

Sara laughed. "Darling, civilians aren't from outer space. You've spent half your life making soldiers out of them."

"Trying to, Sara; just trying to. Sometime I must tell you about a jeep driver I had once. If ever there was a secret enemy weapon, that Tyler was it."

"Oh, come, Tobey!" Sara said hastily.

"Fact! This lad had tradition all the way back to the Boston Tea Party. Should have been a good soldier. He was the ever living worst! Meet him today, though, and he'd probably seem a charming fellow. Lot like him. Unreliable. No, I will not have Abbie mingling unprotected with that kind!" The general scowled; then the gleam returned in his eyes. "Tell you what, though, Sara! Since we can afford it, we'll get the sports car and go in convoy. Maybe I can play some strange courses and sharpen my game on the way, and I'll be there to keep you and Abbie out of trouble!"

Later, Sara said to Abbie, "I did my best, pet, but he charged right on through the cape. We can get him to Tandem Harbor all right, but when he sees Cabot he'll bounce out into the stratosphere."

Abbie pondered this for a moment and then smiled. "It will work out all right. I'll go sailing with Cabot while Pops plays golf. They needn't meet until I've decided about Cabot."

"Abbie, I just have that awful feeling ——"

"Moms, it's my feet the man does something to!"

The cottage was on a bluff overlooking the inner and outer coves which had given Tandem Harbor its name. An elm-shaded village snuggled at the foot of hills ranging inland. The sun was settling down toward the hills. No breath of breeze stirred, and on the glass-smooth water graceful sailboats were motionless at their moorings. It was a vista of soothing loveliness, of serene security conducive to philosophical bourbon sipping. The general was relaxed, contemplative.

"Delightful, Sara," he said; "delightful!"

"A woman's intuition, Tobey," Sara lied easily. "I just knew that nice little real-estate office would list a place like this."

"Stroke of luck they could get me that guest membership to the golf club too," the general murmured contentedly. "We'll stay awhile. I'd like to make par on the course. It's tricky. Abbie ought to try it. By the way, where is she?"

Sara drew a deep breath. *Here we go,* she thought, *and no cape to help me.* Cabot's sloop, Kestrel, was long overdue at mooring. The moment had all the makings of a crisis. "Abbie is out sailing," Sara said. "She'll be coming in soon."

"Eh? Sailing? When did Abbie learn anything about sailing?"

"During the past few days, dear. The young man who owns the boat she's on is a very good sailor."

"Oh? A Navy file? Why haven't we had him to dinner?"

"We will—lots of times—I hope," Sara breathed. "Only—and please don't

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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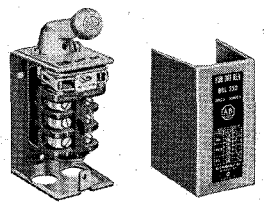

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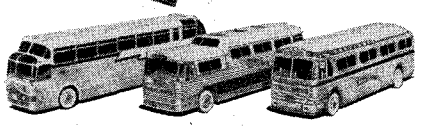

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start firing salvos all over the place—he isn't a Navy file. He's a very successful attorney, and a very fine sailor, and Abbie's perfectly safe. So please, dear, just have your drink and don't fret about it!"

The general stared at his wife. "Sara, I am amazed! You let your daughter go sailing with a civilian legal type? Like that fool driver I had? Madam, your daughter is in danger!"

"Now, Tobey! In this calm?"

The general glanced toward the sinking sun. "Sara! It will soon be dark! Where is that girl? Fetch my glasses!"

Through the glasses the general searched Penobscot Bay out beyond Tandem Harbor. He grunted, "There's a green-hulled sailboat about three miles out."

"That's it," Sara said. "See? Abbie will be in soon."

"She will not! There isn't a breath of air out there! The boat isn't moving! Doesn't it have an engine?"

Sara sighed. "Something happened to the propeller yesterday."

"Shades of Tyler!" the general rasped. "Sara, that boat won't get in before dark! I'm going after Abbie in the outboard!"

"Tobey! You don't know enough about ——"

"Know enough to handle it when it's smooth like this!"

"There isn't any gas in it."

"Damnation! Where are my car keys? I'll get some gas!"

"Tobey, please! Get a lobsterman to ——"

"I can still take care of my own daughter, thank you!"

In the cockpit of Cabot's sloop, Abbie and Cabot sat close to each other and watched the sun dip down behind the mainland hills. Kestrel's sails hung limp.

"It will soon be dark," Cabot said. "The tide will carry us away from land."

Abbie sighed contentedly, snuggled closer to Cabot and pulled his arm tighter about her. "It won't carry us out anywhere near fast enough, darling. If I know Pops, he'll be coming out in the outboard that goes with the cottage, so let's not waste any time."

For the next few minutes they occupied themselves the way people do who have just found each other and have a lot of lost action to make up.

Finally Abbie said, "It must be close to zero hour. We'd better get ready."

"I suppose it will be something of a shock to him when he sees me," Cabot mused.

Abbie chuckled and nipped Cabot's ear with sharp white teeth. "Just don't lead off with something about its being a small world, hon. He won't even give you the benefit of local anesthesia if you do. Just take a deep breath and head for the eye of the hurricane. Then take another deep breath and try to come out on the other side. I'll be right there with you, darling, and —— Oh-oh! I hear an outboard! Here we go!"

The general's approach was good. He throttled his motor, circled Kestrel and came around her stern to close in to starboard at half speed. He braked by grabbing Kestrel's rail and holding against the thrust of the propeller. In the dimming light he identified Abbie, then Cabot. The story has never quite died down around Tandem Harbor that something out of the past surfaced offshore that evening and screamed its last.

Before the general could fill his lungs again, Cabot called, "Good to see you again, sir! Will you give us a tow in?"

"Abbie!" the general bellowed. "Prepare to get in this boat with me! You can explain all this later!"

"Sir," Cabot said, "wouldn't it be better if you towed us in?"

"I'd as soon tow in a floating mine!" the general snarled. "I'm hoping you drift far enough out to sea so that I can evacuate my family before you return. . . . Abbie! Get in this boat! That's an order!"

"Be careful, Abbie," Cabot warned. "That runabout's tippy."

As he had many times risen to a posture of command in jeeps, the general rose the better to bellow at Cabot. The little boat was no jeep. It rolled, shot out from under the general, and headed off into the night.

For a moment Abbie and Cabot simply stared at the general's two hands clinging to Kestrel's rail. Then Cabot leaped forward and looked down at the general hanging up to his armpits in the cold, cold water of Penobscot Bay.

... ...

Tailor-Made

By P. J. Blackwell

Before he starts to wield his tape
He finds me in distressing shape.
But later on he seems to view me
With reservations far less gloomy.
I am a challenge that will stress
His skill and sound resourcefulness,
And when I reach the final try-on
It's wonderful to cast an eye on
His self-applauding contemplation
Of my stupendous transformation—
A monster sprung from outer space
Now fit to join the human race.

... ...

Cabot reached down. "Let me help you aboard, sir."

"Stand back!" the general roared. In the dusk he stared up at Cabot. The lust to kill was bright in his eyes. "Don't come near me!" With a sudden heave he pulled himself up and flung a leg over the rail. He stood dripping on the narrow run of deck beside the cockpit.

Cabot, back in the cockpit beside Abbie, closed his eyes and waited. This, he thought, would really be it. He heard the water dripping from the general. Cabot closed his eyes tighter. But there was no blast. In a very controlled voice, the general said, "Is there a blanket on this damned craft?"

"Yes, sir!"

In his eagerness to do anything, anything at all, to moderate the situation in the slightest degree, Cabot tripped over the companionway coaming and crashed head first down into the cabin.

He came to with his head pillowed on Abbie's shoulder. She was whispering wonderfully tender and anxious words in his ear. In the darkness her hands were rubbing his cheeks. Cabot reached up. He kissed her and was kissed back.

Cabot sighed, "You see? When he's around I just come apart at the seams."

"Don't you worry about it, pet," Abbie whispered. "I'll keep sewing you together. Just don't ever become a dominant male."

The general's voice crackled down from the cockpit, "Tyler! That blanket! On the double!"

Cabot sighed and struggled to his feet. "Sir, wouldn't you like to come below? It'll be warmer."

"On any boat but yours, Tyler, yes!" the general snapped back. "But not on your boat! On your boat I'll stay on deck where I have room to maneuver!"

Cabot sighed once more, handed up the blanket from his berth and, in the darkness, kissed Abbie once more. She laughed and pushed him away. "I'll bring you through this all right, darling. Just keep the chin up and don't lead with it so often. I'm going up and tuck the old bear in his blanket. He'll be impossible if he gets the sniffles."

Cabot lit the cabin oil lamp and the red and green running lights. He took the latter on deck and secured them to the mast stays. Then he came aft and sat down near Abbie on the locker seats by the tiller. The general sat forward in the cockpit, swathed in the blanket. The cabin light shone up through the companionway, illuminating the cockpit.

"All right," the general growled, "start talking."

Cabot began, but Abbie cut in, "Let me take it, hon."

The general grunted and glared at Cabot. "My heaven, man! Are you a jellyfish as well as an incalculable risk?"

"I have the floor," Abbie said firmly, and proceeded to explain. It was entirely dark when she finished. Lights twinkled on the distant shore. There was no sound. There was no motion.

"I see," the general finally said. He looked at Cabot. "Do you happen to have any bourbon on board?"

Hope soared in Cabot's heart. "Well, no, sir. But I have some Canadian-type rum—the kind they use around Hudson Bay."

"Well, break it out! Or is giving me gout part of your scheme?"

Cabot returned from the cabin with a large bottle. "Just take a small sip, sir. I mean, it's fur-trapper rum—for use where ordinary whisky freezes."

"Don't tell me how to drink!" the general snapped.

"But, sir, I must warn you. This rum ——"

"Flap!" The general snatched the bottle and swallowed heartily. He seemed to freeze. A gasping sound came from his throat. He shuddered violently, choked and emitted a series of strangled noises. Hand clutching throat, he stared wildly at Cabot. "That's rum?" he gasped. "It's rocket fuel or the stuff you filled those lamps with!"

"I tried to explain, sir. It's good for small-boat cruising in these waters where you can get wet and cold. A little of it warms you, but doesn't knock you out. You have to get used to it."

The general handed Cabot the bottle. "Show me how anyone used to it drinks the stuff!"

"Cabot," Abbie said evenly, "don't be an ass."

"Hah!" the general snorted. "Why try to deny perfection?"

A slow burn began to build up in Cabot. A man could be pushed around just so much. He took the bottle and swallowed deeply. He clenched his fists and closed his eyes as his throat constricted and molten lava seared his insides. He contrived not to gasp. Then he extended the bottle to the general. "Care to let your hair down a little more, sir?"

"All right, I'll let my hair down some more." The general swallowed from the bottle, a little more cautiously this time.

"Gagh! A man buried with any of this in him wouldn't have grass on his grave for three generations!"

"About letting your hair down, sir," Cabot said hopefully. After all, a man didn't drink from one's bottle without developing some slight friendly feeling. "I'd like to explain ——"

"I've heard all I want to hear." The general waggled a stubby finger at Cabot. "I'll let my hair down enough to tell you to get us ashore immediately!"

Cabot protested, "Sir, there's a lobster-pot line jammed tight around the propeller shaft between the propeller and the hull bearing. The boat has to be hauled out and the line cut away before the engine will turn over in gear."

"You took my daughter out in a crippled boat?"

"Kestrel isn't crippled. All we need is a breeze."

"And when will you get a breeze?"

Cabot shrugged helplessly. "Certainly before morning."

"So? By morning, eh? Like running out of gas on a lonely road!"

"Pops!" Abbie cried. "You don't understand!"

The general turned on her. "I don't? I understand that I've been duped by my own family! I understand that neither you nor your mother understands anything about this young man! I understand that I'm going to take remedial action! Damnation!" The general took another swig and gasped not the slightest.

"Take that away from him and throw it overboard!" Abbie ordered Cabot.

"Hah! I would very much like to have him try!" the general snorted belligerently.

Cabot inhaled deeply. He exhaled a vast sigh and said to Abbie, "I'll try to clear the propeller."

"How?"

"Go overboard and whack at it with a knife."

"No! Not at night in this cold water."

The general grunted. "He dumped me into a bubble bath?"

"Pops!" Abbie cried furiously. "Cabot could drown!"

"Indeed? Well, it would be the first time anything he tried to do had a happy ending. More likely he'll cut a hole in the hull and drown us all." The general had a pull at the bottle. "And you'd be better off, at that, Abbie."

"I'll be all right," Cabot assured Abbie.

He went below and changed into swim trunks. He came up from the cabin with a sheath knife. He shivered in the night air as he hung a short boarding ladder over the side. He said to the general, "Maybe I'd better have a shot of that rum."

With the rum burning in him, Cabot dived. The cold was an electric shock. He could see nothing as he turned in the ink-black water. Then a groping hand found the propeller. With one hand he held himself in place. With the other he slashed at the line wrapped many times around the shaft. Lungs bursting, he slid up along the hull to the surface, seized the ladder and stumbled aboard.

"C-couldn't g-get it all off!" he chattered. "G-give me that b-bottle! G-golly, it's c-cold!"

Four dives later, Cabot said, handing the bottle back to the general, who also took a pull at it, "'S no use. Jus' cutting the shaft now."

"Then there can't be any rope left around it," Abbie said.

Both the general and Cabot considered her solemnly. "A sound estimate of the situation," the general said.

Cabot nodded. "First sensebubble thing's been said t'night."

(*Continued on Page 123*)

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The constellation, Gemini, the twins, patron deities of voyagers. Painted for the De Beers Collection by Leona Wood. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

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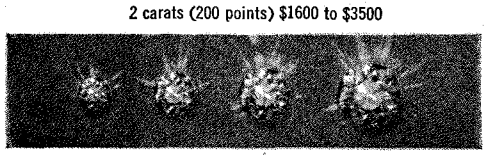

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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(*Continued from Page 120*) The general glared at Cabot. "I challenge that! Every d'rogatory thing I've said about you is sensible!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Abbie exclaimed. "Cabot, go down in the cabin and get into your clothes. Then come up and start the engine and get us home."

"Jus' a minute, m'dear. Your father challenged me. Only equals challenge. So he 'knowledges I'm not his dreep jiver any more. Only he's not equal. Crew member's all he is. I'm the skripper."

"If you don't get down in that cabin and get dressed, you'll be something less than a pickled kipper before I get through with you!" Abbie said hotly. "I'm getting fed up with both of you!"

Cabot regarded her with deep hurt growing in his eyes. He turned to the general. "You di'nt warn me, sir."

The general shook his head. "S'prise to me too."

Cabot sat down beside the general. They passed the bottle. "We have a problem," Cabot confided to the general.

The general nodded. "Only way to handle a problem is firmly." He flung off his blanket and stood up—swayed and sat down.

Cabot wrapped the blanket solicitously around the general again. "You sit still. I'll frandle this."

"I'll do a little frandling myself!" Abbie snapped. She snatched the bottle and flung it overboard. "Now! Let's go!"

Cabot stood up, recovered his balance and carefully descended into the cabin. With his clothes on over wet swim trunks, he emerged and sat down beside the tiller. He pushed the starter button. The engine sputtered, then settled down to a soft purr. Kestrel gathered headway. Cabot pushed the tiller over and put Kestrel on a course out to sea.

"Cabot!" Abbie said sharply. "Where do you think you're going?"

"Canada," Cabot replied with dignity. "Need 'nother bottle of that rum to keep us warm."

"Good boy!" the general approved heartily. "Stay in command! Didn't know you had it in you. Got gas enough?"

"Nope. But run out of gas, run into wind. Plenty of wind. Good ol' wind!" Cabot began to sing. "Oh-h-h, we'll roll on down to Scotia with a good ol' lee rail down! Roll on down to ——"

Abbie cut in coldly, "I'm through! Turn this boat around and take me back. Then you can both roll on down anywhere you want—the farther the better."

"Maintain discipline, boy," the general said. "Don't let her become a dangerous mob!"

"I'd like to mob both of you," Abbie said fiercely. "But I won't lower myself. So do as you darn please. I'll have my turn at bat if we live until you sober up."

"See?" said the general. "Abbie understands discipline." The general yawned heavily. "Feel sleepy. Wake me if—uh-hum-m-m-m-m."

Kestrel, marked in the night by the light from her cabin shining up on her limp mainsail, headed steadily seaward. The general began to snore. Abbie refused to look at Cabot. At the tiller, Cabot sat rigidly upright—fast asleep.

Coming out of Tandem Harbor in his lobster boat, Eph Rankin said, "Ayeh, ma'am, that'll be Kestrel out there with the light on her sail. We'll fetch up with her easy."

Sara Jones said grimly, "Please do. I don't want what I'm fetching them to cool off."

The morning sun shone through the bedroom windows. There was nothing lovely about either of the heads on the pillows of the twin beds. Sara and Abbie entered the room. Abbie looked at the beards and disheveled hair. She listened to the snores, wheezings and groans.

Abbie's lovely lips curled. "Men! Phooey!"

Sara smiled. "Well, we're not always at our best, either, dear. Last night I was ready to scuttle that sailboat and both of them with it, but —— Well, I did promise for better or for worse. They'll clean up and be quite presentable."

Abbie glared at Cabot. "His wedding ring is going through his nose!"

"Just so he doesn't know it, dear. Now, the first thing your father will do when he wakes up will be to blame Cabot for everything, and we'll be right back where we started."

Abbie sniffed. "This sort of thing won't happen again!"

"Play men the way they bounce, Abbie. Now, we have to make your father think Cabot is his best friend. Oh, dear! Well, here goes!"

Sara shook the general roughly by the shoulder. "All right, soldier!" she screamed in his ear. "Reveille formation! Fall in!"

The general sat up, wild-eyed. "Heh? Huh? Wha—— Sara, for —— Oh-h-h! Leggo, dammit! My head! Woman, if you don't —— Hey, stop it!"

The general dived under the covers, but Sara pulled them off and kept after him, relentlessly shaking him and shouting in his ear: "Rise and shine! The staff is assembled for officers' call! You ordered a full-field-equipment inspection and the troops are waiting!"

The general sat up in bed and held his head in his hands. He covered his ears with his hands as Sara kept at him in a high-pitched, penetrating voice. Through the fog of trying to recall what had happened on the other side of an exquisite barrier of pain, he stared at his wife in amazement.

In the next bed, Cabot opened bloodshot eyes. His head throbbed horribly. His mouth was a dead fireplace. His mind refused to explain where he was or how he had got there. Vaguely he understood that his commanding general was getting a rough going-over. Vaguely he remembered that the general had recently somehow approved of something he had done. A matter of loyalty was involved.

It was a supreme effort, but Cabot sat up, flung off the covers and sat on the edge of the bed. He was in his swim trunks. He tried to stand, but a white-hot bolt of pain stabbed his brain.

The best he could do, sitting on the edge of the bed, was to say, thickly, "Cease 'n' desist, madam! Produce a warrant before you talk to my general that way! Oh-h-h, my head! Anybody got an aspirin?"

Instantly Sara stopped belaboring the general. She turned to Cabot. "I'm so sorry, Cabot! I didn't mean —— Abbie, get the aspirin!"

"Yes, mother."

Sara turned to the general, her voice soft. "I'm sorry, darling. I didn't mean to nag. It's just that it's a wonderful day and you have things to do. Please, dear, try to collect yourself while I get some orange juice and coffee."

On the way out, she met Abbie returning with the aspirin. "Give them a minute or two to themselves, Abbie," she said. "From then on, Cabot is your problem."

In the bedroom, the general shook his head gently, so as not to let it hurt too much, the while he looked at Cabot. "Tyler," he queried, "how did you do that?"

"Do what, sir?"

"Stop the attack in its tracks."

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't? H'm-m-m." The general regarded Cabot thoughtfully. "Then it was an instinct to command. Son, I believe I've misjudged you. I don't often do that. Of course, you were just my driver and—uh—I suppose I didn't give you much of a chance. But then, last night—h'm-m-m—the instinct was there, all right, and just now, stopping Sara that way —— But you can't depend on instinct alone. You've got to know!"

"Yes, sir. I suppose you're right."

"No supposing about it. Command requires planning. You have to anticipate and provide for contingencies."

"I see, sir."

The general pointed a stubby finger at Cabot. "As head of a family, never, repeat never, allow yourself to get in a situation from which you can only escape by saying 'Yes, dear!' It is the objective of every woman to make a man say 'Yes, dear!' It is the same as her saying 'I told you so!' It elevates her to the rank of partner—and you can't command a partner."

"But, sir, I think ——"

"Don't! Not that sort of thinking! I'm turning a disciplined daughter over to your command. Just anticipate, provide for contingencies and keep command! I've run a happy family that way. Do the same."

Just around the doorway, Sara nudged Abbie. "This is it!"

Abbie entered the bedroom to see Cabot and her father solemnly shaking hands. Her lips tightened. "Your aspirin—darling."

Cabot squared his shoulders authoritatively. "Thank you, Abbie. And will you show me to the shower?"

"Certainly, dear."

The general nodded approvingly. A moment later he shivered in pain as an ear-splitting scream came from the bathroom. "Ee-e-yow! Abbie! That's like ice water!"

"You did fine in ice water last night," Abbie's voice replied clearly and firmly. "You were in command, remember? I'm just a disciplined girl doing right by her commander."

"Abbie! Leggo that hot-water tap!"

"Say 'Yes, dear!'"

"Abbie! For P-Pete's sake! Lemme out!"

"Not until ——"

"All right, all right! Yes, dear! W-we're partners! Partners in everything—including this!"

Abbie shrieked, "Don't you dare! Ca-bot! I'm all dressed! Ca-a-bot! It's freezing! Curse you—d-darling!"

Sara entered the bedroom with orange juice and black coffee. She smiled at the general. "A command seems to have been liquidated into a partnership, dear."

The general took the orange juice. He glared at Sara. "You and Abbie eavesdropped!"

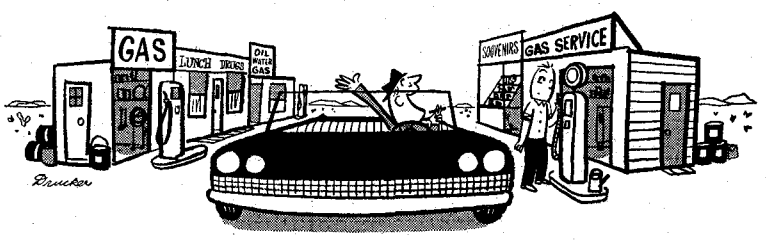
Sara patted the general's cheek fondly. "Don't fret, Tobey. You're as much in command as ever. Now drink your coffee like a good soldier. You have to provide for a few contingencies you didn't anticipate in last night's action."

"Eh? What do you mean?"

Sara began ticking off on the fingers of one hand. "You have to pay the lobsterman, Mr. Rankin, for rescuing you. That will be twenty-five dollars. You have to see some people about the paint the outboard scraped off a few yachts; it contrived to get back into the harbor and bounce around for a while before it split open and sank. I don't know how much it costs to touch up yachts. Then you have to settle with the real-estate people for the loss of the outboard—something like five hundred dollars. Oh, and you have to pay for the gas you got for the outboard and say something nice to the man for the things you told him about how slow he was mixing the oil in the gas and —— Tobey, dear! Do drink your coffee and go see those people before they come here!"

The general sighed long and deeply. "Yes, dear."

THE END



The Perfect Squelch

The lonesome little town, baking in the middle of the Great American Desert, consisted of three filling stations, a combination drugstore-restaurant and a shoddy souvenir booth. All around was nothing but sand, sagebrush and cactus.

A flashily dressed man with a huge, costly car drove up to one of the gas stations. While the attendant refueled his car, the man voiced his opinion of the town. It was not at all favorable.

"Any farms around here?" he asked. "Any resort places? Any mines?"

"No, suh," the attendant replied politely to each question.

"Well," the man asked, "whoever built a town in such a Godforsaken place? What makes it tick? Who supports it?"

The attendant looked up slyly from polishing the windshield.

"The people who are fool enough to stop here," he said.

Blaine Boyd

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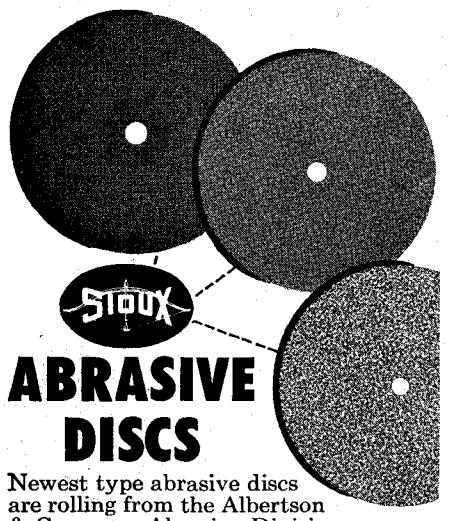
Metal meets its master



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The Post Reports on Health Insurance

(Continued from Page 36)

reporter. "We all put our money into that thing. And those crooks robbed us blind."

"What the Government should do, it should take over everything," said another. "What this country needs is Government medicine."

To casual observers, this first batch of complaints over one relatively minor episode of till-robbing seemed to hold no great menace for the growing voluntary health-insurance program of the nation. But the investigation did not stop with the shooting of Tommy Lewis. Even before that murder, New York State investigators had been looking into the affairs of the insurance agency which handled the janitors' health-insurance fund. The shooting intensified and expanded their search.

On orders of the governor, a corps of lawyers, accountants and professional sleuths dug into more than 250 other health and welfare funds, and examined hundreds of witnesses under oath. What they found, the report of the deputy superintendent of insurance said, was a "tragic record of abuses . . . dissipation of assets, excessive expenses, unsecured and seldom-repaid loans, nepotism, kickbacks and graft."

In a confectionery-and-tobacco-drivers' union, for example, the fund administrator—a former official of the union—had himself appointed for life, with sole power to hire, fire and set salaries for himself and his staff. He had the fund provide $85,000 to purchase from his own cousin a summer-resort property assessed at $10,500. Administrative expenses ran so high that the fund was mired in debt.

The president of a bar-and-restaurant-workers' local with 1200 members had himself appointed administrator of health-insurance-and-welfare funds at a salary of $41,000 a year. He justified this sum by claiming, "Good administrators deserve good pay."

The heads of another union fund gave themselves more than $32,000 a year in compensation, spent most of their time in Florida and Catskill resorts, and let the fund supply them with three expensive cars, plus credit cards to keep the cars filled with gasoline.

In still another union, nearly a third of all health-insurance benefits were paid to the top union officers, many of whom claimed "heavy medical bills" which, later, they were unable to substantiate.

In several instances, insurance agencies or insurance companies were found to be so hungry for the union's health-insurance business that they bribed union officials with secret rebates or commissions.

In making these and similar disclosures, the New York investigators emphasized that not all the blame could be given to larceny-minded union officers. Part of the abuse—perhaps an equal part—could be charged to management representatives who were serving as trustees of the various jointly administered funds.

Too often, it was discovered, these employer representatives had found it advisable to look the other way when the till was being robbed or had even dipped their own fingers in the pot.

It was likewise emphasized that most union health-and-welfare funds were being operated efficiently and honestly, and that the exposed miscreants represented only a small minority. Nevertheless, it was estimated that this minority was stealing as much as $15,000,000 a year in New York alone.

The New York report was immediately followed by violent denunciations from national labor leaders. Both Walter Reuther, of the C.I.O., and George Meany, of the A.F.L., ordered local officials to clean their houses or be kicked out of office. At the same time, state legislatures were asked to pass laws which would prevent all such skulduggery in the future. By January of 1958, however, only about half a dozen states had approved such laws, and President Eisenhower sought Federal legislation which could do the job.

Among those who most vehemently expressed their indignation at the plundering of union health-and-welfare funds—of which two dollars out of three were earmarked for health insurance—were many physicians, including several leaders of organized medicine and editors of important medical journals. These crimes, they said, were weakening the whole structure of voluntary health insurance and bringing closer the threat of Government intervention, compulsory health insurance and state medicine.

"Such depredations can only help to destroy the confidence of the public in our present system of voluntary prepayment," one medical editor declared.

Unfortunately, it soon became apparent, the record of doctors themselves was not entirely impeccable. Insurance-company officials and special medical committees were reporting that some doctors were indulging in what could be described at the best as highly questionable activities. Instead of charging according to the value of their services or even according to the patient's ability to pay, they were charging according to the insurance company's ability to pay.

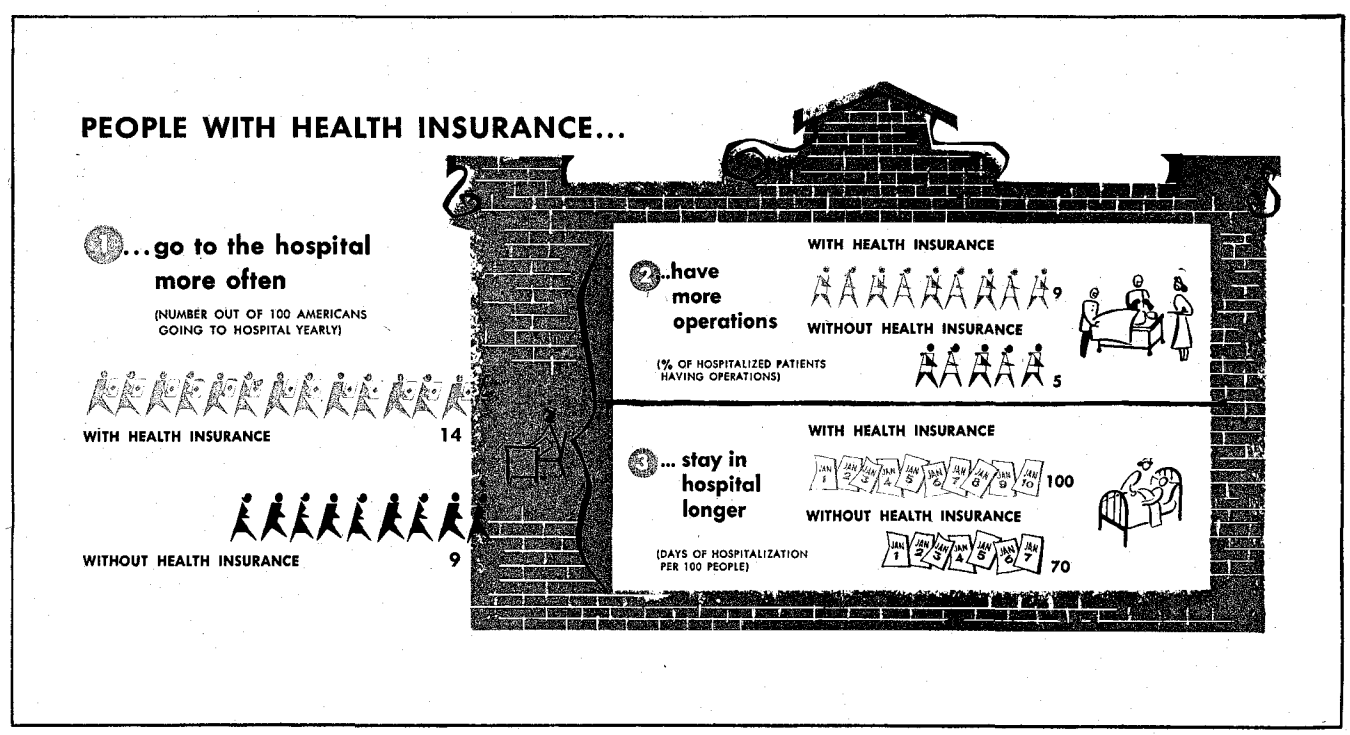
Typical was the history-making case of a West Coast waitress who underwent surgery for which the usual fee in her community was about $100.

"I thought I was going to be all right," she told representatives of the local county medical society. "The health-insurance policy I have with my union was going to pay me eighty-five dollars, and all I'd have to put out extra would be fifteen dollars. But the minute that surgeon found how much the insurance would pay, he raised his price to a hundred and fifty." The waitress added, "If that's the way the doctors do it, I want the Government to take over medicine."

Her complaint helped lead to a complete revolution in the setting of fees in California, and later in other states (The Saturday Evening Post, February 12, 1955). But this control of fees has by no means become universal.

At a recent medical meeting, for example, Dr. W. J. McNamara, associate medical director of Equitable Life, listed a few of the excessive bills sent to his company for payment. He revealed that one patient with an annual income of $2500 was charged $2500 by a surgeon for a lung operation. Another with the same income was charged $1500 for a stomach operation that normally costs less than $500. A woman whose husband made $6000 a year was billed $1200 for a minor gynecological operation, and a $4000-a-year worker was charged $1000 for a minor bone operation. A common laborer underwent surgery for the amputation of one arm and the repair of a fracture of the other; his surgeon's bill alone was $2500, and his total medical expenses ran to more than $4000.

Evidence of other abuses has been turned up with the routine notices which many Blue Shield plans send to their subscribers as a periodic report on how their health-insurance dollars are being spent. Such a letter might read something like this: "Dear Sir: Your Blue Shield plan has paid the sum of $150 to John Doe, M.D., for performing an appendectomy on you."


PEOPLE WITH HEALTH INSURANCE...
1 ...go to the hospital more often
(NUMBER OUT OF 100 AMERICANS GOING TO HOSPITAL YEARLY)
WITH HEALTH INSURANCE 14
WITHOUT HEALTH INSURANCE 9
2 ..have more operations
(% OF HOSPITALIZED PATIENTS HAVING OPERATIONS)
WITH HEALTH INSURANCE 9
WITHOUT HEALTH INSURANCE 5
3 ... stay in hospital longer
(DAYS OF HOSPITALIZATION PER 100 PEOPLE)
WITH HEALTH INSURANCE 100
WITHOUT HEALTH INSURANCE 70

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In Pennsylvania, one of these routine statements brought the following intriguing reply from a subscriber: "I am glad you paid my doctor $150. But he did not take out my appendix. He removed a small wart from my neck."

Another subscriber replied to a somewhat similar notification by writing: "You people obviously don't know how to keep records. My doctor didn't treat me eleven times last month. He saw me only once."

Still another wrote: "How could you pay Doctor Jones for removing my gall bladder? I do not know any Doctor Jones. My family physician, Doctor Brown, told me that he did the gallbladder operation himself."

Careful probing of thousands of such replies has shown that occasionally a bookkeeping error or some other simple mistake had been made. But most often the probe revealed cases of "ghost surgery," unethical fee splitting, atrocious overcharges, and even fictitious services. Perhaps the most shocking disclosure was made by California Physicians' Service, the Blue Shield plan in California, which found that some 200 doctors in Southern California were bilking their own health-insurance program.

The dishonest doctors, spotting what they thought would be an easy way to make a fast dollar here and there, were charging for imaginary house calls, office visits, surgical operations and post-operative care. "There has been wholesale chiseling by charging for imaginary X-ray and laboratory tests," it was revealed.

One surgeon sent in a staggering bill for an apparently lifesaving operation performed on a Los Angeles patient. "What staggered us," said the investigators, "was not only the size of the bill but trying to figure how the surgeon had performed this lifesaving miracle in Los Angeles while the patient happened to be in New York."

When the offending physicians were trapped, many of them urged medical leaders to handle the situation secretly, "for the good of the medical profession."

Dr. Wilbur Bailey, the head of the Los Angeles County Medical Association, disagreed. "For the good of the medical profession and for the good of the public, there will be no conspiracy of silence," he said. "Instead of trying to sweep this mess under the carpet, we're going to put it right where it belongs—out in the open. The newspapers will be given the facts."

Although no criminal charges were brought against any of the offending physicians, all of them were forced to make complete restitution. Some, but not all, were evicted from their medical societies.

Several medical spokesmen quickly commented that only a relatively few physicians had been apprehended in the California investigation, and that only a small minority of doctors in the United States could be accused of dishonest practices. Later, the proportion of such men was estimated by A.M.A. officials to be "very small, probably not more than five per cent of all medical men."

Dr. Elmer Hess, of Erie, Pennsylvania, a past president of the A.M.A., declined to take such a reassuring view.

"It's ridiculous to dismiss the problem by saying that perhaps only five per cent of our doctors are dishonest," he told one reporter. "Five per cent of the two hundred thousand docs in the United States—that's ten thousand men, with incredible power to do harm."

The vast majority of patients and doctors are decent and honest, the outspoken surgeon declared. "I couldn't run my clinic for five minutes—I wouldn't even try—if most people weren't honest. But there are chiselers on both sides, and those chiselers make it necessary for us to set up policing systems."

Although the cases of scandalous overcharges or outright fraud have attracted most attention, insurance experts claim that such abuses—known frequently as "gouging"—are actually less dangerous in the long run than the practice known as "fudging," or "creeping costs."

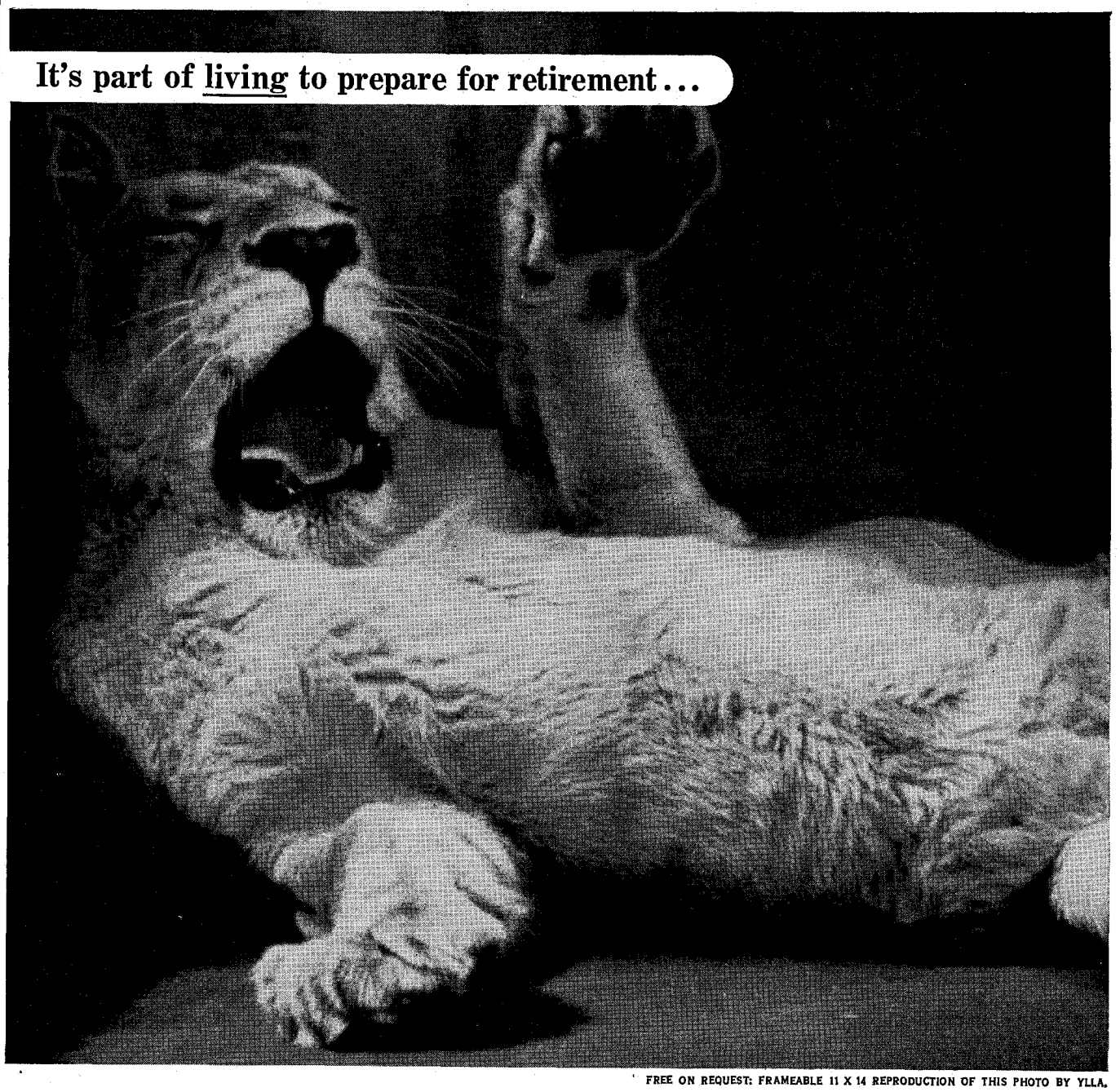
"Here's how that works," says Dr. Norvin Kiefer, chief medical director of Equitable Life. "Take a surgeon who normally charges $150 to $250 for an appendectomy, depending on the income of the patient. For a patient with health insurance, he always charges his top figure—$250. This surgeon is not dishonest, but, whether he knows it or not, he's sabotaging the whole health-insurance system."

This fudging has steadily and ominously helped to raise the cost of medical care year after year. The insurance carriers have responded automatically by raising the cost of health insurance. Experienced claim investigators know it goes on, but they are almost powerless to stop it.

"The atrocious overcharge, the gouging—that's easy to spot," says one of these investigators. "It stands out like a sore thumb. We refuse to pay, and any medical society will back us up. But the fudging on bills is different. Sure, we can see it, but the doctor tells us—in absolute honesty—that it's within his usual price range, and we're licked."

Another insurance executive says, "A few of those slight increases wouldn't

It's part of living to prepare for retirement...



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mean much. But you multiply them by tens or hundreds of thousands of cases a year, and your health insurance would be priced right out of the market."

In medical circles the justifications for this kind of charging are a matter of brisk controversy. It has been asserted, for example, that a health-insurance policy actually enables the patient to pay more, and that he should logically be charged more. Against this argument, Louis Orsini, of the Health Insurance Association, says, "You can't logically discriminate between one patient who puts his savings in a bank and another, with the same income, who puts his savings into insurance premiums."

Many physicians claim they are entitled to extra payment for filling out annoyingly complicated, time-consuming and apparently nonsensical insurance forms. Insurance officials, while privately admitting that some of the forms could be simplified and improved, retort that these forms are now helping doctors collect an unprecedentedly high proportion of their bills.

In the back rooms of medicine and in the columns of medical journals, an even hotter controversy is currently flaring over the effect of health insurance not merely on the cost of medical care but on the quality of that care.

"This affects more than a patient's pocketbook," a Michigan doctor observed last year. "It can affect his life."

In medical school, he said, doctors were once taught to examine the patient as thoroughly as his condition indicated, and then prescribe only the treatments which he clearly required.

"But now," he said, "we first ask, 'Do you have health insurance?' If he answers 'Yes,' all the rules go out the window and we order the works."

This all-out attack, with the insurance policy paying the bill, may be highly impressive to the patient. But some physicians are seriously wondering if it is medically sound or even safe.

On the theory that "his insurance will cover it," some physicians are admittedly calling for overwhelming diagnostic dragnets. Even when ordinary examinations clearly point to something as obvious as acute gout, some doctors—including not only young interns and residents but also experienced physicians—often order expensive combinations of X-ray studies, blood tests, urine tests, bacteriological tests and even psychological tests to rule out everything from beriberi and schizophrenia to leprosy and bubonic plague. They are prescribing large and costly dosages of vitamins or other drugs, in the hope that these will not do any damage and may possibly help. In particular, they are calling for hospitalization which may not be altogether necessary.

This overuse of hospitals, which not only raises the cost of medical care but also requires the construction of more hospitals at the taxpayer's expense, cannot be blamed entirely on the doctor, claims Dr. Samuel Hadden, president of the Philadelphia County Medical Society.

"Both hospitals and patients bring pressure on the physician," he says.

Few doctors appear willing to admit that they themselves submit to such pressure from their patients. At a recent Chicago symposium, however, a group of distinguished physicians testified that the pressure exists.

"Not a day goes by that we aren't being asked by insured patients to do something that we don't like to do," an internist stated.

Another said, "There are times when patients say to me that if I won't do what they want, they'll go elsewhere. I'm ashamed to admit that I don't want to lose these patients, and I accede to their wishes even though I know it isn't good medicine. . . . But we're all caught in the same bind."

According to a third physician, the major problem concerns the patient who claims that "I've had my health-insurance policy for three years, and now I'm going to collect on it." This is the patient, the doctor said, who feels that the insurance company owes him something. He demands every possible kind of medical and hospital care, not because he needs it, but because it won't cost him any additional money.

"This is the same fellow who wouldn't dream of burning down his house because he's paid fire-insurance premiums on it for a few years," the physician said. "But with health insurance, he feels obligated to collect, even if he has to get himself carved up by a surgeon to do it."

Still another doctor berated women who insist on going to a hospital, or remaining in a hospital bed longer than medically indicated, simply to have a vacation from upsetting husbands, children, in-laws and miscellaneous domestic problems.

Regardless of who puts pressure on whom, it is clear from numerous studies that people with ordinary health insurance are more likely to go to the hospital, to spend more days in the hospital and to undergo surgery in the hospital. In a nationwide survey by the authoritative Health Information Foundation, for instance, it was found that 14 per cent of insured patients, but only 9 per cent of uninsured patients, went to a hospital each year. The typical patient with health insurance spent an average of one day a year in the hospital, as compared to 0.7 of a day for the typical uninsured patient.

While they were in the hospital, approximately 9 per cent of the insured patients, but only 5 per cent of the uninsured, underwent some form of surgery. The rates for appendicitis operations were 11 per 1000 for the insured and 5 per 1000 for the uninsured.

"Although fire insurance does not necessarily increase fires and life insurance does not increase the death rate," said Dr. Odin W. Anderson, of the Foundation, "the introduction of health insurance is followed by an increase in the utilization of personal health services."

Whether such an increase is good or bad, he added, "can be endlessly debated." Some of it undoubtedly represents needed medical services which might have been impossible without health insurance, but some of it undoubtedly represents overuse and abuse.

A similar view has been presented by Dr. Harry F. Becker, for many years medical director of the Michigan Blue Cross plan.

"Missed that. You were saying . . . "

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Prepayment has provided needed hospital care for thousands of people who might otherwise have had to forgo necessary attention," he said. "But it has also resulted in millions of unnecessary days of hospital-bed occupancy and many millions of unessential procedures. This, perhaps more than any other factor, is presently pricing hospital care out of the pockets of the lower-income segments of our population."

His conclusions were based on a survey of 12,102 consecutive cases conducted by the Michigan State Medical Society in twenty-five typical Michigan hospitals.

The doctors discovered that the 12,102 patients had spent a total of 76,238 days in the hospital and that 11,172 of these days "were considered to be unnecessary to the recovery, safety or reasonable comfort of the patient."

While 14 per cent of the patients paying their own bills were found to have come to the hospital unnecessarily or to have stayed unnecessarily long, this faulty use was attributed to 30 per cent of the patients with commercial insurance and to 36 per cent of those with Blue Cross.

"Nearly one out of five days used by Blue Cross patients was not necessary," the doctors reported. "One out of eight Blue Cross patients entered the hospital for laboratory or X-ray examinations, although hospital outpatient departments were performing similar examinations on similar patients every day."

Doctor Becker emphasized that such needless use of hospitalization contributed "not one iota to the essential quality of care for the patient."

In Michigan alone, he calculated, this form of hospital abuse costs nearly $5,000,000 a year. For the United States, it may cost more than $100,000,000 a year.

"In the long run," he said, "the subscriber pays for this misuse in the increased rates for his contract."

Some of the needless but expensive hospitalization has been attributed to certain health-insurance policies which have been described as invitations to chiseling. These pay for medical care given to a hospitalized patient, but do not cover the same care rendered at home or in a doctor's office. Still other abuses have been blamed on inefficient hospital policies, unreasonable scheduling, log jams in operating rooms and the traditional shutdowns of laboratories over the weekend.

"In too many hospitals," claims Dr. Anthony J. J. Rourke, past president of the American Hospital Association and nationally famed hospital expert, "patients are brought in on Friday and kept in an expensive bed over the weekend—at twenty or twenty-five dollars a day—until the laboratory reopens on Monday and their diagnostic tests can be performed."

Some hospitals, in an apparent effort to be friendly to Blue Cross patients, have permitted them to take home enough medicines to last them for two or three months. Such take-home medicines can then be charged against the health-insurance policy.

During the past few years, many leaders have accused hospitals of being entirely too friendly toward Blue Cross. Their increasing animosity has been directed toward the widespread though unpublicized system of hospital rebates to Blue Cross. Under this system, patients with Blue Cross are generally charged from 5 to 15 per cent less than are patients with commercial insurance or with no insurance at all. To make up for the deficit, the hospitals usually raise their prices to non-Blue Cross patients, run money-raising drives or turn for help to the local Community Chest.

Blue Cross officials have defended this custom by claiming the rebate represents savings made possible by effective bill collecting. Insurance companies and employers have decried it as a low blow and an outrageous discrimination. Patients without any insurance, who presumably have never heard of the rebate system, pay their higher bills and squawk at the high costs of medical care.

Against this background of dispute, controversy and assertions of chiseling on all sides—with at least some evidence to support the assertions—two of the most remarkable developments in health insurance have occurred during the past few years.

One is the discovery, reported by a recent Michigan State Medical Society survey, that most people are not primarily interested in lower premiums. The overwhelming majority want more protection and are willing to pay higher premiums to get it.

The other is the introduction of a radically new kind of health insurance—or, more accurately, budgeting for medical costs—which is based on the rather startling concept that maybe you can trust people, after all.

This is the second of three articles by Mr. Silverman. The concluding article will appear next week.

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Here's how 'Twin Camera' Test was conducted

Says photo-journalist RayJacobs: "I loaded one camera with conventional color film, an identical camera with Super Anscochrome. Then I mounted the cameras side by side, set them at identical lens openings (*f*/4.5), and snapped their shutters simultaneously.

"**Conventional film** required a slow shutter (1/25 second) to catch the color. But how blurred the action is, as a result! Had I used a faster shutter, to get the action, the colors would have been dark, underexposed.

"**With Super Anscochrome,** I was able to use a faster shutter (1/100 second) and catch all the action *and* color."

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Keeping Posted

The Professor Looks at His Mail

Dr. Loren Eiseley chats with students on University of Pennsylvania campus.

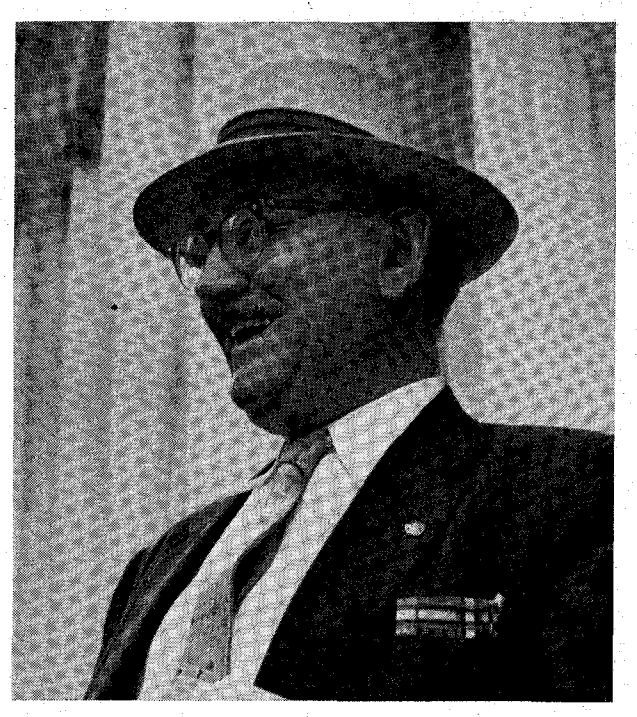
The opening article in the Post's Adventures of the Mind series—**Dr. Loren Eiseley's** An Evolutionist Looks at Modern Man—incited one of the heaviest responses in recent Post history, and the man in the middle was the astonished University of Pennsylvania educator. A wide majority of the letters, telegrams, phone calls and face-to-face commentaries were gratefully enthusiastic; but there were dissenters too. Doctor Eiseley found the former heart-warming and mind-warming, while some of the antis "made me consider creeping up dark alleys." Then there were a few unclassifiable reactions, like the woefully intoxicated gentleman who phoned Doctor Eiseley long distance at 8:45 A.M., explaining that it was his custom to discuss the subject of magazine articles with the author *before* he read them. Extricating himself, Doctor Eiseley took some work out on a campus bench for a while, in case his respondent called again.

A few critics complained that Doctor Eiseley's language bordered on the incomprehensible, but in the main the critics were fervid anti-evolutionists, who went at him hammer and tongues for not accepting the Book of Genesis literally. A stack of religious pamphlets mounted on his desk. One letter, containing appropriate Biblical quotations, thundered, "Woe to you, Doctor Eiseley!"

Yet many people of strong religious convictions acclaimed him for exalting their thinking, and a number of preachers hailed him from the pulpit. Thinking—that was the essence of the readers' laudation. An educator wrote, "You have said many things we wanted said,"—and so did several housewives. The Association of University Professors, in a meeting at Denver, issued a press statement paralleling key attitudes in his article; schools made his article required reading; ex-Gov. Robert Crosby, of Nebraska, extolled it during a speech—and so things went. Doctor Eiseley thinks it droll that people who have read his book, The Immense Journey, and are looking forward to his forthcoming Darwin's Century, were delighted to come upon him in the Post, and that others who read his article were delighted to discover he had written books they could also read. Incidentally, he hopes to see the day when the awful term "egghead" disappears from the language.

One young man had a reaction to the Eiseley article before he read it. In New York he boarded a train for Philadelphia, and he was all tensed up because he was about to take his doctorate examination before Doctor Eiseley at Penn. Opening his newspaper, he found the doctor looking at him reassuringly out of a Post advertisement. His composure and confidence returned.

Edward H. Saile



It was typical of **Edward H. Saile** that, despite failing health, he was at his copy editor's desk at the Post until about a week before he died. Typical, because loyalty to fellow editors and authors who benefited so much from his help was one of his endearing traits. Perhaps his death on May 9 at the age of 59 was a distant result of gas and shrapnel wounds in World War I—he enlisted in the Infantry at 17. In any event, his long service to this magazine began in 1925, when he wrote a thesis about The Saturday Evening Post just before being graduated in journalism from the University of Pennsylvania; the thesis helped him get his Post job and he never held another. Through the years Ed Saile saw dozens of new members join the staff; many became firm, warm friends, and now all of us will miss him very much. He is survived by a former college classmate, Mrs. Saile.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Call on Lawrence Welk"

TV's No. 1 band leader tells Pete Martin secrets he never reveals to his audiences.

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